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**130 PEN PICTURES OF
LIVE MEN**

**ROLLED EN PICTURES
OF
LIVE MEN**

**BY
O. O. STEALEY**

**WASHINGTON, D. C.
1910**

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By O. O. STEALEY

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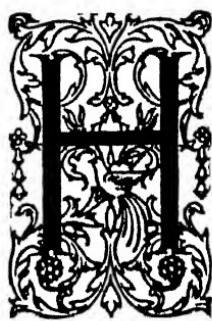
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HENRY WATTERSON



HENRY WATTERSON was born at Washington, D. C., February 16, 1840. Was mainly educated by private tutors; was staff officer during the Civil War, and chief of scouts in General Johnston's army; reporter and editorial writer *Washington States*, 1858-61; editor *Democratic Review*, 1860-61; *Chattanooga Rebel*, 1862-63; *Republican Banner*, Nashville, 1865-68. Removed to Louisville, 1868, to assume management of the *Journal*, which, with W. N. Haldeman, he consolidated with the *Courier* and the *Democrat*, 1868, under the name of *Courier-Journal*, since which he has been editor.

He represented the Fifth Kentucky district in Congress, filling out an unexpired term from August, 1876, to March, 1877, and declined re-election. He was delegate to National Democratic Convention, 1876, of which he was temporary chairman; 1880, 1884, 1888 he served as Chairman of the Committee of Resolutions, and exercised a dominating influence in formulating the national platforms.

He has been honored with the degree of D.C.L. by the University of the South, 1891, and LL.D. by Brown University, 1906. He is the author of "History of the Spanish-American War, 1899"; "The Compromises of Life—Lectures and Addresses," 1902; editor "Oddities of Southern Life and Character," 1882.

There has always been a profusion of talent in the American press; talent more alert and versatile than is to be found in the press of any European country. In the roll of the great American journalists, whose shining lights and powerful influence on the policy and development of their country; in

that company of rare spirits and well in the front rank appears the name of Henry Watterson. The editor, like the poet, is born, not made. Henry Watterson is a born journalist and generally acknowledged to be the most gifted personality in the journalism of the United States; this great personality emerges from the unending file of its notable sons, and stands apart with a peculiar and extraordinary impressiveness. He has the mental fertility and grasp, the eager and enterprising temper, the high aspiration and public spirit; he combines extraordinary alertness of intelligence and promptitude in decision with an artistic temperament which receives impressions in vivid flashes—all of which are indispensable to the success of a great newspaper. His keen wit, his dialectical powers, his large and varied stores of knowledge, the ready command of his materials, the vigor with which he always carries the war into the enemy's camp, the unfeigned delight with which he applies what may be called a swashbuckling style of argument, the unruffled temper and unfailing good humor with which he receives Rolands for his Olivers, and the cheery audacity with which he does battle for causes in which he is interested, regardless for the moment whether he has the best of the encounter—all qualities which eminently fit him for the vocation of a skillful, active, and influential journalist. His place in the newspaper world and the success that has attended his career may be attributed in a great degree to a high individuality and strength of character. He has impressed the stamp of his own individuality upon his paper; it is so markedly himself that the people speak of it, not as the *Courier-Journal* says, but as Watterson says. Take him all in all as a journalist, and few, if any, essentials will be found wanting. Certainly no man, in his generation, has wielded the thunders of the journalist more effectively and can show larger results, from thorough training, indefatigable industry, and splendid abilities. His keen scent and alertness in knowing what the better public is asking or wishing for, and to provide it in abundance, as a

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capable business man, is at once conceded. We should look to no one phase of his work in journalism, but rather on the totality of his many-sided and marvelously flexible genius; and no matter however debatable the substance of his controversial editorials, or the ardor of his character may cause him to advocate unpopular views with exaggerated fervor, his courage and sturdy independence in defending what he believes to be right win for him the respect even of his opponents.

Among the dangers that beset Democratic communities, none are greater than the efforts of wealth to control, not only electors and legislators, but also the organs of public opinion, and the disposition of statesmen and journalists to defer to and flatter the majority, adopting the sentiment dominant at the moment, and telling the people that its voice is the voice of God. Mr. Watterson has not only been inaccessible to the lures of wealth, but just as little accessible to the fear of popular displeasure. With him there has been neither truce nor compromise with those who sought special privileges at the expense of the public. He has been neither dismayed at the rapacity of greed, nor appalled at the audacity of trusts. All his life he has been a true disciple of Thomas Jefferson; and he never tires of battling for the rights of the masses, and exposing the snares of monopoly and defying the mercenary cohorts of "predatory wealth."

In his capacity of journalist he has set an example of a serious and lofty conception of an editor's duties; he has brought to his work a sense of moral responsibility and zeal for the welfare of his fellow-citizens. In fact, he has become a national possession; his name evokes an interest and his intellectual eminence a tribute which he richly deserves and appreciates. He has brought especial and peculiar credit and honor to the State of Kentucky. The profession of editor has evolved a new type of intellectual and supplied a new theater for the display of peculiar and exceptional gifts. The

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most interesting form of this type is found in the editor who is himself an able writer, and who imparts his own individuality to the journal he directs. To this type of editorial profession Mr. Watterson belongs. He is one of the most remarkable examples of it that have appeared in our time.

Mr. Watterson is always a stylist of the first order; always using the inevitable and electrical word. His style is clear-cut and trenchant, it rarely sinks below a high level of form and speech. Every word has its use and every sentence tells. He has a gift for terse, vivacious paragraphs. The touch is equally light and firm. If the manner is brisk, the matter is solid; the reader admires the keenness of the insight and the weight of the judgment, just as much as the brightness of the style. His style is notable for its wealth of illustration, its pregnant aphorism, its forceful logic and its abundant similitudes, of which he uses many. The power to create similitudes is the mark of an original and ample mind, and Mr. Watterson possesses it in an unusual degree. His rhetoric is graphic, his thought is direct and incisive, his virile and masterly presentation of men and events is a triumph of characterization. He is opulent in the use of adjectives, is varied in the art of bringing out of his treasury incisive nouns, is trenchant in his use of adverbs, picturesque in all his sentences, and home-thrusting in his satire.

In truth, he has a vigor and strength of style, the ability to express truth in elegance of phrase without detracting from the force of thought, that has seldom been attained in journalistic writing. There is a fertility as well as freshness in his application of principles to current questions and in the illustrations by which he enforces his arguments.

It is often remarked that the growth of journalism, forcing men to write hastily and profusely, tends to injure literature both in matter and manner. Mr. Watterson has not seemed to suffer, though a prolific editorial writer; while he exhibits a gift for rapid and picturesque composition, with no apparent

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limit to the subjects which he can master at sight, yet he is exact, clear, and thorough, his style retaining its force and point. He clothes his judgments in the brilliant, the often fascinating language that makes his writings no less literature than political history. With the inquisitive mind of the journalistic type, it is neither narrowly analytical nor loosely synthetical, but has that rare true constructive power in which analytical and synthetic genius are combined, producing an admirable and brilliant achievement in high-class journalism. His style is free from weakening diffuseness, from perplexing evolutions, from crabbed and mutilated sentences. Commonly, it is full, sometimes copious, but never prolix or tawdry; it has a literary distinction which entitles it, quite aside from the political prominence, to a high regard. He writes with much speed, and his capacity for rapidly throwing his subject into form is remarkable. It is not uncommon to reach much speed and facility in writing, but it is very uncommon to combine these qualities with literary excellence of composition and with permanent and careful knowledge.

If, when judged by the strict canons of the severest taste, his work is now and then somewhat marred by an excessive luxuriance, it is due largely to the pressure of an overflowing vocabulary. There may be archaic forms of speech and provincial colloquialism, but it must be allowed that most of these do really throw into higher relief the thought expressed. Even the occasional languors and lapses in his editorials into the prosaic are but the rests or sinkings of the eagle, that he may prove the strength of plume the next moment by again soaring to his highest in the sunbeams; but these are as nothing as against the treasure of masculinity and good sense that abounds. His editorials are sometimes purposely intended for mere brilliant *tours de force*; almost reckless, designed rather as fireworks thrown up to dazzle and bewilder than the steady light of his serious and resolute purpose. Again, his editorials sometimes have a little more ginger than the ordinary

reader is accustomed to. But these vivacities are exceptional and incidental; they are significant, breaking as they do the suave decorum generally maintained. As a rule, he gives an attractive editorial page, to which he imparts his personal charm. These editorials foam over with cleverness; their easy fertility, their lively fancy, their keen insight into men and measures, give proof that they have come from a trenchant, virile, and courageous pen fighting for the right and high ideals, and even those who differ are forced to respect the character and honesty of the motives of the writer; that here is a man of strong convictions, clear ideas, and ardent sentiments, based mainly upon common sense of extraordinary depth and breadth.

To trace the course Mr. Watterson has taken in politics of the country since the Civil War would almost be the outline of the history of the intervening years, for there have been no great issues in the discussions of which he has not borne an important part. He has been a vital force in the history of the country since the Civil War. He has been ever ready for the fray in political and all public affairs. He has been a personal factor in many extremely important political happenings; a fighter for great causes lay in the very stiffness of his integrity. Again and again, when, contrary to his friends' advice, he has taken some bold and decided course, the event proved his judgment to have been better than theirs. He has exhibited many strong qualities of a leader. A leader must be bold and, at the same time, cautious; he must be combative and cool, take swift decisions on his own responsibility; he must be sympathetic and able to enter into the feelings of his followers, and show himself interested in them not merely as party followers, but as human beings. There must be a certain glow, a certain effulgence of feeling, which makes them care for him and rally to him as a personality; in this respect Mr. Watterson has been very conspicuous. The most righteous cause will languish until a man is found to embody it; this has

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been strikingly illustrated in Mr. Watterson's "star-eyed Goddess."

Holding very strong views of his own on the leading questions of the day, he was nevertheless one of the most open-minded of men, and ready to admit that another argument was the stronger the moment his intellect recognized it. He was not made to follow subserviently. Possessing the qualities that make a leader, fertility of resource, boldness without rashness, aggressiveness without violence, alertness without irritating suspicions, with excellent judgment and a firm determination, he has been admittedly one of the safest and most consummate counselors of his time.

He rendered signal service in the work of binding up the wounds of sectional strife, putting bygones behind him, in the effort to restore the South in the Union as a full partner. He pleaded eloquently for a restored Union under the Constitution. All through the trying period of reconstruction he was a great peacemaker. He addressed himself to the task of the reconciliation of the sections. He thoroughly studied those lessons which the termination of the civil conflict enforced, and it was by imparting them to others, these truths so clearly grasped by himself, that he was enabled to render such important service, not only to his section, but also to his country.

Mr. Watterson has been a constant and able advocate of the distinctive issue of tariff reform and the gold standard, when the country seemed to be on the verge of becoming blind to the annals of history and deaf to the voice of human experience. He has kept in close touch with the really controlling, because honest, public opinion of the country. His political philosophy has embraced economic questions, particularly taxation and finance, and all the large lines inherent in the principles for which his party has always stood. He has seen, quite as clearly as any mind in the country, the entire drift of the party away from its right course, which is also its only

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hopeful course. It has been a matter of surprise how often he has anticipated the sounder conclusions, while avoiding the errors and extravagances of others claiming leadership.

He has been independent, yet not a free lance, and never hesitated to subordinate all personal or selfish interests to fundamental principles. He has always avowed his belief in what can be accomplished by a candid and intelligent patriotism under one party system. He believes in the party system, and his devotion to his own party is not less strong and sincere because it is the high love that will not condone wandering from principle. He has loved controversy and drank in delight of battle with his peers; he has been the protagonist in many a stiff struggle; he has scorned the small arts by which popularity is often sought; he has never abandoned his principles or wavered in his faith amid disappointment and defeat. A feeling of pessimism toward political conditions is not habitual with him; but yields quickly to a settled conviction that his party will eventually march from the darkness to the full light of glorious achievement.

Mr. Watterson has been a creative and dominating influence in American politics. In the accomplishment of great reforms in government and policies, his sagacity and foresight, his intrepidity and persistence, in the face frequently of almost overwhelming opposition, and his final success, are unquestionable; and his power and influence for good in our national life great and enduring. He has proved himself one of those rare men who early perceive the need of reform and then forthwith resolutely set about educating the public and the leaders of the people with a view to securing the needed reforms. In his long and honorable career there has been much valuable service to the State and the nation; there has been in this loyalty and service a sound patriotism and practical sense. In the list of those who have, during the last years, helped by their pens, their clear vision, their indomitable spirit, and enlightened patriotism, to make the

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country's history, his name will find its place and receive its well-earned meed of honor.

In life there is no magic charm like that of personality. In private life Mr. Watterson has the charm of an unpretending geniality. His kindness and unassuming simplicity of character give him an unusual hold on those who come to know him well. Indeed, few men have inspired so much regard and affection in so large a circle of friends. Neither recluse nor pedant, he moves freely among all classes, leaving the impress of an interesting, stimulating, gracious, sincere individuality. He is a shrewd and genial man of the world, a penetrating and discriminating observer, a keen disector of character, a hater of sham and despiser of pretensions.

He is a man of genuinely charitable feeling, broad toleration, warm and active sympathies. He knows how to be dignified without assumption, firm without vehemence, prudent without timidity, judicious without coldness.

One of Mr. Watterson's most remarkable characteristics is an abounding vivacity, which makes him a joyous person in any company. He has a pleasure-loving disposition, tact and bonhomie. He has a serene and unclouded brightness, an inspiring cheerfulness, and animation; an immense power of enjoyment, which so often belongs to an active and vivacious intelligence. This wonderful buoyancy of spirit and sustained freshness of mind has prolonged a youthful enthusiasm.

He has the broad brow of intellect, with a massive head, which gives him distinction. It is a face steadfast, proud and self-reliant, showing energy and decision; yet with a sunny-tempered kindness which warms all around him and makes him the light of any company of which he forms a part. The public is apt to consider that it has a sort of vested right to know as much as it chooses of the life of any one who is prominently before it, and despite that its fascination should be kept sealed, demands that the inner sanctuary of personal and family life be opened up.

There are many men who are joyous and entertaining over whom a strange change comes when they cross their own threshold. But Mr. Watterson is never more charming and delightful than when surrounded by his family. Nowhere is he seen to a greater advantage than in his home. With the children he is tender, affectionate, and rejuvenated into a companionship that is as rare as it is a beautiful other side. His relations with his wife are peculiarly confidential and affectionate. To those who have seen them together it is difficult to think of one apart from the other, so perfect is the community of thought and interest. His wife has been his business no less than his household companion, consulted in everything and the adored of his heart. The devoted comradeship of his wife has been an unfailing background of love and sympathy for a life at times politically stormy and eventful. More, the noble, devoted wife, so sensible, so tactful, so admirable in all the primary human qualities of a strong, sympathetic, and delicate womanliness, has contributed much by her wise counsel, her good cheer and her companionship, to the success of her husband. It is at Mansfield, their beautiful home in the country, that their charm of manner and grace of hospitality make them universally beloved. There is no more gracious hostess and host to be found anywhere. It is an attractive social center, and both are singularly fitted for social functions. Here the great editor enjoys freedom from his strenuous labors, and the open-air pleasure which is so refreshing after the stress of the day in a newspaper den, presenting a domestic figure wholly attractive. When the future historian of Kentucky writes of the period embracing the life of Mr. Watterson, he will find in the annals of the State no more striking figure than that of the great editor and great citizen, of whom this sketch has given a sincere but very imperfect appreciation.

FELIX AGNUS



GENERAL FELIX AGNUS is one of the Old Guard of American journalists. For more than a third of a century he has controlled the Baltimore *American*, and built it up until it is to-day one of the greatest newspaper properties of the world. Publisher and editor, participating in every phase of newspaper work, and foremost in the remarkable changes wrought in modern publishing, he was among the first to recognize the power of the popular-priced paper, and his initiative found reward in constantly increasing success. Although now more than seventy years of age, his activity has been greater than that of the youngest member of his staff. When the great fire of 1904 ate out the business heart of Baltimore, destroying \$100,000,000 in property, the handsome home of *The American* was burned to the ground. General Agnus at once found facilities for printing the paper in Washington, and for bringing its editions to Baltimore on special trains. Whilst the ashes of Baltimore were still smoldering, General Agnus planned the finest newspaper building in the South, and his was the first big building erected in the fire zone—a splendid structure of sixteen stories, equipped with the best newspaper plant that skill and money could produce. This leadership gave a wonderful impetus to *The American*, and most men would have rested on these laurels. But General Agnus, always planning, always at work, always expanding, always recognizing the trend of the time and the needs of the situation, decided that a newspaper must supply the news every hour of the day, and he therefore issued an afternoon edition, the Balti-

more *Star*, so that his plant now, under his direction, turns out from six to ten editions every twenty-four hours.

Born in Lyons, France, in 1839, and educated in Paris, Felix Agnus entered on a career of activity from his boyhood. A Zouave of the Third Regiment, he was at the battle of Montevello, and in the same year joined Garibaldi's famous corps of "Hunters of the Alps." The next year he came to New York, where, for a time, he was with Tiffany's, as a sculptor and chaser. The outbreak of the Civil War revived his spirit of adventure, and he entered the Union Army as a private, in Duryea's Fifth New York Zouaves. His first commission he won at Big Bethel, where he saved the life of General Kilpatrick. Then his dash and gallantry won him promotion after promotion, until he received his brevet as Brigadier General, being at the time only twenty-six years old, and the youngest of his rank in the army. On August 22, 1865, he resigned his commission and returned to private life, bearing the scars of more than a score of wounds.

It is to one of these wounds that General Agnus ascribed his entrance to the profession of journalism. When Charles C. and Eddington Fulton, of the Baltimore *American*, who had defied popular sentiment in Baltimore by vigorously advocating the Union cause, went down to the wharf one day in July, 1862, to meet a transport that had brought in a lot of wounded soldiers, they found Lieutenant Agnus lying prostrate in the cabin of the ship, suffering from a shot that had shattered his right shoulder. He had received the wound at the head of his company in the final charge of the Fifth Corps on the Confederate position at Gaines' Mills. They took him home and nursed him until the wound was healed, and when the war was over the patient, now General Agnus, hastened back to Baltimore, where he married his gentle nurse, Miss Annie D. Fulton, the daughter of Charles C. Fulton. Soon after his retirement from the Army, General Agnus entered the business department of *The American*.

FELIX AGNUS

His remarkable executive ability and his splendid business capacity soon accomplished results, and on July 4, 1869, he was placed in complete charge of the business management of *The American*, and has remained in absolute control of its affairs ever since. Shortly before Mr. Fulton's death, the venerable proprietor of *The American*, recognizing General Agnus' fitness for the position and the gratifying success that had resulted from his management, executed a deed of trust, making him sole manager of the paper. Since then, the direction of the Baltimore *American*, and, later, of the Baltimore *Star*, have wholly occupied General Agnus' time and endeavor.

General Agnus has always taken an intelligent, active interest in national politics. He has received a number of honorary appointments from various Presidents, and has served frequently as a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point and Annapolis. His relations with Presidents Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft have always been cordial and intimate, and Secretary Blaine was moved to say of him: "He is a great Frenchman and a great American. He came to this country with the same zeal that made LaFayette's coming an honor to the land." In State and municipal affairs he has taken the active part that is the duty of every good citizen. He was a member of the Commission that built Baltimore's magnificent new Court House, and he was foreman of a Grand Jury which started a sensation by probing deeply into the management of the local reformatory. He has been delegate to nearly every Presidential Convention in the past quarter-century, and has taken part in every important national movement. Named repeatedly in connection with Cabinet positions or diplomatic appointments, he has consistently avoided political office. To Secretary Blaine, who asked him once what he wanted, he replied: "Your respect while I live, and the flag at half-mast when I die."

When the Republicans of Maryland controlled the Legis-

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lature, he twice declined to enter the United States Senate. One position, however, he did accept. President Roosevelt appointed him Chairman of the Chesapeake and Delaware Commission, and his work on that Board was embodied in a report which is regarded as a model. He has received many honors from his fellow-citizens in this country, and he is a Knight Commander of the French Colonial Order of Nichan-cl-Anouar, which is one of the divisions of the Legion of Honor.

General Agnus has also found time for literature and the drama. War memories have been his particular forte, and he has written a number of picturesque stories, usually based on some thrilling incident in his own career. A drama, "A Woman of War," written by him in collaboration with Miss Louise Malloy, was produced with success a few years ago. Farming is General Agnus' delight, and his one recreation. His beautiful country place, Nacirema, in the famous Green Spring Valley, is one of the show places of Maryland. The memorable dinner that he gave there to the late President Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was attended by Secretaries Blaine and Rusk, and fifteen hundred other guests, including men most prominent in politics, literature, finance, and commerce.

As a journalist, General Agnus is always in command, and he is surrounded by a staff intensely loyal to his interests. Many of his employés have been with him from twenty to forty years, and his whole organization is a peculiarly faithful and enthusiastic family, in every one of whom he takes a personal interest. In this respect, *The American* and *The Star* are unique among the newspapers of the country, and this fact is one of the potent causes of their power and progress.

MILTON E. AILES



ICE-PRESIDENT of the Riggs National Bank, Washington, D. C., Mr. Ailes became a financier more from the changing current of events than otherwise. He was born in the State of Ohio, at about the time when the country was in the throes of internal strife incident to the reconstruction of the affairs of the South, following the close of the Civil War. Good fortune has smiled upon Mr. Ailes. It knocked at his door, and he was there to let it in. When he was twenty years of age he was appointed to a minor position in the Treasury Department, at Washington, during the first administration of President Cleveland. His first month's salary was \$60.00. He would have been pleased had it been larger, though he entered no complaint. He had asked for a position in the Government service and, receiving it, he willingly accepted the salary that went with it. He was eager to learn, and he wanted something to do. He made the best of his opportunities. He quickly realized that the Treasury Department is the great banking institution of the Government. He was not impatient, believing his time would come, and that the only thing to do was to fill his small positions faithfully, and bide his time. Ten years after he entered the Treasury he was advanced to the position of secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, who at that time was Lyman J. Gage. Four years after becoming secretary to the Secretary, Mr. Ailes was appointed one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury. Mr. Ailes, long before his advancement to this high station, had made himself familiar with the long list of names of those who had gone from the Treas-

ury Department to fill positions of honor and trust in the commercial world. Mr. Ailes struggled hard for the promotions he received while in the service of the Government. At first he "toted" ice for the large water-coolers and coals for the fires. He was accustomed to work when in his small Ohio town, therefore he was not ashamed to perform honest labor in the Government's great banking house. From his \$60.00 per month he saved a bit of money, which he invested in tuition at a night law-school. When he was not handling ice and coals in the Treasury, he was reading Blackstone during his leisure hours of the day.

He had an abiding faith in the value of time. He regarded time as money. He was not the one to procrastinate. He was always doing something. Mr. Ailes is free to confess that he is indebted to others for much of the success he has achieved, but it would be foolish to imagine that he was without merit to receive such reward. When Frank A. Vanderlip was one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, he was quick to recognize that Mr. Ailes was capable of filling higher positions than the one he was then occupying. It was Mr. Vanderlip who advanced Mr. Ailes to the position of secretary to Secretary Gage. It was, likewise, Mr. Vanderlip who was largely instrumental in making Mr. Ailes one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury. It is not presumed Mr. Vanderlip would have done all of this, and more, had not Mr. Ailes come up to the standard. Mr. Vanderlip is a good judge of men, it would seem. When he retired from the Treasury himself, to take service with one of the large New York Banks, he had other honors in store for Mr. Ailes. Through Mr. Vanderlip's influence, as an official in the National City Bank of New York, the Riggs National of Washington was made one of a group of banks having an alliance with the New York establishment. This meant some new officials for the Riggs National. The eagle eye of Mr. Vanderlip was again on Mr. Ailes, which resulted in his being

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taken from the Treasury to become Vice-President of one of the oldest and one of the leading banking houses at the Capital.

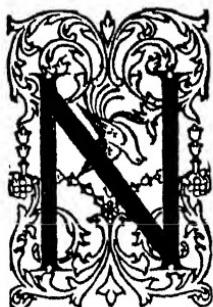
From his long experience in the Treasury, Mr. Ailes fitted into the requirements of the new conditions of the Riggs. In this position he has acquitted himself acceptably to all interests, which is a high testimonial to his worth. If any Government official ever did honest, faithful service, it has been Mr. Ailes. The idea that a "public office is a private snap" is no part of Mr. Ailes' makeup. According to his belief, "A public office is a public trust."

Mr. Ailes is small in stature, probably not more than five feet six inches in height. He is of stocky build, wears heavy gold-rimmed spectacles, which make him appear older than he is. He is not without a smile—one of the kind that doesn't come off, yet it is not of the Taft pattern.

Mr. Ailes wears his honors with due dignity, but not with haughtiness. He does not object if his intimates call him "Milt," which several of them do. Mr. Ailes, outside of his banking interest, is a handy man to have around. If there are any private or public subscriptions to be taken up, Mr. Ailes is usually selected as the Treasurer. This would indicate that the public is not afraid to place their belongings in his possession. He does not claim to know all about the banking business, but what he does know he knows well. Since he was made an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, he has been a faithful student of business and of finance in general. Personally, Mr. Ailes is a man of many agreeable traits. The germ of vanity has not got into his system. The chances are it never will. He is good-natured, and a good talker. His face is clean shaven. He knows he is not built on the lines of an Apollo, but this does not disturb him. He has written some matter for magazines which has received high commendation. He is a "homefolks" man. He looks upon fashionable society as one of the institutions of the country, but he cares little for it.

Mr. Ailes has a hobby. There is nothing strange about that. Although a banker, he is at the same time an agriculturist. It is not intended to create the impression that he is a "gentleman farmer." It is this class who make enough money in the city to pay the expenses of the farm. Mr. Ailes owns a small farm in the State of West Virginia, and he makes it pay. It is his pleasure to work on his farm just the same as if he were Mrs. Ailes' "hired man." "Farmer" Ailes is quite a different-looking man, in personal attire, from that of "Banker" Ailes. He is as much at home feeding his chickens or driving the horses to the mowing-machine or the plow as he is when discounting a piece of gilt-edged security in the bank. He has an ambition to become some day a large land-owner, when he may quit banking and transform himself into a real farmer, who will conduct his farm not on scientific principles only, but from a common-sense point of view. When in the country, Mr. Ailes reads the market reports on eggs, chickens, hogs, cattle, sheep, potatoes, hay, corn, and wheat. When in the city, about the only thing in the market line that interests him are stock and bond quotations. Thus it can be seen how a desirable citizen like Mr. Ailes can live a dual life. He has a fondness for the simpler and plainer things of life. He will always be conservative, and never do anything foolish. Upon the same principle, as a banker he will never lend money where he believes he will not get it back. In his individual capacity he is sentimental. As a business man he is the reverse. It is not likely he will ever become a high liver—not that he dislikes spending money, but his inclinations run the other way. He is an early riser, sometimes a few laps ahead of the family rooster. When the hands on the big clock in the Riggs Bank point to ten minutes past ten, Mr. Ailes is at his desk. He believes in promptness. He will not keep others waiting, and dislikes being kept waiting by others.

NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH



OT Clay, nor Calhoun, nor Benton, nor Douglas, nor Fessenden, nor Conkling ever exerted as great influence on Federal legislation as this man has for twenty years. Webster himself, with his gigantic mind and matchless eloquence, was never the force in the American Senate this man has been and is. George Evans fought the tariff battle of 1846 and lost. Nelson W. Aldrich fought the tariff battles of 1883, 1890, 1893, and 1897, and won. He never lost a trick. The Wilson-Gorman tariff was as much the handicraft of Aldrich as it was of any other man. He and Bill Chandler wrote the cotton schedule, and it was for protection only. He, Chandler, and Matt Quay wrote the iron and steel schedule, and it, too, was for protection only, as is attested by the fact that, three years later, Dingley adopted them with very little change, and no change whatever except in the costlier articles.

Aldrich is no lawyer, no scholar. So far as his public utterances attest, he is densely ignorant of history, and one may well believe that he has contempt for general literature. Burke's magnificent political and moral philosophy, couched in that marvelous production, the speech on "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts," would bore the Senator from Rhode Island, while if the most ignorant and most illiterate employé of a Providence or Fall River cotton mill should accost him in the throng and say that he had a secret as to dye-stuffs that would save five cents on a bolt of calico or gingham, Aldrich would be spellbound by such eloquence, and run the thing down until he ascertained whether it were practical or visionary.

Like the late venerable Justin S. Morrill, Senator Aldrich is a business man, but he could never bring to the discussion of an economic question the literary finish, the historical illustration, the happy allusion, the biting sarcasm, the old Vermonter summoned every time he went to debate with such giants as Beck and Vest and Vance. Morrill was a cross-roads storekeeper; but he was also a student of books. Perhaps he had read Adam Smith without grasping the drift of that powerful intellect. Doubtless he had read Bentham in discussion with Smith, digested his energy, fallacy, and assimilated its every virus. Aldrich cared for none of these.

Aldrich does not convince, nor does he persuade—he dominates. When those big, black, brilliant eyes, from a great big dome of thought, give a glance at another Senator, they read him through and through, and he discovers in a twinkling whether it is worth while for Nelson W. Aldrich to waste any time on that fellow. There is the secret, the whole secret, of the man's strength. He has a powerful and, sometimes, an imperious will, and precious little important legislation has been enacted by the American Congress for twenty years that he did not approve, and none that he did not assent to. His cardinal principle is that mankind is composed of two parts—the rulers and the ruled. He is no demagogue; no hypocrite. What the South visits on the negro in a political way he would mete out to the mudsills of the North if he could discern a safe and practical way to accomplish it.

Ambrose E. Burnside, a stout soldier and an incapable captain, was repeatedly chosen Governor of Rhode Island after our big war. Then he was elevated to the Senate, succeeding William Sprague, who got the honor for his millions, and who was no inconsiderable man, notwithstanding his vast wealth. In the Senate Burnside was a party man, and said "yea" or "nay" as party politics dictated. His last appearance in that body was the special session of the

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Senate convened by Garfield soon after his inauguration. It is a rather formidable volume in bulk that records the proceedings of that session, and in its pages Benjamin H. Hill stands out in bold relief as the most powerful debater since Douglas. He first skinned Mahone, and then he grappled with Conkling, Hoar, and several other big men, and made monkeys of them all. Of all our public men, Ben Hill was the greatest when measured by the length of his service in the national councils—two years in the House and five in the Senate. He met all comers, including Blaine, Garfield, Carpenter, Conkling, Hoar, Logan, and others, during those seven years, less four months, and the blood of all of them stained his beak and the flesh of all of them was on his talons.

Burnside died early in the autumn of 1881, about the time Garfield expired, and Rhode Island sent Nelson W. Aldrich to supply the vacancy. He had been trained in an academy; he had been in the town council; he had served in the State Legislature and been Speaker of the House. His was, perhaps, the first name on the alphabetical roll of the House of the Forty-sixth Congress, a body that contained as many able men as ever sat in deliberation on Capitol Hill. Get its roster and read the names of the members from Kentucky and Ohio, Texas and Indiana, Georgia and Virginia, if you would take satisfaction in the thought: "There were giants in those days." In that Congress, to all appearance, Aldrich was a cipher. He was no orator, and of all the masters of the American Congress he was, and is, the least loquacious, and yet he can talk, and make a strong speech, when occasion imperatively demands it.

When Aldrich entered the Senate, the Republican side had just lost its three ablest men—Carpenter was dead, Blaine had left the Senate for the Cabinet, and was in retirement, writing "Twenty Years in Congress." Conkling, like many another great man of genius, after resigning in indignation at injustice, and in disgust at ingratitude,

allowed himself to be persuaded by his too zealous and indiscreet friends, and against his better judgment and contrary to firm resolution—Conkling allowed himself to be dragged into a contest for re-election, and was humiliated by the results.

But there were left of the Republicans, Sherman, who took the shoes Ohio had taken from Thurman and given to Garfield, after Garfield had appropriated the shoes Ohio had sent him to the national inquest to procure for Sherman. There was Hoar, whom time and experience had not yet fashioned into the broad, patriotic catholicity of the Hoar of later years. There was Edmunds, matchless in the skill with which he employed technique at the bar and in the Senate. There was Ingalls, brilliant, eloquent, venomous, a perfect master of phrase, and created for faction.

On the Democratic side was Beck, ponderous in argument, indefatigable in industry, powerful in disputation. Vest supported him—the rapier of Bussy d'Amboise thrusting with the mace of Athelstane side by side. Lamar was another, the finest imagination that has sat in Saxon council since Burke. Of Ben Hill I have spoken. Harris was there, and Garland. Morgan, too, was just disclosing to his fellow-citizens that he was in the front rank of American speculative statesmen. Pugh, his colleague, was scarcely second to him as a thinker, and perhaps was his superior as a lawyer. Bayard was yet in the Senate, a pure type of man and a high type of statesman. There was Dan Voorhees, one of the foremost orators and most generous men of his generation. Ben Harrison was his colleague, and worthy even of Ben Hill's steel. Vance was there from North Carolina, a wonderful combination—soldier, orator, statesman, and as ready in debate as any man who ever broke silence in the Senate.

The new members were Hawley, Harrison, Hale, Frye, Gorman, Conger, whom Joe Blackburn swore to be “even meaner than he looked, and that's impossible”; Van Wyck,

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who, according to Zeb Vance, "had too much shag leather in his pants," like the elephant. Now, any one who ever looked at old Van's trousers was bound to think of the surplus hide on Jumbo's legs. Perhaps there was no man at the National Capital who dreamed that the day was not distant when the new Senator from Rhode Island would be the most powerful individual Senator who ever sat in that body. So far as I know, he has engaged in a debate, hilt to hilt, with but two adversaries, and they were giants—John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, in the Fifty-first Congress, on the McKinley tariff, and William Lindsay, of Kentucky, in the Fifty-third Congress, on the Wilson tariff. Here were two profound thinkers engaged by a man who got his knowledge standing by the loom. And strange it is, that both these jurists utterly overthrew the practical man.

Aldrich, after making the Dingley tariff to suit New England, gave us our present imperfect gold standard, which supplies us with a currency, above half a billion of which is nearly 50 per cent fiat. And, strange to say, he now allows the Treasury to make monthly purchases of 200,000 ounces of silver for minor coin, when good husbandry imperatively demands that the subsidiary silver coin should be made of the Bland-Allison full legal-tender silver dollars.

Senator Aldrich is generally supposed to be out of sympathy with the new evangel flippantly called the octopus chase. But that is a crusade that must run its course. Congress passed the Sherman law that requires the railroads to compete, and to emphasize the thing killed the pooling bill. The roads went ahead competing, for that is all that rebate is—competition. To illustrate: Two merchants are rivals at the crossroads. They have cases of boots they bought, perhaps, from the same jobber at the same price. The goods are marked, say, \$3.50 a pair, and sold at that figure to their regular customers, respectively; but a grasping fellow comes along and these storekeepers get to competing for his trade.

He will get the boots at \$3.00, perhaps less, a pair. That is rebate. Here was the meat trust, the steel trust, the oil trust—all grasping fellows—and they made the railroads compete for their business, and thus got rebates.

But along comes Senator Elkins with a law that makes it criminal to compete, for that is all the anti-rebate law is. What is the poor octopus to do? The Sherman law commands it to compete; the Elkins law forbids it to compete. The octopus is thus in the fix De Bracey was in the novel of Ivanhoe—*Cœur de Lion*, with battle-ax in hand, is in its front, and burning Torquilstane is in its rear.

One of these days somebody will come forward with wisdom enough to compose the difficulty. The first effective move will be the destruction of competition. The next will be to serve the public at so low a cost that competition will stay dead. That is the only possible solution; but the Solon who would propose it now would soon find himself out of a job.

Aldrich's opinion of that wonderful oration—Beveridge's début in the Senate—the marvelous speech on the Philippines, would interest you if you could induce him to give it you.

JOHN M. ATHERTON

as a public speaker, he has frequently been called upon to address his fellow-citizens on matters, not only of local, but of State and National importance. On these occasions he has shown a masculine and nervous power, proceeding from an open and energetic mind; a mind not cramped by prejudice, nor fettered by abstract speculation; a mind dominated by firmness and integrity, which would bend to no momentary caprice or yield to no contagious delusion; but a mind informed by various and extensive knowledge and disciplined among the contingencies of a real and practical life.

He speaks slowly, deliberately, calmly; in a clear, distinct, but unimpassioned voice, like a professor demonstrating a geometrical theorem. He does not appeal to feelings, but to reason; his strength lies in the verbs, not in the adjectives. He uses a vigorous, incisive, and clear logic which goes straight to the heart of the subject, and while the listeners may hold opposing views, they are impressed with the force and persuasive power of his contentions. His statements are so clear, his style so vigorous, his tone so confident, that the audience is carried away by the speaker's manifest honesty and earnestness.

One of Mr. Atherton's gifts is a remarkable conversational power; many consider that he converses even better than he speaks or writes. With a mind alert and nimble in the highest degree, he sees in a moment the point in dispute, seizes on distinctions which others fail to perceive, suggests new aspects from which the question may be regarded, and generally enlivens the discussion by a keen yet a kindly humor. Talking with his intimate friends, nothing could exceed the simplicity, the charm, the brilliant ideas and new conceptions that are given in easy flowing language to those who are talking around him.

His conversational debating is dialectically cogent. He is combative, apt to traverse any proposition advanced, and a discussion with him taxes the defensive acumen of his adver-

sary. He is swift and ready in repartee and playfulness of satire; and this tendency, while it makes his society more stimulating, does not make it less agreeable; and his manner, though positive, has about it nothing acrid or conceited.

Every State must prosper in proportion as its members are devoted to the public interest. The more one's social affections are cherished and the more one is withdrawn from the pursuit of selfish gratification, the more inclination and leisure one will have to listen to the wants of the community. Public spirit is a settled principle of good-will toward one's fellow-citizens, exerting itself in generous efforts for their social and political welfare, exerting itself in a sympathetic and habitual concern for one's friends, neighbors, and the community of which he is a member. Public spirit, animated by motives of conscience, high civic duty, and an inflexible determination to serve it; public spirit as a consistent, uniform, disinterested principle, has been with Mr. Atherton not so much a feeling as a habit, not so much a passion as a principle of duty.

Every public-spirited movement requiring the sacrifice of a limited to a more extensive interest, demanding something more than what strict honesty and the mere letter of public duty enjoined, is assured, in advance, of his sympathy and hearty co-operation. He furnishes a notable example of the fact that a busy commercial career can be exercised for the public good without the spirit of paternal condescension too often characteristic of successful men.

At public meetings, where matters of supreme interest to the country at large, the State or the community, are to be considered and to be submitted to the electors, he is ever ready to bring to bear on the subject sustained logic and masterly marshaled arguments.

He is called upon, from time to time, for advice and impulse, when important issues are involved, and never fails to give convincing proof of the views he advocates. Indeed, he could

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not, if he would, refrain from his ability and willingness to serve the best interests of the public.

Private life is, in truth, the nursery of the Commonwealth; there is an intimate connection between private and public virtues. It was a wise heathen who maintained that the virtues and resources of individuals are the riches of the State. Mr. Atherton's personality has done much to secure his wide influence.

Turning to the more personal side of his character, perhaps the first thing to strike any one who has even a slight acquaintance with his private life is the contrast between the austere attitude, sometimes appearing in public, and the gracious, kindly nature revealed to those who know the real man—a nature retaining the charm of sincerity and gentleness. Unjustly he passes, with some, for being harsh and cold, but those who know him intimately find that under this reserve there lies not only a capacity for affection, but that no man could be more tenacious of his friendships. He may not give one the impression of effusion; but he affects no austerities of discipline, no singularity in manners or appearance—the usual error of weak minds or the artifice of designing men to captivate the imagination of the vulgar.

He is calmly, not coldly, undemonstrative. For under an apparent impassiveness, he is not a chilly man. He has a soft and warm side. There is about him an even-tempered, genial radiation which is soon felt by those who come within the range of his personal life. In fact, he has, to a remarkable degree, that indefinable charm often called "personal magnetism," for want of a more accurate description.

It is true that he is not mercurial or fitful and capricious in his treatment of others. But, without doing or saying much, he soon makes one feel at home in his presence. His reserve is of that character which reassures, because, by its disdain of formalities and gushing conventionalism, it is seen to be an attribute of sincerity.

130 PEN PICTURES OF LIVE MEN

In private life and in private relationships, he is genial, generous, sympathetic, and full of the spirit of good fellowship. His public life teems with instances of his unselfishness, forgiveness, humanity, tolerance, and broad-mindedness in every sense of the word.

Many acts of substantial generosity stand to the credit of Mr. Atherton, of which he gives no publicity or even speaks in private. No deserving person in distress, or worthy object of charity, ever appeals to him in vain; but in alms he follows the Biblical injunction: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

After his retirement from active business, Mr. Atherton moved to the country, a short distance from the city, where he has a beautiful home, Campobello, equipped with every modern comfort and convenience. At Campobello, if possible, he is more enterprising in his hospitality than he was in business. Scarcely a day passes without visits from friends, who are cordially welcomed and graciously entertained. One of the most enjoyable features of Campobello hospitality is the frequent elaborate dinners, when choice friends are entertained with a profusion of the very best the market affords, and served with the skill and perfection of a master chef; until every one, like Lucretius' "well-filled guest, is ready to withdraw, and, with contented mind, take a repose that is removed from every care."

It is difficult to imagine a keener pleasure than the host affords at these gatherings; he is cheerful, vivacious, humorous, kindly familiar, and, above all things, ingenious and full of variety, which lights up every subject which is discussed.

Recently, in a much agitated municipal matter, Mr. Atherton, in apologizing for his active participation, for fear that his motives might be misinterpreted, after frankly disavowing any personal interest in the enterprise contemplated, begged that his action be charged "to a lifelong habit of bothering himself about public questions." If he feels that

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he, at any time, has engaged himself in trouble from which he might have been otherwise exempted, as he states, "by following a general but questionable course," he certainly has the high consolation and reward of knowing that his exertions have been actuated by a philanthropical spirit. He can, at least, enjoy the enviable satisfaction of having served his community as a citizen, and having fulfilled his duties as a man solely on what his conscience and best judgment have dictated to him.

Among the responsible positions held by Mr. Atherton may be mentioned that of director of the old gas company for many years; director for many years, and now first vice-president, of the National Bank of Kentucky, the oldest and the recognized head of Kentucky banks; and president of the Lincoln Savings Bank, a young but strong and most promising financial institution.

JOSEPH W. BAILEY



IS MIND works like a Corliss engine" is the characterization Elihu Root made of Joseph W. Bailey, after the Texan had concluded one of his masterly arguments on what was known as the rate bill, then pending in the Senate of the United States. On another occasion, after Bailey had debated with profound logic a great constitutional problem, Eugene Hale, a Senator from Maine, and one among the ablest men who have appeared in the National Councils for a generation, announced that he was convinced, though he had always before held to a contrary opinion. That was a tribute nor Webster, nor Calhoun, nor other American Statesmen ever received. Numberless men have been persuaded against their will; and to convince a man against his will is in the nature of the miraculous. Bailey did it, and the man he convinced was of the first rank, of a diametrically antagonistic school, and the subject matter was a fundamental principle of American polity.

Endowed with a gigantic intellect, a sound physical constitution, unusual physical strength, and robust physical health, Bailey was also blessed with a passion for mental labor. Had he been indolent intellectually, as so many great geniuses unfortunately are, he would never have risen above the dead level of hopeless and helpless mediocrity. He would have been swift of foot on rare occasions, but he would not have soared aloft and gazed on the sun with the eagle. It is a truism without exception that there is no excellence without labor. To get the kernel, the nut must first be cracked.

Another secret of Bailey's tremendous force lies in the fact

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that his mind is concentrated on two points only—law and statesmanship. He has been in public life at Washington since 1891, and has delivered speeches and written reports that would make volumes, and the productions of Stephen A. Douglas or John G. Carlisle are not more naked of ornament, not less redolent of imagery, not more indicative of rugged strength and simple diction. If Bailey had scattered his mental forces and been an omnivorous reader and universal thinker like Burke, he would not have convinced Hale, nor overcome Spooner.

Bailey first appeared in Washington in the Fifty-second Congress, that had the largest Democratic majority that party or any other party ever had in any Congress of our entire history, and he was its youngest member. It was also the first Congress of William J. Bryan, who is far more of a brilliant orator than he is a profound thinker. Another secret of Bailey's terrific force is a pronounced individuality of character, buttressed by a mental aggression and personal audacity that enthuses his followers and appalls his adversaries. Twenty years ago Bailey, like all men who study in the closet and have strong convictions, was narrow, and it took several years for him to broaden. In those days he weighted down the spirit with the letter, and he even went so far as to propose "to dock the pay" of members when absent from their legislative duties. He was looked on as a crank, and was so classed until he made two or three powerful speeches that astonished the House and extorted admiration from his enemies in both parties. And thus Congress came to conclude that if the young man was a crank, he was the ablest, brawnliest, hardiest, most zealous of the guild Congress had ever seen. And then he began to grow more rapidly than ever, and it would be hazardous to venture that he has yet reached his ultimate zenith as a thinker and debater.

Charles F. Crisp was the leader of the minority of the Fifty-fourth Congress; but he died before the Congress expired,

and there was a struggle for the succession. Benton McMillin was the "Logical" candidate, for he was in thorough accord with the majority of his party on the tariff question, a disciple of the school of Morrison and Carlisle, to which President Cleveland adhered. Bailey was an "insurgent" on that feature, and while he did not go the whole hog, there was a rather strong tincture of Randallism in his composition. But McMillin, more than any other member of the Fifty-second Congress, was responsible for the defeat of Mills for Speaker by Crisp, and thus Bailey was made Democratic leader; but Cæsar could not have led that demoralized squad, now torn by faction and reeking with bitterness. The silver question had supplanted the tariff question, and the Democratic party in Congress was not on speaking terms with the Democratic party in the White House. But Bailey fought like a lion as long as he was leader, until he abdicated in disgust, and was succeeded by James D. Richardson, whose temperament was the exact opposite of the Texan's.

Thomas B. Reed, the Speaker, was the majority leader, and he found in the young Texan a foeman worthy his steel and that of his chief-of-staff on the floor, Mr. Dingley; and that recalls that when Thomas B. Reed first appeared in the Forty-fifth Congress he was a much older man than Bailey was when the Fifty-second Congress first convened; and, what is more, Tom Reed, in 1877, was a much more narrow man than Bailey was in 1891. At no time of his career has Bailey ever delivered himself of such bigoted, repulsive, vindictive fanaticism as came from Reed in the debate of the bill appropriating a small sum to reimburse William and Mary College for the vandalism visited on it by Federal soldiers during the war.

The forcefulness of Bailey, mental and moral, is shown in the fact that he practically destroyed Millsism in Texas. The tariff idea of Mills was free raw materials and tariff for revenue only on finished products. It triumphed in 1890,

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in one of the fiercest of struggles, culminating in the greatest political victory any party ever attained in this country; but that victory was neutralized when the Democratic majority of the Fifty-second Congress sent Mills to the rear and made Crisp the legislative leader. Just such a chill as paralyzed the Democratic party in 1880, when Tilden was rejected, now unnerved the party when the author of the proposed tariff of 1888 was sent to the rear. The result is history; the Democrats, it is true, had a majority in the Fifty-third Congress, but the last eight Congresses chosen have been strongly Republican.

Mills was driven from the Senate, and Bailey became the spokesman of Texas on the tariff question. He is for a tariff for revenue only on all importations and refuses to the manufacturer free raw materials. Not only has he brought Texas to that view, but the cotton South is for it, though the Democracy of the North still clings to the idea of free raw materials and elimination of every purely protective feature of duties on finished products.

Senator Bailey is a man of immense force and strong individuality of character. It would be impossible for him to be a blind follower of any man. Having implicit confidence in himself, absolutely self-reliant, he will sit in the front row among the elders, or raise a disturbance. Of course, such a man makes as relentless enemies as he does devoted friends. He can hate like a Bismarck, and he can love like a Choate, and thus is his overshadowing and positive individuality established.

His chief personal characteristic is an audacity that not even James G. Blaine attained. Sometimes his friends believe him wrong; but they have for him only the greater admiration. In the Senate he is regarded as its greatest intellect and first debater, and Democrats hope for a time when he shall clash with Root in the discussion of a great legal question, and with Burton in the debate of a great political

question. His weakness lies in this: A majority of his party reject his preachments on the great economic issue of the tariff, which is certain to be paramount in 1912.

Bailey's further strength lies in this: He is an untiring worker. No more laborious student ever appeared in our public life; and blessed as he is, with perfect health and herculean strength, he can undergo mental and physical tasks that would strike down an ordinary man.

He has gone far, and he is yet under fifty; his mind is not yet at the meridian, and if he shall remain in the Senate as long as did John Sherman or John T. Morgan, he will make a fame as an intellectual giant equal to Webster.

JOHN H. BANKHEAD



IDSUMMER, 1861, was a stirring epoch in our country's history. Revolution was ablaze, and war but a few days in the future. For four years after the country was deluged with blood, and every home was a house of mourning. A youth of nineteen was toiling in a field in Marion County, Alabama, when the tocsin sounded, and he left the plow to seize the musket as a member of the Sixteenth Regiment of Alabama Volunteer Infantry. From private, he attained to the rank of captain through a series of deserved and earned promotions. He was in the "hornet-nest" at Shiloh. He was in Buckner's magnificent charge at Chickamauga, in which he fell seriously wounded, and he did not recover from the effects of this injury until Sherman was pounding at the gates of Atlanta. Then this youthful soldier rejoined his command and fought in those tremendous battles waged by the two veteran and heroic commanders around, and for, that devoted city, and here he got two rather severe wounds; but he remained with the regiment until the final surrender.

And that was John H. Bankhead in the sapling. After reconstruction, Alabama had civil service for this man to discharge. He was repeatedly a member of the State legislature. In 1886 he was elected to the Fiftieth Congress, and it is a remarkable circumstance that of all his associates in that body, but two remain members of the House of Representatives of the Sixty-first Congress—Joseph G. Cannon and John Dalzell. It is only cumulative proof of the rage of the American people for novelty. They love change, and upon the slightest provocation, or in exercise of the paltriest

whim, they rebuke a public servant and give him discharge. It takes about twenty years to change the entire Congress, whereas it would require more than half a century entirely to revolutionize the membership of the British House of Commons.

After twenty years in the House of Representatives, Mr. Bankhead took his seat in the Senate, the successor of John T. Morgan, doubtless the greatest man Alabama ever sent to act and speak for her in the National Councils. Thus, since March 4, 1887, John H. Bankhead has held a seat in one or the other House of the National Legislature. He was long a member of two important committees, Rivers and Harbors and Public Buildings and Grounds, of which latter he was chairman in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. These weighty organs of the House of Representatives have intrusted to them two heavy purses of the Federal treasury, for each prepares and reports bills appropriating enormous sums; and it is only truth to say that during his long service on them Bankhead was an able and trusted member, weighing every proposition with the judicial temper of a capable judge on the bench.

Had he seized the opportunity, as many a man does when a candidate for political preferment, it is quite likely that Mr. Bankhead would have been chosen leader of the minority of the Fifty-sixth Congress. When William L. Wilson was defeated for re-election in 1894, the minority leadership fell to Charles F. Crisp, who held it till his death, before the expiration of the Fifty-fourth Congress. Then there was a struggle for the honor between the veteran Benton McMillin and the youthful Joseph W. Bailey, and victory inclined to the latter.

Mr. Bailey held the position until the assembling of the Fifty-sixth Congress, when he declined re-election. Then it was that his many friends besought Mr. Bankhead to accept the place. Reluctantly he consented to be a "receptive" candidate; but James D. Richardson, an active candidate,

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was successful, and nobody was more delighted with the result than Mr. Bankhead. Subsequently, Richardson retired, and was succeeded by John Sharp Williams, who resigned the place upon his election to the Senate, when Champ Clark was selected.

Senator Bankhead is of extremely modest temperament. He shuns the limelight, and shrinks from public exploit; but he is an excellent public speaker when the occasion imperatively demands it, notwithstanding his charming diffidence.

But of the man who got those severe wounds in as many desperate battles, it may be said that his shyness is due to modesty, and in no sense because of conscious inferiority.

Mr. Bankhead is a man of imposing presence, tall, symmetrical, muscular, and dignified in manner. He dresses with neatness and good taste, and his personal presence would attract attention in any assemblage. He is devoted to his wife, a leader in Congressional social life at the National Capital. She is a woman of strong mental endowment, and has been an invaluable helpmeet to her distinguished husband, her counsel having been of incalculable advantage to him in his public career.

EDWARD W. BARRETT

PROPRIETOR *Age-Herald*, Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. Barrett is a native of Georgia, born and reared at Augusta. His earliest recollection of men who had participated in the affairs of the nation was Gen. Robert Toombs. Toombs and Barrett lived in the same town. The latter was a slip of a boy, however, when the Southern leader died, and in his youthful imagination he regarded his distinguished townsman as the greatest man in history. Later, Thomas E. Watson, the champion of Populistic ideas when a Representative in Congress, rose to distinction in Augusta and throughout the country, but did not prove to be a man to Mr. Barrett's liking. When the latter was the correspondent at Washington of the Atlanta *Constitution*, he became somewhat famous for expressing his views regarding Representative Watson, which were a bit severe; so much so, in fact, that the telegraph companies were at one time inclined to take up the question of covering their wires with asbestos to prevent the heat of Barrett's despatches from burning out the switchboards. Mr. Barrett's ancestors came from Ireland, and rose to a place in the industrial affairs of Augusta. From 1888 to 1897 Mr. Barrett represented the Atlanta *Constitution* at Washington, gaining for himself a reputation as a newspaper writer which is of much value to him as the head of his own paper in Birmingham.

In stature, Mr. Barrett is short. He is of dark complexion, with a smiling face, which makes one think of a cherub. He has never been known to appear in any color of dress other than black. Oftentimes friends have suggested that he

EDWARD W. BARRETT

change the color of his clothes, but he has proved adamant against advice on these lines. He is a positive character, not easily influenced. He has opinions of his own, but is not always inclined to express them. He is sufficiently secretive to be classed among the safe and sanc. He is known to exhibit a fiery passion of antagonism when things do not go his way. In brief, in cases of this kind, he has been likened unto a cyclone. Like the listing of the wind, he soon calms down, and is the most placid and agreeable person in his community. He is fond of pleasures. He has the money-making instinct well developed. He has made *The Age-Herald* a money-making enterprise. He took it at a time when business was at a low ebb and progress in Birmingham at a standstill. He got possession of the paper at the psychological period. Within six months after he assumed charge of the property Birmingham began advancing in wealth and population, as much as, if not more than, any other like municipality in the South. These growing forces, naturally, deposited their proportionate share of good times at the door of Mr. Barrett's newspaper. He has recently built a well-equipped newspaper building, making it a monument to his enterprise and the pride of the friends of the paper.

Mr. Barrett is a Democrat. His ideal statesman, during the time he was located in Washington, was David Bennett Hill. In 1892, when Governor Hill was a candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Barrett was the most youthful delegate in the national convention. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the nomination of the dauntless Governor. He strongly opposed the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the second time. This, no doubt, was brought about by his connection with the Atlanta *Constitution*, as that paper was hostile to the ascendancy of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency again. During the war between Japan and China, Mr. Barrett went to the Orient as a correspondent. He was present at the battle of Wei-Hai-Wei, one of the most decisive engagements of the

short war between the two nations. The humorous part of the whole affair, however, was that after seeing the battle from its beginning to its conclusion, and having in his possession all the news incident thereto, neither of the military forces would permit him to cable a word of it to his paper. Upon his return from the scene of hostilities, he wrote a graphic description of the engagement. Another of his journalistic feats was his pursuit and capture of the notorious outlaw and bandit, Rube Burroughs, who for years had been a menace to the mountaineers living in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Mr. Barrett again participated as an enterprising news correspondent, in writing the story of a duel between the scions of two illustrious South Carolina and Georgia families. The proposed meeting of the belligerents was kept as secret as possible from the press and public, but Mr. Barrett's news instinct was up and doing. Not to be outdone by his hated rivals, he engaged, at his own expense, a special engine, and with all possible speed hastened to where he believed the encounter would take place. His judgment was unerring. He arrived in the nick of time, thereby securing a page story for his paper on the following morning.

Mr. Barrett is companionable, a good entertainer, always hospitable about his home. He is a lover of good horses, and likes driving them at high speed. Like the majority of enterprising men, he has taken up automobiling, and is the owner of two or three of the finest machines that have ever been seen in the South. If he has any political ambition—that is, ambition for holding office—he has never made it known in anything like a public way.

JOHN BARRETT

DIRECTOR of the International Bureau of American Republics, headquarters in Washington. Mr. Barrett was born in Vermont, educated at Worcester, Mass., and the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., graduating at Dartmouth College. Mr. Barrett formed an idea that the place for him to get a foothold was on the Pacific Coast. He did not go there as a passenger on any of the fancy, high-priced, luxuriously appointed limited trains that prevail at the present time. He traveled according to his means, which was a day coach in day time and a sleeping-car at night. About the first thing he did after inhaling the refreshing ozone of the Pacific was to get a position as teacher at the Hopkins Academy, Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. To teach the "young idea how to shoot" was not quite in harmony with the temperament of the young Vermonter. He took up newspaper writing, first in San Francisco, then later in Tacoma, Seattle, and Portland. It was here he observed the star of destiny of the Puget Sound country, and cast his fortunes with the happy people in the North Pacific section. Mr. Barrett has a taste for the beautiful. He settled in Portland, Oregon, the city of flowers. In politics he was at that time a Democrat. He was young, handsome, ambitious, and the possessor of probably more than his share of ability for one of his age. He was introduced to President Cleveland, who knew something about picking out good men for Government positions. Mr. Barrett had a desire to become connected with the diplomatic service of the country. President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam, not for

the purpose of getting him as far away from the country as possible, but because he believed the young man from Oregon would fit into conditions in Siam better than any one he had seen. Later developments demonstrated the fact that President Cleveland made no mistake. He was not long in Siam until he had made himself one of the most popular ministers the United States had sent there, and that is saying a good deal. He settled, by arbitration, a diplomatic matter involving three million dollars, which, in the negotiations conducted by him, redounded to the benefit of his country. When President McKinley assumed the reins of office, Mr. Barrett returned home. He was soon appointed special commissioner to investigate commercial conditions in Japan, Korea, Siberia, and India. Following this, he bobbed up as a war correspondent in the Philippine Islands. He was later appointed minister to Argentina, Panama, and Colombia. He filled these positions with the same degree of credit and dignity that had characterized his administration as minister to Siam.

His career as minister to the South American and Central American states fitted him especially for the position of Director of the International Bureau of American Republics. He made a study of commercial conditions in those countries such as none other had made among those who were his predecessors in his present office. He has done, probably, more than any other man in the United States in bringing about closer commercial relations between this country and all of the states of Central and South America. He has written scores of high-class magazine articles upon these subjects, which have attracted wide attention in the three countries. He has made the Directorship of the Bureau one of importance. It cannot truthfully be said of him that he is a figure-head. He is constantly doing something, and is a man of influence. He has probably been given greater latitude than any of his predecessors, but this he demanded before taking the office, well knowing that the only way to be a good Director is to

JOHN BARRETT

direct, and not be dependent upon the whims of some superior Government official who knows nothing of the matters. Mr. Barrett is a frequent speaker at many important international and national gatherings. He possesses oratorical powers, which, no doubt, came to him naturally. When in Oregon, he was a youngster who was ever ready and willing to make a political speech when there was anybody around to listen to him. He spoke well, even in those days; therefore he was never without a good-sized and appreciative audience. He was equal to all emergencies. He could, figuratively speaking, clip the grass and knock off the tops of the trees with the ease, grace, and dispatch of his oratory. In some circles he was known as the "young man eloquent."

Mr. Barrett is a whole-souled man. He carries with him at all times the dignity that is becoming to his official position, but in manner he is polite, courteous, and democratic. He is fond of society, and society people like him. He is at home wherever his hat is off. Intellectually, he is able to hold his own any place. He is smooth shaven, wears eyeglasses, and has little, if any, hair on the top of his head. He has never said this is the result of early piety, though others may think it is. He has a different suit of clothes for almost every day in the week. He is a familiar figure about the Capital. He is unmarried, and, no doubt, it is his fault that he is. He is never too busy to talk with acquaintances. He is good-natured and generous. He has an enormous capacity for work, but has time for sufficient recreation. He believes it necessary to get away from his desk at certain intervals every day and have a few hours of relief from dictating letters and other voluminous papers. He likes giving dinners to his friends. He makes a good presiding officer at a dinner. He is witty in conversation. If he has any particular fancy in dress, it is to possess a large number of varicolored shirts. He is a well-dressed man.

PERRY BELMONT



TATESMAN, politician, millionaire. Mr. Belmont is a fine representative of one of the influential families of an earlier period in the City of New York, and in the country. His grandfather, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, was the naval officer who fought the Battle of Lake Erie against the British, during the War of 1812. It was one of the decisive battles, and one which figures largely in the important results of that briefly waged contest. Mr. Belmont's father, August Belmont, was, in his day, one of the leaders in the financial world of New York. The elder Belmont was a native of Continental Europe, who came to this country when a young man, as the representative of the great Rothschild's banking interests. He was a handsome, polished gentleman of the old school. He became one of the prime factors in the advancement of public affairs. He was one of the most prominent Democrats of his time, a leader in the Democratic party, and, in 1868, when Horatio Seymour was the Democratic candidate for President, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He took a lively interest in politics, and it was but natural that his son should show an inclination to follow in the father's footsteps. The other sons, August Belmont and the late Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, were inclined to engage in political affairs somewhat, the former being one of the prime movers in naming Alton B. Parker as the Democratic candidate for President, in 1904. The third brother served one term in Congress. Perry Belmont entered Congress in the early eighties, when

PERRY BELMONT

comparatively a young man. During the time he was in public life, he was prominent as a leader in his party. He served as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives. Mr. Belmont was appointed by President Cleveland Minister to Spain. Since that time, he has not held office, but has retained his position in the councils of his party. He was nominated for Congress since, but was not elected. He was in no way responsible for his defeat, and would, no doubt, have been the victor had it not been for disaffection in the party created and fostered by Tammany.

Mr. Belmont is a Democrat of the old school of Democracy. He has never viewed with favor many of the isms that have crept into the organization. He has preferred standing upon the records of the Democratic party of the Fathers, and at no time has he joined with those who have "chased rainbows," as some term it. He has devoted several years, since retiring from public life, in his efforts to upbuild all of the political parties, in the hope that the expenditure of vast sums of money may be eliminated from political campaigns. He takes the position that it is one of the most corrupting agencies associated with the American form of government. He championed a bill which he drafted, and which was introduced in Congress at his request and through his individual efforts, providing for the enactment of a statute compelling all political parties to make known the amount of contributions to campaign funds, and by whom these amounts are subscribed, before election day. He is a keen observer of political affairs. He is a Democrat from principle, and nothing could swerve him from strict adherence to what was taught him by his distinguished father and the men of his day. He has never been a man to thrust himself forward as a party leader or adviser, but prefers exhibiting a modesty that is pleasing to his associates. He is strong in his convictions, but willing to concede to his opponents the same right

and privilege in expressing their views that he claims and demands for himself.

It is not Mr. Belmont's fault that he is classed among the rich men of the country. He, no doubt, views himself as comparatively a poor man, when he sees about him men of many classes counting their millions up into ten and more. Mr. Belmont inherited most of his fortune, though, by wise investments he has made, it has been increased and not diminished. His wealth is sufficiently large to permit his indulging in foreign travel and living the life of a gentleman of leisure, if he so desires. Being the son of a many-times millionaire, it was not out of the way that he should contract habits of life that might seem extravagant to others. If there is any man in the United States who does not appear to be rich, it is Mr. Belmont. He is unassuming in manner, polite and affable to every one. He is a much-traveled man, and a man of polish. He was educated at the best colleges of America and Europe. It was the desire of his father that Perry should be the politician of the family and August the banking member of it. This original idea has been well followed, though each of the sons, undoubtedly, inherited some of their father's inclination to engage in managing and shaping political destinies. Mr. Belmont and his wife belong to what may be best known as the "Four Hundred" in fashionable New York society. Their names are upon the visiting list of almost every family in the United States that figures at all conspicuously in the affairs of fashionable society. He has recently built a very handsome residence in the city of Washington. In stature, Mr. Belmont is not large; he has a boyish-appearing face. He dresses in the best of taste, and usually in the latest fashion. He, apparently, has a system for everything he does. He is methodical and painstaking. When once interested in a matter, he pursues it with vigor. He is usually busy, and has always been a worker.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE



SENATOR BEVERIDGE is a distinct figure in public life. When he was under forty years of age he was, probably, the best-known young man in the United States. Many servants of the nation in the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Government are as well or better equipped; some of them approach Beveridge in his mastery of the spoken word; but, less than any of them, Beveridge, like good wine, needs no bush. If a single line were to appear on a bill-board in a Nevada town announcing that Beveridge was to speak there, few would not know the nativity, the public office, and the reputation of the Senator from Indiana. Cummins, great though he is, even the Ciceronian Dolliver, both of whom are leaders in the progressive movement with which Beveridge is allied, would need an introduction to most audiences; Beveridge will need none.

Two reasons may be assigned for this conspicuousness of the brilliant Indiana statesman:

First, he bristles with that mysterious and compelling current called personality.

Second, Beveridge has employed both the written and the spoken word.

It must be remembered that the name of Albert J. Beveridge is as familiar a superscription on magazine articles as that of Lincoln J. Steffens or O. Henry. Beveridge is a thinker, and he feels deeply upon public, moral, and religious questions. He possesses a ^{pleasant} : pleasant literary style; his career and his achievements have been pyrotechnic, and his views are

interesting to people, whether they range themselves on the right or on the left of the Indiana Senator.

Many profess to be weary of Beveridge, and to set down as "excessive ego" his diction, his manner of speaking and writing, his carriage and his personality. The fact remains that there is no more interesting Senator to-day than Beveridge, whether quiet or in action, whether in his committee-room or on the floor. He so typifies vigor, and his character is so unblemished, that to a nation surfeited with pursy, cynical, money-grabbing politicians, Beveridge is a perennial well-spring of kindly and approving interests. To subtract Beveridge from public life would remove, aside from political considerations, a combination of brains and ginger, of vigor and performance, that is useful in the affairs of the Government to-day.

Some patronizing newspapers, which have given Beveridge the title of "The Grand Young Man," have succeeded possibly in presenting the Indiana man as a thin and affected person, mincing words and language. But if there is anywhere in public life a more muscular, athletic, blunt, and manly figure of a human being than Albert J. Beveridge he has not discovered himself to the writer. For Beveridge was born and reared on a farm in Highland County, Ohio, and as his early childhood was spent during a war which had claimed his father and all his elder brothers, he knows the uses of adversity. He did the farm-work, and later in his youth he saw service as a "lumber-jack." Dispense with all ideas of soft beds, soft words, soft wages, soft hours, and soft heads when you think of lumber-jacks. But the fact that Beveridge was a good one is tradition, and its heritage is the grip of his muscular hands to-day.

In Government, Beveridge has been allied with the causes of the people, as they are termed, since he was elected a Senator in 1899. To keep in step with the swing of the State of Indiana is testimony enough that a statesman is a public-

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

spirited one. For Indiana is the clearest-headed and the most independent State, politically, in the Union, and in a conservative way it has usually advocated all the reforms that have been successful. Indiana is a party State, and whether it approves an entire falling away from old leaders and old methods is not yet understood. But they think before they vote in Indiana, and they know how to scratch tickets. That Beveridge has twice been elected Senator by the State of Harrison and Voorhees gives him a letter of credit in national affairs.

Beveridge is an interesting man, physically. His frame is slight, but it is strapped and bound with strips of the toughest kind of muscle. His shoulders are thicker than they are broad, and he has a quick, alert, graceful carriage that suggests lightning strength and plenty of endurance. His head is set high, and it is noticeable. It is a small head, but well-shaped. His hair is soft and thin; his complexion is florid and not marred by a beard, and his features are cut square and strong.

Beveridge is a strong man, a very strong and able man. His oratory is of the best of our times, and his intellect is superior, indeed.

JOHN C. BLACK

PRESIDENT of the Civil Service Commission of the United States Government. General Black is a picturesque-looking man, affecting the military in dress to a limited degree. He is, in fact, military in his bearing; therefore, it is well the two should go together. General Black has been much before the country in various capacities, and in all the positions he has held, he can truthfully give a good account of himself. He rose to the distinction of a general during the Civil War, as the commander of forces of the Federal Government. He was born in Mississippi, but when a young man, with his family, moved to Illinois. His ancestors, and his immediate family, were brought up in the school of Southern politics. They did not take the ultra side in seeking to perpetuate the institution of slavery, but looked upon it from a rational point of view. General Black passed through several exciting campaigns in the war, and was at the head of his command in some hotly contested battles. He received, by far, more than his share of Confederate bullets, which for a great many years gave him intense pain, so much so that his life was despaired of. That he was a brave man no one has ever doubted or questioned. The services he rendered his country form an honorable part of the history of the Civil War. He was comparatively a young man when he donned the uniform of a Union soldier. He was a follower in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln in the prosecution of the war. He did his duty, and did it well. In the course of time, he did, in a measure, regain his health. When this permitted, he engaged in the practice of law, and took a lively interest in

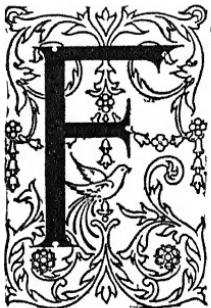
JOHN C. BLACK

politics. President Cleveland, on the occasion of his first election, selected General Black for the position of Pension Commissioner. It was well that a man with the record of an honorable soldier should be placed in charge of the bureau having under its jurisdiction the distribution of money to those who had heroically served in the same capacity. His record as Commissioner of Pensions is unblemished.

His next public office was that of a Representative in Congress at large from the State of Illinois. He proved in this capacity to be a man of exceptional ability. He is a fine speaker, as well as a convincing one. He has taken advanced positions in nearly everything which has transpired in the country in the past quarter of a century, calculated to bring about a better condition for the people in general. After retiring from Congress, President Roosevelt honored him with the appointment as President of the Civil Service Commission. It must be remembered that when civil-service reform was brought about in the United States, in the early eighties, it found little favor with those who were the party hewers of wood and drawers of water. They believed then, and some believe now, that those who win political battles should have preferment in the matter of holding public office. General Black may not have been unlike a large majority of both parties. He was appointed Commissioner of Pensions, partly because he was a worker in the ranks of the Democratic party, though his fitness for the office had been properly measured by President Cleveland. Civil-service reform has become permanent in the United States. Those who may have been opposed to it in its infancy now recognize and appreciate the wisdom displayed by those who placed it upon the statute books. New conditions have arisen. General Black, therefore, is in favor of civil service, and is making a fine Civil Service Commissioner. It is not an office in which the labors are arduous, but one that requires strict attention to duty. While a Democrat in politics, he knows no politics in his official life.

General Black is a tall, straight, fine-looking man. He walks with a slight limp, the result of a wound in one of his legs. His right arm hangs rather passively at his side, the result of other wounds. He likes chatting with his friends, and is usually a ready listener to an interesting and proper anecdote, sometimes relating one himself. He seldom is seen in the street, except in passing from his home to his office in the morning, and returning in the afternoon. He lives a quiet, dignified life, devoting much of his leisure time to reading. He probably has a greater fondness for the study of history than any other recreation. There are few epochs in the history of the world with which he is not more or less familiar. He is an excellent host in his home, possessing the happy faculty of making even a stranger feel at ease, as though he were in his own home. It cannot be said that General Black has a particularly large number of really intimate friends. But those he has are of his own choosing, and most usually men not unlike himself in free, easy ways of companionship. While he has lived away from Illinois for some years, he keeps in close touch with everything of importance going on there. He and "Uncle Joe" Cannon at one time lived in the same Congressional district. General Black was frequently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Congress, which was never pleasing to "Uncle Joe," who feared, possibly, that General Black would be too formidable an antagonist in the political arena, although the district was usually largely Republican in complexion. General Black belongs to that coterie of men who made history from 1861 to 1865, the majority of whom are rapidly passing away.

JOE C. S. BLACKBURN



ORMER Senator from the State of Kentucky. There are few people in the United States who, during the last twenty-five years, have not heard of, and read about more or less in the daily press, Joe Blackburn. From the time he was a young man, down to the present, he has been a commanding character in every phase of life of which he was a part.

The greater portion of his life has been spent in the political arena. He was elected to Congress for the first time in the early seventies. He was a young man in those days. He served with distinction in the lower House, and was, later, honored by his people with a seat in the United States Senate. He was elected to this body three times. Those who have had the privilege of knowing Senator Blackburn personally testify to his many excellent qualities. As a public speaker, he has been able to hold his own against any and all others who may be his contestants. Senator Blackburn's first call to national prominence was when he was a member of the House of Representatives. Being a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, he, with others, made investigations concerning the conduct of certain affairs in the War Department, which resulted in one of the largest scandals that had been exposed during the eight years of the Presidency of General Grant. Upon this occasion, Senator Blackburn showed to the country that as a public official he stood as the protector of the Government and the people, as against personal friendship. The affair involved the good name of a Cabinet minister, who, in the kindness of his nature, became engulfed in the meshes of unfortunate procedures.

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Impeachment proceedings were instigated, but the prompt resignation of the Cabinet minister terminated the same. Senator Blackburn was among the most useful members of the lower branch of Congress for several terms. He stood as one of the giants of the Democratic party. Few men in public life have been more forceful in debate than he. He belongs to the old school of oratory. There have been few men in Congress during the past third of a century who were more gifted with accomplishments for debate than this gentleman from Kentucky. He hails from a State famous for its great orators.

During his term in the Senate, he met in the arena the best intellects in that body. His noted and now historic debate with the late Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, gave him the hallmark of having unusual command of the English language. His defense of the reputation of Gen. George B. McClellan, which had been attacked by the Kansas critic, was one of the real events in that high legislative body. Upon this occasion, he has been credited with having said more in fewer words than almost any other Senator who had either preceded or followed him. He has a fine, melodious voice, that never fails to command attention. He is tall, probably a bit over six feet high; erect and of superb appearance. After his retirement from the Senate, he was appointed by President Roosevelt, Civil Governor of the Canal Zone, in the Republic of Panama. This position he also held for a year or more under the administration of President Taft. He voluntarily resigned to return to his old home in Versailles, Kentucky, where he is now living in leisurely retirement, surrounded by hosts of friends, many of whom were his boyhood companions. Senator Blackburn quit political life with clean hands. There is hardly a doubt that he had innumerable opportunities for the acquirement of wealth in ways which might have reflected upon his manhood. He preferred being poor, and thereby faithful to his constituents. He never,

JOE C. S. BLACKBURN

apparently, cared much for money. His only desire for it was to meet the needs of an unostentatious life. Kentuckians are proud of Senator Blackburn, as they well may be. He has held aloft the banner of that commonwealth with credit to himself and honor to those who honored him.

To view Senator Blackburn in his personal relations with his fellow-men would necessitate much greater space than is here permitted. During his long residence in Washington, as a representative and as a senator, he was one of the most conspicuous figures of a coterie of men recognized for their brilliant conversational powers. In the palmy days of John Chamberlin's famous hostelry, Senator Blackburn was usually the center of attraction when inside the walls of that historic meeting-place of noted men. As a story teller, Senator Blackburn is in a class quite by himself. His good nature is beyond limit. It is not believed that any one ever asked a favor of Senator Blackburn which he did not grant, if in his power. His generosity has always been far in excess of the size of his purse. He can count his friends by the thousands. It can be said of him, and truthfully, that he never turned against those who stood by him. He has always possessed the courage to speak out in meeting. If things in his own party did not exactly suit him, he would say so. In the campaign of 1896, when there came a division in the Democratic party, Senator Blackburn followed the faction that nominated Mr. Bryan. He at that time made some political enemies in his own party, but he would not permit these differences to transgress upon personal relations. Senator Blackburn has never been seen in public appareled in other than the prevailing custom of the day. He is not extravagant on these lines, but he is always consistent. Nothing seems to delight him more than association with his old-time friends. For almost a third of a century he has performed many public acts, all for the good of the people, and all of them he has performed well.

SCOTT C. BONE



DITOR of the Washington *Herald*. Mr. Bone is a splendid representative of conservative journalism. He has been identified with newspaper life in Washington for a number of years. His first association with the public press at the National Capital was as news editor of the Washington *Post*, later managing editor, which position he occupied for nearly fifteen years. Upon retiring from *The Post*, he, with others, established the Washington *Herald*, which he has guided upon reasonable lines, making it a publication reflecting credit upon up-to-date journalism. Mr. Bone is a native of Indiana. He was born in Shelby County, which was also the birthplace of Thomas A. Hendricks, elected Vice-President in 1884, and who, for more than a quarter of a century, was one of the leading Democrats of the nation. Mr. Bone began his journalistic career in the town of his nativity, under the tutorship of the late Scott Ray, who, in his way, was unique in journalistic circles. Later, Mr. Bone advanced twenty-five miles farther to the West, Indianapolis, known at the time of his arrival there as the "City of Concentric Circles." He first took service on the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, as a conscientious and industrious reporter. The manner in which he could, and did, chase the "festive item" from the Court House around the Union Depot to the Capitol building was one of the marvels of Indianapolis journalism of that period. As he broadened his experience, his services to newspaper proprietors became more valuable. He had not been long at the capital of his State ere his ability as a reporter attracted the attention

SCOTT C. BONE

of other newspaper proprietors, particularly Colonel William R. Holloway, who, in the early eighties, founded the Indianapolis *Times*. Mr. Bone was made the city editor of this new publication, wherein he inaugurated many new features in local newspaperdom. It was the desire of Colonel Holloway to make the best local paper Indianapolis had ever had, and in carrying out his purpose he made no mistake in placing Mr. Bone at the head of the city department. In his enterprising way, he made Gideon B. ("Snax") Thompson, who for years was the recognized star reporter of the city, but connected with a rival paper, sit up and take notice, and to do this was going some. Mr. Thompson was conceded to be a reporter of skill and achievements. It came to be understood that if "Snax" did not get a piece of news, it was because it had not happened. "Snax" was long of legs and had the Argus nose for news. Mr. Bone set a swift pace for his rivals, and in a very short time the *Times* was on the highway of journalistic success and importance. Some Indianapolis friends of Mr. Bone became identified with the management of the Washington *Post*, and knowing his capabilities as a good, all-around newspaper man, they prevailed upon him to come to Washington with them. His record as a managing editor and editor has advanced him to a high position in journalistic circles throughout the country.

Mr. Bone is not a gentleman who advertises himself. He is retiring in disposition, and is seldom seen in public. During his business hours, which are usually from noon until three o'clock the following morning, Mr. Bone can be found at his desk. He is a prodigious worker, always careful and painstaking. He has never gone in for sensationalism. It has been his aim to produce a clean, reliable paper, appealing to the better class of readers. He is ever on the lookout for the germ of libel, which may be lurking in any piece of news that comes to his paper; therefore, nothing is ever permitted to be printed until Mr. Bone has scanned

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the proofs with his eagle eye. This shows conservatism, great industry, and sound judgment. He would, no doubt, rather that his paper should be "beaten" on a news event than print it without first being able to establish confirmation.

During his residence in Washington, Mr. Bone has formed many strong ties of friendship with the leading men of the city. He has become identified with some of the financial institutions as stockholder and director. He has, for some years, been a member of the Gridiron Club, and at the present time is its president. He is probably five feet ten inches in height, weighing in the neighborhood of one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is dark, slightly sprinkled with gray. He is round-faced, and would pass for a good-looking man wherever seen. He wears a short mustache. In conversation he is quiet. He has comparatively little to say. He is a good listener, and not over quick to make up his mind. He is inclined to think a thing over before he acts. In an executive capacity, he maintains strict observance of every rule for the better government of his establishment. He demands faithful service, and has little use for those who are not willing to render to him a good account of their stewardship. Being modest and unassuming, he may, at times, seem a bit distant, but it is hardly intentional. It is one of those things he cannot overcome. Mr. Bone is usually seen in business clothes. It would not appear that he gives any particular attention to the matter of dress. He is a friend of modest colors, and even when substituting the old garment for a new one, the effect is so quiet that often the change is not observable. He is a lover of, and loyal to, home institutions. He believes in spending his money where he makes it. His close confinement to business has prevented his becoming anything of a traveler. Mr. Bone's home life is ideal. He married when living in Indianapolis, his wife being the daughter of the late Col. W. R. Meyers, who served for several terms in Congress, and was later Secretary of State of Indiana.

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY

AS LIFE wears on and men grow old, many idols are shattered and many ideals seem vain. The instance of a man who has realized his every ambition in life is so rare that few of us can know such men. They should be generous, grateful, and merry, and if United States Senator William O. Bradley, of Kentucky, is a fair instance, then so they are.

For Bradley has realized what, as a boy, he used to dream. And when he lay out on the hillsides in Garrard County, before the Civil War, it was a roseate dream indeed that could picture a Kentucky Republican being elected Governor, or Senator of the United States. Earlier, Bradley had resolved to be President, but it was not long after reconstruction days that the youth understood that not in his lifetime, perhaps, would there be a President from the land south of the Ohio. He gave that dream back to the fairies, and said that he would be Governor and Senator, anyhow.

Now, during the war Bradley, aged thirteen, had thrice run away from home to join the Union army, and thrice his father had spanked him and taken him back. Something of this steadfastness of purpose lived through the spankings, though, for the boy, growing up in Eastern Kentucky during the late sixties, held to his dreams. His father was a famous lawyer of that day, and he schooled his jovial son in that profession. And early in his manhood the future Governor showed an ability to make friends, and a quality to keep them, that amazed the most popular public men. Small fights passed with varying results, because the State was Democratic, and Bradley's Republicanism was a small snowball

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in that time. But by and by it began to grow, and 1870 found Bradley county attorney of Garrard.

Two years later he won the Republican nomination for Congress in the old Eighth District—the bailiwick of McCreary and Hardin—and he was defeated. In 1876, he was defeated for Congress again. But all this while his stumping and his enthusiasm, his personality and his brain, were having their effect on the people of Kentucky, and giving Bradley a national reputation for tenacity and ability. Six elections as delegate at large to Republican national conventions, and a great seconding speech for Grant, in 1880, put him further into the public understanding. Thus, when the national convention of 1888 gave him 105 votes for Vice-President, people did not ask: "Who is Bradley, of Kentucky?" They knew that a dogged, able young Republican by that name was cutting down Democratic majorities in Kentucky, and they were willing to watch him. His race for Governor of his State, in 1887, was a beautiful one, and when the returns showed a Democratic majority of 17,000, compared with the previous Democratic majority of 47,000, the Republicans of national prominence understood that a lion-hearted man was making the kind of fight for principles that might win in the end.

When, in 1889, without any solicitation on the part of Bradley, a Democratic Senator from Kentucky—Beck—indorsed him for Minister to Korea, and a Republican President appointed him, every one who had been watching the pioneer Kentucky Republican was glad that a good place, at \$10,000 a year, was his. But Bradley saw opportunities in Kentucky for him that only a practical idealist could have seen, and he remained at home.

Sure enough, in 1895 Bradley was elected Governor of Kentucky by nearly 9,000. It was astounding. The papers were full of the history and the personality of the first Republican Governor of the old Bluegrass State, and the Kentucky

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY

delegation to the 1896 convention, that nominated McKinley, indorsed Bradley for President. To him it was only a formal courtesy, for he determined to cling to his ideals and look forward only to the Senate, for which he had been defeated several times. He served his State well in its capital, and it was Bradley who preached order and obedience to law during the Goebel troubles, that discredited Kentucky Republicans and Kentucky Democrats alike for several years.

Then, out of office, following his bent as a lawyer (and Bradley is a distinguished one), the former Governor removed to Louisville, hoping still that he would accomplish his final aim, and sit in the seat of Clay and Carlisle and Beck. In 1908, after a long deadlock and a heart-breaking struggle, he was elected to the Senate by a Democratic legislature, and he is there now.

It is, every bit, romance, this life and career of William O. Bradley. Had he taken his principles less seriously and his personality less humorously, he might never have been anything but a man who could not arrive. But he was endowed with a Rabelaisian wit, the divine gift of seeing himself as others saw him, and a capacity for public speaking, for handling men of all sorts, that must be the attributes of every public man who has conquered the odds which Bradley faced in his youth. Then his endowment included, too, a rigorous sense of honor, an unconquerable honesty, and a fine equipment of bluntness that drew the admiration of all men.

Bradley sits now in the Senate which he used to photograph for himself against the forested sky-line of Garrard County. He is a short, thick man, with a fine head and a pair of luminous brown eyes that tell his life story. They are the eyes of a dreamer, but a practical one, and the Senator is still dreaming dreams at sixty-five. He will not be a candidate for re-election to the Senate, and so he plans now to deliver a lecture as his last contribution to the forum. It is

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to be termed: "The Inspired Documents of the World—The Bible, the Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence," and it will be a good lecture, too.

As he sits in the Senate, his eyes twinkle with the rills of fun and happiness that run always through his heart. Kentuckians of all faiths and of all parties are proud of Senator Bradley, and the best tribute they pay him is this:

"He is faithful to his friends."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

BY WAY of illustrating the spirit in which what follows is written, imagine that a large fund is placed in trust to be disposed of fifty years hence. The fund is to go to the heir of the one who, at the present time, most accurately and briefly portrays the character and public services of William Jennings Bryan; the decision to be given fifty years from now.

It is not what prejudiced critics or over-zealous friends are saying of him to-day, but what history will say of the Democratic leader fifty years from now, that most concerns Colonel Bryan. Those who are content to flit their brief moment in a superficial satisfaction before passing into obscurity probably think this selfishness upon the part of the great Commoner. There are those who would say it was selfish to wish for heaven. Such persons only demand a leader who will aid them in a material way, and, no doubt, honestly believe that only momentary success in life counts. If considered at all, how will these citizens look under the microscope of fifty years from now?

Broad thinkers, who disagree with Colonel Bryan politically, say that he is too far ahead of his time. As history shows that all great reforms require years of agitation before being enacted into law, might not history vindicate the Colonel for having taken time by the forelock? Surely, in his comparatively short lifetime he has been liberally rewarded for his display of foresight. "Policies" advocated by Colonel Bryan, early in his political career, which were pro-

nounced as anarchistic by political opponents, were adopted, years afterward, by the political enemy, and are now on the statute books.

As a political vehicle upon which to ride into power, no doubt Colonel Bryan will be classed as unsuccessful. He is not always a good judge of human nature, for he fails to comprehend the selfishness of men. He is apt to place too high an estimate on poor, weak human nature, and therefore, at times, may seem intolerant to those who do not fully understand him. Too often he insists on judging others by his own high standard. When he discovers his mistake, he is likely, for a brief moment, to be inclined to peevishness. However, the Christian spirit, ever dominant in Bryan, never permits his slightest anger to take form in words, unless for the sake of the public good, and then, even, no personal resentment is in the least manifested.

So far as a place in history can be assured, the Democratic leader stands on velvet—an abundance of velvet, at that.

Believing that he can read his title clear, how funny the persons who continue industriously, year after year, trying to write him into oblivion must appear to Colonel Bryan. They can keep him out of the Presidency, but not out of history.

In fifty years Bryan will far outrank William E. Gladstone, as a Christian statesman, and as a laborer in the Lord's vineyard he will appear more than the equal of Spurgeon—who was Bryan's father's ideal man.

A safe measure to take of the Nebraskan is to consider the love and affection that the people of Canada hold for him. Here are a friendly people along our own border, entirely free from political prejudices. They do not recognize him as a politician—only as a Christian statesman of world-wide sympathy.

The chief justice of Ontario, after listening to an address by Colonel Bryan, on the "Power of Love," remarked: "He

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

seems as one inspired. I am proud that I live on the same continent with him."

The best-known editor in Canada said on the same occasion: "No matter how they may disagree with Bryan politically, there is no such word as 'expediency' in his vocabulary, where a principle is at stake."

A citizen of the United States, who was present, answered: "That is exactly why the politicians in Colonel Bryan's party object to him as a leader, although as a man they have all the more respect for him."

The best insight to the Bryan character on this point is furnished when he returned from a trip around the world, and a great reception was tendered him. Before he had landed in New York City, and the night before the Madison Square Garden reception, he was informed that practically every leader of his party was greatly opposed to anything being said about the Government ownership of railroads. Whether Mr. Bryan was considering the advice of his leaders, is unknown; but if he had been, he quickly reflected it after hearing Augustus Thomas, America's most celebrated playwright. Advance copies of Mr. Bryan's speech were in the hands of the press associations. Mr. Thomas had gone to Staten Island, where Colonel Bryan remained prior to being received by thousands of his countrymen. Thomas wished Bryan to hear his address of welcome, which he was to deliver the following night.

As Bryan listened to the reading of the great playwright, tears welled in his eyes.

"How can I ever live up to the picture you have made of me?" asked Bryan, with the simplicity of a child, when the eloquent playwright had finished.

"You have in a most powerful way emphasized my duty," continued Bryan. "I will deliver my speech to-morrow night as it is prepared. What does the value of one human life amount to, where the welfare of a people is concerned?"

The part of the speech which moved Bryan to this remark was where Mr. Thomas compared the courage of the Nebraskan to the Spartan boy who permitted his bowels to be eaten out by a fox.

Bryan used frequently to tell in his speeches about Speaker Cannon and other leaders of the Republican party calling him a dreamer. As an answer, he gave in an inimitable way the story of Joseph and the corn. His recital clearly indicated that whenever Bryan is in great doubt as to a course to pursue, he invariably goes to the Bible for his guidance.

According to the difference in population between now and then, Washington and Jefferson each had as many critics as Bryan. But there was a great difference in the character of them. The critics of Washington and Jefferson were generally controlled by their passions, aroused by the excitement of the time. A very large proportion of the pens employed to assail Colonel Bryan are wielded by persons who respect him, and what they do in attempting to blacken his name is for pay furnished by predatory wealth. This is a more refined but more cold-blooded way; that's all.

No matter how the number of these critics and back-biters may multiply, they will in no way sour the Colonel's naturally sweet disposition. Indeed, he has frequently been known to attempt to find excuse for some of them. Even occasionally, if one of them does rile him, his fine sense of humor comes to his relief.

A man (gold Democrat) who is now frequently spoken of as a Democratic candidate for President, was suggested to the Nebraska statesman for a running mate, in 1908.

"How does he strike you?" the Colonel was asked.

"He strikes me every chance he gets," was his reply.

The conversation quickly changed to other channels.

A Democrat who had been almost brutal in his attacks on Bryan, and who, finally, became a Republican office-holder, was quoted to the Colonel one day by a friendly political

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simpleton. "That man has been so unfair and persistent that I was once nearly provoked into saying something about him personally," said Bryan. "But he taught me a good lesson. If I could go without speaking evil of him, I was not likely ever to be tempted to speak evil of any one else."

If a newspaper attack upon Mr. Bryan contain something clever, he apparently enjoys it. Once, when he took for the subject of his address, "Thou shalt not steal," the New York newspapers seemed to be particularly bitter on him. Even for New York papers, the attacks were so fierce that those about Colonel Bryan hoped he would not read them. As he said nothing, and seemed to be in his best humor following the publication, it was hoped that he was unaware of them. That he had carefully read them was made known the next night, for he referred to them in a political speech.

"I made an address in New York, last night," announced the Nebraskan. "My subject was: 'Thou shalt not steal.' This morning I found, upon reading the newspapers, that all the editors felt that I had personally insulted them."

The editor of a great weekly paper, a few years ago, made a really clever speech, "grilling" Bryan. The Colonel remarked: "That is a strong speech from a conservative standpoint; but, fortunately for me, the speech concludes with eulogies of Rockefeller and Morgan."

What has been said of his ambition to be President is, probably, greatly exaggerated. No doubt, each time that he was defeated, he felt the pangs of disappointment. Bryan's desire to reach the White House is certainly not purely personal. In 1906, a friend was, for the first time, standing on the broad veranda of Fairview, Colonel Bryan's beautiful Nebraska home, examining the grand scenery. The visitor must have shown great enjoyment over what met his gaze, for the Colonel remarked: "You seem to like it."

"I'd rather be here than at the White House," replied the visitor.

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"Exactly the way I feel," said Bryan. "I do not want to be President, except the position would enable me to do a great deal of good for the people."

Colonel Bryan's capacity for work is equaled only by the capacity that he possesses for enjoying life. His energy is as remarkable as any of his other powers. He is by instinct and training very industrious. In some ways he has made out of himself a machine. He can go to sleep under any and all circumstances, as soon as he lays his head down. He seldom sleeps longer than the time he intended.

In every-day life Mr. Bryan is like the Scotch-Irishman so familiar to the South in General Jackson's time, and very familiar in Canada to-day. He is prudent, methodical, and always religious. Maybe a little too strict regarding personal conduct, from the viewpoint of the gilded youth of to-day.

Where individuals are concerned, Bryan is the most forgiving of men. He is broad in all his thoughts, but a stern disciplinarian.

The writer has seen Bryan face death without a quiver. It was in a runaway, where every minute it looked as if his brains would be dashed out. He has seen Bryan, by less than half a minute, miss a train which was to take him to an important engagement, and he not even frowned. With all the courage of a lion, he possesses the gentleness of a woman.

In refusing an invitation to shoot deer, recently, Mr. Bryan said: "It takes a deer too long to die after being shot. Unless for food, I will never shoot another."

The personal good that the Nebraska statesman accomplishes by his lectures is incalculable. After each lecture, he receives scores of letters—mostly from young men, asking for advice. Many of the letters contain "hard luck" stories. Much of this correspondence Mr. Bryan answers with his own hand, while traveling on a railroad train. Often he works this way when tired and in need of sleep. But he

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

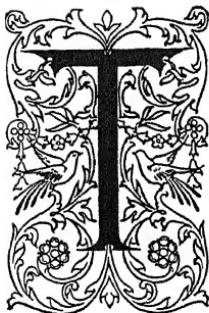
regards it as a part of his life's mission, and, in consequence, many a life is made happier and better.

A generous proportion of Mr. Bryan's income goes to striving educational institutes; to maintain scholarships, and to pay for missionary work.

In conclusion, for the next few years the splendid health of Mr. Bryan, the power he derives from religion, and his ever-increasing acquaintance and prosperity should be given careful consideration. In such a condition a man has not attained his full height. Bryan is fifty. He would not be old at seventy, barring accidents.

Parties may come and parties may go; but Bryan will continue following the Golden Rule, and his example will be felt the whole world over.

THEODORE E. BURTON

O BE an unquestioned authority in one's own lifetime must bring joy and a feeling of much responsibility. And that Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, is happy, cannot be doubted; nor can there be any question that the Senator understands his responsibility to the nation. For Burton, before he was fifty years old, was the last word on matters concerning the improvement of rivers and harbors, and that finality of information and judgment he has held to this day.

When Burton was appointed chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House, wherein he served for many years, he took rank, at once, as a dispassionate and altogether just student of those problems. During his service on the committee in a rank other than chairman, Burton had been a systematic and careful worker. Earlier training as a college professor, in the great University of the Western Reserve, had disciplined him in profound research, and also in the art of presenting facts properly. As chairman of the committee, Burton pursued his labors with the avidity which must have characterized the famous delving of old Schliemann among the ruins of ancient Troy. He became an authority on these questions, and, having mastered them, having learned everything that could be found out about the waterways of the nation, and how properly to develop them, Burton turned his attention to the legislative side of the matter.

The bills were gloriously, then, what all public-spirited statesmen are trying to prevent them from being to-day—"pork-barrels." A pork-barrel is a free-for-all, a pass-it-around sort of measure, which will provide \$250,000 to develop

THEODORE E. BURTON

Goose Creek, although the only past, present, and possible traffic for Goose Creek consists of dead leaves. Burton set out to limit appropriations to projects which would carry the traffic of the nation. He wanted to develop systematically, in a year-after-year manner, the endless Mississippi, the broad Ohio, the mud-barred Missouri. After these were completed, all the appropriations should be turned to smaller, yet worthy streams, argued Burton; but until the big rivers were properly channeled, he wanted the bulk of the legislation to go to them.

Until 1909, Burton, who is a wonderfully capacious worker, labored with his rivers and harbors. He traveled on them, and up them and down them and through them. He studied the waterways of countries oversea. He made his speeches on the subject classics. No Congressman presumed to question any information or statistics, if Burton stood sponsor for them.

Then Burton, in 1909, though in line, it is believed, for the next Speakership of the House, was called to the Senate by Ohio, to succeed that brainy and brilliant man, Joseph B. Foraker. A month before the legislature convened, there was not the slightest attempt, possibility even, of defeating Burton.

In the Senate he had to begin all over again with his rivers and harbors. Not that he did not know them as well from the Senate standpoint; but the new Senator must be content with low rank on committees. The famous "pork-barrel" of 1910, which remembered nearly 300 districts out of 392, and spent \$52,000,000 to sweep so far, was not passed until Burton had pruned it of several squandered millions, and had indicated to the President that if he, Burton, were President, he would veto the measure.

But Burton's work will go marching on. Some of his books on rivers and harbors will be read by the engineers of the year 2000. He has become an authority in his own time, which means that Burton has done something for his country

during his lifetime, has done a distinct something; that his contribution to legislative affairs cannot be measured by glittering phrases or by vague praises.

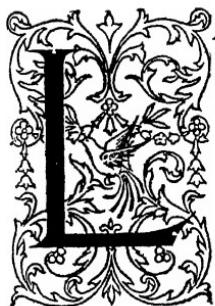
Other things have occupied the Senator—the financial problem, for instance. He has written a book on this, too.

In Ohio, Burton is considered a man who is against the boss in politics as a system of government. His home city of Cleveland has several times elected him on that understanding. Once he ran for mayor of Cleveland, against the famous Tom L. Johnson.

He had hardly found time to rub his wounds after this defeat when he was elected to the Senate. During the 1910 Ohio State Convention, Burton became embroiled in a controversy with George B. Cox, the Republican boss of Cincinnati. Cox charged that Burton had entered into a deal with him to give the nomination for governor to a Cox man. Burton denied the existence of any such deal. He set himself, he announced, to dispose of Cox and all bosses as a force in politics. Ohio believed in his side of the question, and went with him. As a man is regarded at home, he frequently is.

A tall, heavy man, much stooped, but powerful-looking; keen eyes, long features, a thin, gray mustache; endowed with little hair and considerable baldness; courteous in demeanor, but able to be stern on occasion, Burton is as Senatorial-appearing a man as sits in the chamber of the upper house. He is scrupulous about his appearance, and, though he is a bachelor, Burton has never, in Washington, been seen with a spot on his coat or a thread on his shoulder. So limitless are the ingenuities of man!

CAPTAIN C. C. CALHOUN

AWYER, Washington, D. C. Captain Calhoun possesses the trait of never giving up. During his life, he has done everything with a purpose. He is comparatively a young man, born in about the middle sixties. The State of his nativity is Kentucky. He is a descendant of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian parentage. He is a member of the same family as was John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the apostle of State rights during the time he was in public life. Captain Calhoun is the kind of man who is destined to succeed. He was brought up on a farm. He had the courage to go forth into the world with a capital of but fifteen dollars. At twenty-one, when he did this, he was determined to obtain an education. He worked his way through college, and worked hard. He did almost everything that was honorable, even to digging ditches, constructing patent fences, and, for a time, hired out as a harvest hand. Nothing satisfied him short of a collegiate course. He made good from the very start. After he had finished his collegiate course, he did not have to go hunting around for a position. He became a professor in the college where he was educated. This speaks more for a young man than can be told by a few lines in type. Later, he became the head of the commercial department of what is now known as the Lexington Business College, which, through his energy, was built up to one of the best in the South. In good time, he was admitted to the bar as a practicing lawyer. Captain Calhoun is not without a military record, though the country has been at war for but a few months during his lifetime. The beginning of his military experience

was at the State University of Kentucky. He was twenty-two years of age when this happened. He knew as little about war and military tactics as any young man in the State. His superiors readily observed that young Calhoun was an organizer. His first military command was that of a company of the smaller boys of the university—the so-called incorrigibles of the student body. The university authorities found in young Calhoun a handy kind of a man, as it were. When they wanted this outlaw element, so to speak, brought under military discipline, he was the one they called on to do it. They believed young Calhoun could do it, and he did. At first, the company was regarded as somewhat of a joke, but long before he had it so whipped into shape that it was regarded as one of the best disciplined companies in the University. Afterward, he helped to organize and was elected captain of a State guard organization, which did valiant service for the commonwealth on several occasions, incident to the assassination of Governor Goebel, and other uprisings in the mountain sections, where feuds have existed between families and factions for many years.

Captain Calhoun had so endeared himself to the State authorities that when emergencies arose calling for quelling disturbances he was usually selected as the one to insist that peace should prevail, though it had to be brought about by the force of arms. There have been several times when the civil authorities in Kentucky have been unable to cope with the leaders of warring factions to such an extent that the military has been called into service. Conditions similar to these have arisen in nearly every other State in the Union; therefore, Kentucky is no exception. As above stated, Captain Calhoun is a handy man to have around when there is something doing. His record as military commander in the mountain districts of Kentucky is too well known to require extended notice at this time. He has, on several occasions,

CAPTAIN C. C. CALHOUN

brought the warring factions under control, forcing them to recognize the majesty of the law, and be good. When the City of Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, was in the throes of the great excitement following the assassination of Governor Goebel, Captain Calhoun was a factor that had to be reckoned with by the insurgent element. He had been put in a responsible position by Governor Beckham, who afterward was given the office of Governor by decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, declaring him the rightful occupant of the office. Those were troublesome days at Frankfort. Captain Calhoun was young, cool, and courageous. For one of his age, it might be supposed that he would not be able to "keep his head." There is no record of his not showing, at all times, a mature judgment, seldom equaled by men of twice his years. If there were a hazardous commission to execute, Captain Calhoun was the man selected for the job. It is registered of him, that he was never found wanting in any assignment given him.

It is not, however, as a military man that Captain Calhoun commands attention. He is ever a lover of peace, if peace has to be brought about by a fight. He became connected with the military, more from necessity than otherwise, as there were great questions to be settled, and for a time, it seemed that the only way they could be adjusted was by bloodshed, or at least an effort to shed it, if occasion required. Following his retirement from a military connection, he settled down to the practice of law, with the determination to make a success of it. He had not had time to acquire much money, but was, nevertheless, set in his ambition, although his military career had brought him under the observation of the Governor, who commissioned him to perform a service for the commonwealth, which probably changed the current of his legal practice.

After Governor Beckham had become installed in office, and had familiarized himself with the State's affairs, he dis-

covered that Kentucky had claims against the United States for moneys growing out of the Spanish-American War. Governor Beckham wanted a man to go to Washington to present the matter to the proper authorities. He knew what Captain Calhoun had done in assisting the settlement of local disturbances, and believed him to be just the man to represent the State in a legal capacity at Washington. Governor Beckham called him on the telephone, between his office in the State House, at Frankfort, and Captain Calhoun's offices, in Lexington, asking the latter to come to see him the following day, which he did. The Governor made known his desires. At first Captain Calhoun was inclined to refuse the position, insisting that he knew nothing whatever about conducting such affairs at Washington, and that, were he to accept the place, he would probably be unable to accomplish anything. The Governor, however, insisted, and the result was, the young attorney went to Washington to prosecute the State's claims. It is not necessary to go into details of how the thing was done, but enough to state that it was done, and well and quickly done. His instructions were to collect, if possible, the claim for about \$1,600, growing out of the Spanish-American War. It was while prosecuting this claim that Captain Calhoun discovered the Government owed the State of Kentucky about \$365,000, growing out of the Spanish-American War, and an interest claim which had originated during the Civil War. The latter claim amounted to almost \$1,000,000. This claim had been disallowed some eight or ten years before, but as Calhoun took it up and presented it, he made the authorities at Washington see it in a different light. There was a lot of cutting of red tape, after which he went to work, and in a few months was able to bring to the attention of the proper authorities the fact that the United States Government was indebted to the State of Kentucky on this claim alone for interest in the sum of \$1,323,999.35. This was the largest claim of the kind that

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had, up to that time, been collected by any State. Captain Calhoun's fee, in this case, was upward of \$70,000.

This was no easy task. It required the services not only of Captain Calhoun, but those of a few assistants, in collecting and proving the necessary data. To do this, it required minute search of thousands of folios of paper and dusty records in the basement of the old Capitol building at Frankfort. He worked night and day on this. Oftentimes, on coming above the surface from the basement, the Captain resembled a coal miner, in personal appearance, so soiled was his clothing in consequence of handling the dirty records and papers. The basement was not lighted by electricity or gas, and the only illumination he had was furnished by lanterns. This labor testified to a determination that nothing short of success would satisfy him. He dug and dug and dug. He returned to Washington with a complete transcript of every necessary record. Many of the United States Government officials were skeptical, and not until the whole matter was reviewed and re-reviewed, was the claim allowed. The Treasury officials certified to the justice of the claim to Congress, and as soon as action could be taken, the necessary appropriation was made, authorizing the payment. Captain Calhoun took with him from Washington to Frankfort, two checks, the Civil War check for \$1,323,999.35; the Spanish-American War check for \$265,000, making a total of \$1,588,999.35. He received as his total fee for these claims, \$96,753.30. This was all accomplished in less than three years. There were times when he was much discouraged in the buffeting he received from those who did not want to see the United States Government separated from any of its cash. He gritted his teeth and stuck to his work. It was a great day in Kentucky when Captain Calhoun returned to Frankfort with the two checks. There was great rejoicing at the Capital. Captain Calhoun was given a welcome such as he might have received had he returned at the head of a victorious army.

He had done something no one else had ever done. Kentucky needed a new capitol building. It was practically erected out of the money Captain Calhoun collected, costing just about the amount embraced in the two checks.

This experience led the Captain into like endeavors for other States. Massachusetts had a similar claim against the United States. The Governor of that State had heard of Captain Calhoun's triumph, with the result that he was made assistant to the Attorney General, and his services were engaged to represent the old Bay State in that capacity, which he did, and in which he was also successful. He undertook a like service for the State of Missouri, in which he was again successful, meeting the highest approval of both former Governor Folk and the present Governor, Hadley, the first engaging his services, the latter giving high commendation for the fruitful results. As an untiring worker, Captain Calhoun is not believed to have any superiors. He not only works hard, but with a purpose. He does not lose time, from the simple fact that he pursues a business system. He has been employed to prosecute claims against the Government, in addition to Kentucky, Missouri, and Massachusetts, for Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Montana, Nebraska, South Carolina, Tennessee, and West Virginia. In the Kentucky case, Captain Calhoun was successful in establishing precedents for the adjudication of this character of claims; consequently, it would seem that in the future his labors will be comparatively easy. He did not find it necessary to employ any lobbyists or anything of the kind. With him, it was a matter of clean business methods, and a question of law. If the law did not make the payment of the claims possible, of course they were not presented; but where there was legal standing, all claims were presented upon this basis. It can readily be seen that Captain Calhoun has acquired, by his industry and incessant labors, probably a tidy fortune, but

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there is no one to dispute the fact that he had honestly earned it.

Captain Calhoun is modest and unassuming. His success did not enlarge his dome of thought. When he likes a person, he likes him; and if he doesn't like him, he doesn't. He is genial, but not effusive. In his friendships he is loyal. He has not had opportunities to indulge himself in many things, except business. He is always well dressed, somewhat inclined to be precise in this, as in everything else. He has no desire for the flashy in dress, preferring, at all times, the use of quiet and modest colors. He is in the neighborhood of six feet in height, rather slender, weighing probably one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He resembles in characteristics, and possibly in appearance, what might have been one of his ancestral Scotch Covenanters. He is proud of his ancestry, as he well may be, the Calhoun family being among the most eminent in the United States.

JOSEPH G. CANNON



TEAL your humor out of Rabelais; your personal traits take from some fox-hunting squire of the old Virginia days; construct your stature from a Napoleonic cavalry captain; your language filch from some statesman of the times of Andrew Jackson, and the lay-figure which you will assemble will, in many ways, resemble that remarkable man, the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, Joseph Gurney Cannon. But you must add the picturesqueness of a Maine headland, and a thousand and one components of the compelling thing we call personality, to have any idea of the type of man that is Joseph Gurney Cannon.

For years Cannon has been the favorite plaything of the storm and of the battle. As a young lawyer in Illinois, his blunt tongue made him enemies, and threw rocks in his progress, but they were rocks that protected him from any descent, once he had surmounted them. As a young Congressman, he met the criticism of those to whom his bold diction and methods were amazing. As floor leader of the House Republicans, he led the toughest of battles, and there was never a better floor leader that any one now in the party remembers. As Speaker, he has borne the brunt of all the evils laid to the Republican party, and he has come out of it all one of the most unusual human beings that this nation has evolved.

For Cannon is a great man. He will live in history, and for many different reasons. The last three years of his Speakership have produced the most significant movement in the history of his party. But it was not because Cannon was Speaker

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that it came, nor because his last three years were, in any measure, featured by a change in his presidency over the House. The movement came because the great West found itself, because the nation had tariff grievances, because new ideas as to the cloaking of the Speakership were receiving favor in certain portions of the country, and because there were personal animosities to be aired.

Squarely, the Speaker met this movement. His Congressional experience had been passed under Randall and Crisp and Reed and Carlisle and Henderson, all wielders of powers which in the case of Cannon were called czarlike. He did not believe in the triumph, as he expressed it, of 5 per cent in the party over the 95, and he attempted to crush the movement, variously termed insurgency and progressive-ism. He saw the combinations of the members of this move-ment with the minority in the House, recognized that, together, they constituted a majority of their own, and he never failed to call attention to this phase. In his view, this was wrong. It was not a Republican majority which was effecting the wishes of the 5 per cent, and the Speaker advised and worked against it. He never compromised, he spared no language. He believed sincerely that the movement would grow so drunken with power as to cast down the entire Republican party. As Cannon is frankly a partisan, he opposed this tendency.

"Let us fight out our factional differences in the caucus," was his cry, "and not join with the enemy to defeat ourselves."

He found his position apparently unpopular, but he believed that exposition would win the Republican voters to his side. So out in the terrific summer of 1910 went this man, aged seventy-four, who bore himself like a boy, and spoke with the ring and the ardor of thirty-five. As this book goes to press, the results of his labors are not known, but this prediction can safely be made:

When Joseph G. Cannon passes from public life, there

will go a man whose public integrity, whose private practices, whose straightforward expressions, whose blunt and uncompromising enmity to what he believed wrong will so appeal to the soberer judgment of the second thought that there will be sincere regrets for the good red blood which flowed out with Joseph G. Cannon.

As we have said, Cannon was seventy-four years old during the winter session of the Sixty-first Congress. Yet of all that body, he was the one man whose speech could fill and entertain a gallery, whose appearance on the floor for the purpose of addressing the House was sufficient to bring every lagging member into the chamber. His beautifully constructed sentences, his agile feats of delivery, his winning gestures and his fine understanding of all the tricks of a really great and effective orator made his rare speeches, both on the floor and *ex cathedra*, bright patches in a session rather dull drab as to oratory.

And how he could make copy for the newspapers; what good copy, too! The newspaper man in Washington who had little to write about welcomed a chance meeting with the Speaker.

"What about the insurgents, Mr. Speaker?" he would ask Cannon, as I heard one ask one day at the White House.

In this instance, Cannon was, as usual, faultlessly dressed. Here is an evidence of why he provides copy. His face was pink with health and with the cold; he wore a carnation in his buttonhole; an astrakan coat, long and swagger, flared back from a gray suit of the finest fit and texture. On his white hair was poised what seemed to be an old slouch hat. But it was, in fact, a new and well-kept hat, careless only in its *tone*, an important point about the entire character of Cannon. Of course, there was the cigar.

This was in the time when Cannon was known from coast to coast as "Uncle Joe." When he was asked about the insurgents, Uncle Joe, be it then, paused, looked whimsi-

JOSEPH G. CANNON

cally at the newspaper man, swung his cigar on a trolley of smoke into a remote corner of his lips, and began to wave his hands. He has beautiful hands, taper and white. He described little ellipses in the air as he spoke, standing up close to his auditor, giving slight turns to his body as he rose on his toes and sank to his soles again.

"My test of a party and an individual," said Cannon, "is regularity."

And he spoke for a few minutes, but it made a column in the papers. Another would have gruffly declined to answer; a third would have made a vacuous reply; a fourth would have begged "the boys" not to say they had asked him.

A reason for the popularity of Cannon is that most Americans have a sense of, and appreciate a sense of, humor. It is impossible to consider an ogre the man who enjoys a joke on himself as intensely as he does one on you. Muck-rake a public character how you will, if he have the wit of Reed and the humor of Cannon, he will own thousands of followers.

One day the newspaper delegation at the White House hailed the Speaker as he was leaving. He complained to them in his whimsical way that he had too much correspondence ever to answer. It was about the time that Colonel Roosevelt announced, through the Associated Press, that he could not answer all his correspondents, and some one suggested to the Speaker that he do likewise.

"And then cut down some trees and pitch hay," added a satirist of the Rooseveltian forms of recreation.

"If I had four times my present ability, as has Theodore," said Cannon, "and one-fourth his ability to strike the keys of all the world, I should say, with a certain Senator out West: 'God rested when He made me, and was glad.'"

"You mean Beveridge!" shouted some one; but the Speaker considered that they who did not guess correctly, need not.

To be what Cannon is, to have filled his columns of space

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and to have used up, as he has, so many photographic plates, to go for a vulgarian among many people, a blasphemer among others, a statesman among more, would indicate a type of stature and appearance far different from the real. At seventy-four, the Speaker is dapper, a strange word, it seems, to those who have only read of Uncle Joe. He is short and slight, and well-groomed. His face is high and angular, with the eyes of a real humorist, twinkling and usually seen only amid wrinkled pools of flesh. He wears no mustache, but a short, all-around beard covers his jaws and chin.

ANDREW CARNEGIE



SOMETIMES called the Steel King of the World. This may be a fanciful appellation, which is no doubt pleasing to Mr. Carnegie. He is, however, willing to concede that Herr Krupp, the great German steel- and gun-maker, was, during his lifetime, a man who knew something about the steel business, and the one who manufactured more, perhaps, than any other one person in Europe. Mr. Carnegie was born in Scotland, and is as Scotch in his manner and customs to-day as if he had lived in North Britain all his life. He spends, however, about half his time in England and Scotland, and, when in the latter, is domiciled at his famous Skibo Castle. It is here the steel baron, Andrew, lives according to the customs which prevailed in feudal times. When in America, Mr. Carnegie suits himself to conditions existing on the western side of the Atlantic. When on his native heath, he transforms himself, as to customs, into altogether a different man. The great steel-maker can look from any window in the turrets of his castle, no matter in which direction, and see thousands of acres of heather, all his own. The moors about Skibo Castle are in a high state of cultivation. The great Andrew is roused from slumber every morning by a bugler, dressed in the full regalia of a Scotch Highlander. He discourses sweet music for the refined ears of the Laird, hearing which it would be hard to believe that he had ever been accustomed to the vulgar noises in and about Pittsburg. That Mr. Carnegie is a man of striking characteristics, the general people are willing to concede. That he is a giant intellectually has long since been established in public opinion. Mr. Carnegie was not exactly lucky in his beginning, but in many respects he showed that he had more and better wisdom than many others. Begin-

ning life at the lower rung of the ladder, he climbed by easy stages; but there were numerous times when he came near falling. Occasionally, it was to progress three rounds, slip back two. He was able, however, to overcome all obstacles and reach a much higher point, as a man of wealth, than he had ever anticipated. His wisdom taught him to take advantage of the iron and steel conditions at the most opportune time. The marvelous growth of the country turned a stream of gold into the lap of the little Scotchman.

Mr. Carnegie's first employment was as a messenger boy to a telegraph company. Local history about Pittsburg is silent as to whether he was, or was not, a quick messenger boy. The chances are, he was not. When he should have been outside delivering messages, he was upstairs in the operating-room, learning the intricacies of telegraphing. He was not long in becoming an efficient operator. Then he put aside his blue uniform and took on the airs of a real, sure-enough man engaged in one of the great industries of the country. As a telegraph operator, he soon became connected with the telegraph service of the Pennsylvania railroad. Here was the turning-point in young Carnegie's life. In those days most of the division superintendents were taken from the staff of telegraph operators. Thomas A. Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania railroad, observed Carnegie, his industry and his bright mind. Mr. Scott was ever on the lookout for good material, and he found in Carnegie a young man quite to his liking. The latter became a good division superintendent, and while in this position came in close contact with a large number of progressive iron men of Pittsburg. Mr. Carnegie did not take kindly to earning a mere salary, when it was possible to go into business on his own account and hazard chances on the future. His history in the iron and steel world is too well known throughout the United States to call for more than a mere passing observation. Many people claim that Mr. Carnegie, in the acquire-

ANDREW CARNEGIE

ment of his stupendous fortune, has progressed far beyond his deserts. This view of his case will not bear analysis. If there had been no great demand for steel, Mr. Carnegie might have gone back to running trains on the Pennsylvania road. The product which he makes enters so largely into every phase of human life that it is the demand for it, and not Mr. Carnegie's high sense of vision, that has made it possible for him to become one of the rich men of the world.

Mr. Carnegie got close to Thomas A. Scott by telling him amusing stories. In higher circles of the Pennsylvania railroad, the little division superintendent was sometimes considered in the light of an official jester. Whether bubbling over with humor or not, Mr. Carnegie never lost sight of the one great essential, and that was, to do what he had to do, and do it well. It would be a bit difficult to list, among the men of the country possessing bright and quick minds, one more so than Mr. Carnegie. His hair and beard have long since been whitened by the requisite numbers of winters and summers, but with all this, he is as active and spry to-day as he was twenty-five years ago. It can truthfully be said of Mr. Carnegie that he is, indeed, a man among men. When in the United States, he dresses, always, becomingly, often wearing a long-skirted coat, and sometimes a stove-pipe hat. He wears kilts when in Scotland. His hobby for giving libraries to cities has cost him several million dollars, and he seems pleased that it has. He is as generous in providing books for the cities and towns of the United Kingdom as he is in the United States. He does not dislike having his name appear over the entrance door. This shows a little bit of vanity, but in this respect he is not unlike the average run of mankind. Mr. Carnegie is usually in a good humor. He is as much at home in discussing religion and politics as he is in telling his workmen how to make steel. He thoroughly enjoys being rich. His one ambition in life is to die poor. His fortune is so large that it keeps him busy giving it away.

THOMAS H. CARTER



ENATOR in Congress from the State of Montana. Nobody is more aware of this fact than are the people of that State. Senator Carter has a peculiar and happy adaptability of letting people about him know what is going on, yet he is sufficiently secretive, at least for all political purposes, though he is most usually out in the open with everything he does. Though Montana has been good to Senator Carter, no one questions that he has long since paid his debt with interest. There has never been any needed legislation for the citizens of the State that Senator Carter has not attempted to place upon the statute books. Senator Carter was born in Ohio. He is certainly not ashamed of it, yet he never seems to swell with any particular pride when journeying across that commonwealth. He believes there is no State in the Union like Montana. When he turned his face toward the fast-fading trail of the Indian, he had no intention of going as far west as Montana. He thought Illinois and Iowa would about meet his then youthful ambitions. The wanderlust, however, was strong. He trudged along until he came to Helena. Just why he should have put down his carpet bag in this particular lonely spot on the great highway between the two oceans has never been known, and probably never will, unless it be that he was in search of quiet.

When the future Senator declared himself a citizen of Montana, and had come to stay, he was the pioneer of a new enterprise, that of selling books; yet it would appear that the people of Montana had less use for books than almost anything else. At any rate, he made the book trade flourish.

THOMAS H. CARTER

If there was a man or woman in the Territory—it had not, at that time, been admitted into the sisterhood of States—who could read, and there were lots of them, Mr. Carter was there with the goods, so to speak, to show them the light in the latest novelty in literature. His was, in truth, a campaign of education. It was while peddling books that he took on habits peculiar to a politician. In the art of hand-shaking, it could be said of him that he was born to it. The necessary adjunct to the career of a successful man in politics, that of kissing the babies, was acquired by Mr. Carter, with despatch, if not always with neatness. Mr. Carter, as the advance agent of literature, became as well known throughout the Territory as was the man who was then filling the office of Governor. Mr. Carter's personality proved his fortune. As a talker, either in private or public, he was able to hold his own with any man in the West. When he could talk five dollars out of a brawny miner wearing a red flannel shirt, for the latest book on the market, who much preferred spending his cash for whisky, it was an achievement that few men could hope to attain. This demonstrated Mr. Carter's persuasive powers. In talking books and selling books, Mr. Carter began building up a reputation throughout the Territory. He also began making money. When the book trade became dull, he turned his attention to the political field. Presently the book business passed into the control of others, leaving Mr. Carter a full-fledged aspirant for public office. He began by being elected a Delegate to Congress.

After two years of life in the National Legislature, Mr. Carter saw there were other political worlds to conquer. He was particularly fortunate in having for his best friend Benjamin Harrison, elected President in 1888. It was at the time Mr. Carter was sent as a Delegate to Congress. President Harrison took a liking to him, appointing him, later, Commissioner of the General Land Office. There were still higher honors for him. President Harrison selected him as Chair-

man of the National Committee in the campaign of 1892. Defeated, but not crushed, he returned to Montana. This proved to be a halcyon period for Mr. Carter. The Territory was taking on Statehood importance, and in good time the once progressive premier in the advancement of literature in the Rockies came to Washington clothed with the dignity of a United States Senator. He was defeated for re-election, but that, apparently, made no difference to him. Four years later he came again before the legislature with his usual cheering smile, stroking his chin whiskers, asking to be returned to Washington. There was not a party voice against it; his persuasive powers as a talker were ever with him as a Senator, as they had been in the busy marts of glorified literature.

Senator Carter may, in a sense, be styled an old-fashioned politician. Nothing seems to please him more than to go among the people of the countryside and hear them talk of public affairs and public men, especially himself. He can take his share of political punishment, but there are times when he is inclined to hoist the red flag of rebellion, particularly when opposition editors make personal warfare on him. When Senator Carter is a friend, it is only some unusually indiscreet act which may cause him to change. He has his share of patience; he is loyal to his friends, and expects loyalty in return. Senator Carter began showing the strands of silver in his hair when a young man. Personally, he does not look unlike the prevailing representation of Uncle Sam in the comic papers. The only beard on his face, which is permitted to cover his chin, is gray and a bit long, which he strokes gently with his left hand with that degree of affection which history relates is characteristic of the patriarchs. Few men would think of asking Senator Carter who makes his clothes. He is given to having his waistcoats cut a bit low—lower than the rules of fashion usually prescribe, which gives a broad, expansive show of shirt front. It may not be quite ethical to state it, but it is a fact, Senator Carter

THOMAS H. CARTER

chews tobacco; but it is so neatly done, no one would suspect it. He is a man of remarkable powers of endurance. This was shown when he made a speech in the Senate lasting over four days, at which time he put to sleep for that session a grafting River and Harbor bill. On the stump Senator Carter is at his best. He can be serious one moment, and bubbling over with humor the next. As a vote-getter, he is well at the head of the procession. As an after-dinner speaker he is among the best of the public men of Washington.

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE CASTLEMAN



MONG the intrepid young men who made possible the four years' resistance by the South to the superior numbers and equipment of General Grant, consider John Breckinridge Castleman, of Louisville. To be sure, he is not now a young man. His hair, his silken mustache and imperial, all are white; his high-colored face is lined with wrinkles; his graceful shoulders are stooping—everything about him, but his heart, is old. But in 1861 General Castleman—he was plain John B. Castleman then—was a youth of twenty, and, having been born in Fayette County, Kentucky, where lived the celebrated General John Morgan, it was natural that “Breck” Castleman should ally himself with the great cavalry leader.

His intrepidity showed well during the opening years of the war, and Castleman rose to command Morgan's old regiment. He was then put in charge of an expedition to liberate all the Confederate prisoners in Illinois and Indiana. So desperate was the undertaking, and so noted for valor were the men who engaged in it, that when Major Castleman was captured, he was placed for nine months in solitary confinement. In 1865 he was paroled on condition that he remain out of the United States forever.

What lot could have seemed more severe than that of the gallant young Kentucky soldier! He went to Paris for a while, studying there, longing always for the home land and for his native State and its customs. At length he was pardoned by President Johnson, and he returned to live out his life in Kentucky.

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE CASTLEMAN

As a citizen of Louisville and of Kentucky, General Castleman has been variously celebrated, but his military connections after the Civil War have probably lent him much of his fame. He was adjutant-general of Kentucky when Proctor Knott was governor; he commanded the state soldiery during the troublous times about the Goebel assassination; he led the First Kentucky Volunteers to the Spanish-American War; and President McKinley nominated him for brigadier-general of volunteers. As an example of how entirely the nation's need, in 1898, closed over the gulf of the Civil War, take this illustration of General Castleman: the dashing Confederate of 1864, exiled from his country because of his attempts to free Southern prisoners, offered a generalcy in the army of the united nation of 1898 by a Republican President. Castleman laid down his arms after the Goebel trials, nor has he again resumed them; but were there ever a crisis in Louisville that demanded an experienced military hand and a presence at once the handsomest and the sternest in the State, the cry would be for "Castleman."

It is the opinion that General Castleman is the most complete gentleman in Kentucky. This designation requires a man of inches to uphold. But perhaps, some day, observers may have the pleasure of seeing the General enter his office at Fourth and Main Streets, and then they will understand. General Castleman is a composite physical type of Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Prince Rupert, and D'Artagnan. Militarism is his essence. In manner he suggests, for ease, Grandison; for courtliness, Edward VII. He stands over six feet, and his frame is lithe and well-modeled. In his uniform, he was always the greatest joy of his men. To see the General riding before them made them better and more enthusiastic soldiers. He was the idol as well as the physical ideal of his followers into Indiana and Illinois, in the dashing days of the Confederacy. Were a painter to seek—in all the high coloring, in the patrician cast of every

feature, and the soldierly turn of every line—an apotheosis of the Confederate officer, out of a multitude he would choose John B. Castleman.

General Castleman's prominence in Louisville, and his stirring experiences in the Kentucky militia, have made him an important reference book, as it were, on many occasions. Frequently a newspaper man, "stuck" with some uncompleted review at two o'clock in the morning, finds that he must either waken General Castleman or drop the story. He usually chooses what the General would have him choose, and the charming old gentleman is aroused from his slumbers by the night-bell.

"Men who are angels up to midnight," says an old-time newspaper man, "would snarl and snap at the reporter, and would refuse to answer his questions. But not the General. No, sir; he invites you in as if it were about time for the demitasse, excuses himself for a moment, trots out cigars and something to drink, sits down, looks at a fellow kindly, and says: 'Now, sir, what can I do for you, sir?'"

It's an intimate picture, and a true one. Maybe there have been altogether more useful, more valiant, more handsome, more lovable gentlemen since this world began to roll; but you cannot carry that assertion with those who are fortunate enough to know John B. Castleman.

CHAMP CLARK



HAMP CLARK came into the world the very day Daniel Webster made the plea for Sectional Political amity, March 7, 1850. Hence, it is something in the nature of a coincidence that in mature life the Democratic leader should take the "God-like Daniel" as the text for one of the finest lectures that have ever delighted an audience of the American Chautauqua. This production of Mr. Clark, a Southerner from core to skin, is a decided hit in New England, a section on which Webster shed so much honor, and to which he gave so much fame. When Mr. Clark was a small boy he stole away from school, in Anderson County, Ky., and attended a murder trial, in which J. Proctor Knott appeared for the accused, and the future great jurist, Mordecai R. Hardin, was the attorney for the commonwealth. It was a battle of the giants, and that small boy of ten drank in every word that was said, understood every argument that was made, and was simply bewitched by the brilliant and persuasive eloquence of those two legal Titans.

As he trudged home that evening, fearful of the reception his parents would accord him for playing truant, he was yet in a fever of enthusiasm, and then and there he resolved that should he attain to man's estate, he would acquire an education and become a lawyer. His was a strong intellect, his a robust physical constitution, his an athletic physical structure. Firm of purpose, that boy "set his mig" and went to it. Perhaps it was the better for him that he was a child of poverty, dependent on his own exertions to carve out his fortune. That fact only strengthened his resolution and

stimulated his ambition. He never faltered, but moved right on in the path he had blazed. And so Champ Clark graduated with distinguished honors from Bethany College, that had for president the most wonderful man who ever preached the gospel in the Western hemisphere, Alexander Campbell, the founder of a sect that is grown to be one of the greatest churches of the Protestant faith. Jeremiah S. Black and James A. Garfield were members, and Champ Clark is as much of a Campbellite as he is a Democrat, if that be possible, which is doubtful. By and by Clark, after teaching to get money on which to live—and he was the youngest college president our country ever saw—was admitted to the bar and began the practice of the most exacting profession of all. In order to live and support himself and wife, he edited a newspaper at his home in Pike County, Mo., and there was never the slightest doubt as to the politics of it—Democratic, sizzling hot off the shovel. He was successful at the bar, and plunged into politics. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, and for twenty years he has been a conspicuous national figure—statesman, orator, scholar, publicist. His is the most suggestive mind. His memory is powerful, accurate, and retentive, especially for facts, and it is, perhaps, true that he has stored in his capacious mind more of that political history we call curious than is possessed by any other public man now living. In this respect he was unsurpassed by the late David Turpie, even. Given a fact that strikes his fine and comprehensive imagination, and Champ Clark grapples with it, seizes it, devours it, digests it, assimilates it, and it becomes a part of the man forever.

Clark is a man of ceaseless industry, and his magnificent physique and splendid health enable him to do an enormous deal of labor, especially mentally. He has long promised a history of Missouri that would be one of the most readable books in American letters. That other untiring worker, W. C. P. Breckinridge, the man best fitted to write the his-

CHAMP CLARK

tory of Kentucky, long contemplated it, but never found the time. Clark is now in his zenith, mentally, and has scarce emerged from his prime physically, and he owes it to Missouri and Missourians to tell the story of that "Imperial Commonwealth." Nor is that all. He has long contemplated writing a life of Thomas H. Benton, but politics and the lecture platform have prevented. He is a remarkably versatile man and a charming public speaker. But Champ Clark shines best in a mêlée on a field day in the House of Representatives. That is his theater. There he is grand—where quarter is never sought, and would not be given if asked. In action, Clark is superb—none of the flowers of rhetoric for him. He never gets on his feet unless he knows his side of the question. Stalwart, commanding, Ajax-like, his partisans press around him. The other side of the House is all attention, and opponents brace themselves in their seats and prepare for the shock. It is a rather awkward attitude, and his words are homely, but strong—very strong. When he makes a more than usually emphatic statement—and everything he says is emphatic, pronouncedly so—he bends over his desk and shakes his head from side to side, like a terrier shaking a rat. That is Champ Clark when answering the foremost debaters on the Republican side of the House. This man will go far. He aspires to the highest honors, and would fill any station with credit to himself and profit to the people. His integrity is as stern as his social side is genial, and the country is likely to hear a great deal more of Champ Clark the next decade than it has heard in the past double decade, and that is not little.

HENRY D. CLAYTON

REPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the Third District of Alabama. This man would be prominent in any company, political or social, of which he were a member. He is not only gifted with intellect, but he has a force of character that will not be denied. Balzac says that one must propel himself through this life like a cannon-ball, or glide through it like a pestilence. Henry D. Clayton is the cannon-ball. The son of as gallant a soldier as ever led his division to the charge in the great war of 1861-65, and of a woman who might have been "wife to Hercules," as one will discover who reads her charming book, descriptive of master, or rather mistress, and slave during that trying period, entitled: "White and Black under the Old Régime." Mr. Clayton is a Southerner of Southerners, and reminds one of the fig and the vine. He is a man on the threshold of the prime of life, and he is one of the leaders of his party in Congress, of which he has been a distinguished member seven terms. He is of a lawyer as well as a soldier race. His father was as able at the bar as he was intrepid in the field, and he is a nephew of that grand old jurist, James L. Pugh, who was so long a leading legal luminary of the United States Senate, second even to none in that body as a constitutional lawyer. Henry Clayton is a handsome and commanding man, as well as a forceful personality. He is a leader, too, because of a marked individuality, a strong will, a clear conception and a powerful conviction of right. That would force integrity upon him if he were not so richly endowed with that attribute by nature as well as by environment. Indeed, his honesty is so blunt

HENRY D. CLAYTON

that sometimes the stranger, for a while, is repulsed by the candor and perhaps the dogmatism of his speech, but soon that charming personality sets all aright, and every one beholds in Mr. Clayton a man who strives to serve his country and who does serve it as God has given him the light to see his duty.

Since Mr. Clayton has been in Congress he has been of the minority, but his force of character, backed by a native intellect and professional training, has brought him prominently before the people. He exercises great influence in the councils of the Judiciary Committee, and every minority leader, from Bailey to Clark, has sought his "advises," as Burns calls it. In 1908, he was the permanent chairman of the Democratic national convention at Denver, and during the campaign of that year he was active in the councils of the Democratic party. While one of the most genial of men, his society eagerly sought by Republican statesmen as well as by Democratic, and thus much of his time is commanded, Clayton finds time for study, and whenever an important legal question arises in Congress, whether a thing of party politics, or only a matter of general policy, he is in the forefront and one of the strongest debaters of either side. While a partisan of partisans, he does not rush in blindfolded. He must have a base of supply in the storehouse of common sense, and as for a line of retreat, he leaves that to care for itself. If his party shall attain power, the country is destined to hear a great deal of Henry D. Clayton, who, young as he is, is already a national figure. He would grace the Supreme Bench itself.

JUDSON C. CLEMENTS



EMBER of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States Government. Mr. Clements is a representative of that conservative, yet progressive, element that served their section of the country in Congress, after those of a more radical turn of mind had disappeared from the scenes of action, following the rehabilitation of the South, some ten or fifteen years after the close of the Civil War. Mr. Clements is a native of Georgia. He was but sixteen years old when the gun that made a noise around the world was fired at Charleston, on the 14th of April, 1861. As young as he was, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate service, retiring at the close of hostilities as a first lieutenant. As soon as he could, he became a practicing lawyer. He served in the Georgia legislature, first as a Representative, later as a Senator. For ten years he was a Representative in Congress from that State, retiring in 1891. Shortly after this he was appointed to a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission, which he has filled with signal success. He has been commissioned to a seat upon this tribunal by four Presidents, which in itself is high commendation of his integrity and ability. When a Representative in Congress he took rank, from the beginning, as one of the real strong, forcible men in that body. Mr. Clements is not a man who goes around preceded by a brass band. He knows his duty, and there has never been a time when he did not perform it well, and to the satisfaction of those interested. As a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, he has gained the distinction of being, probably, the best-informed member

JUDSON C. CLEMENTS

of the body on the intricate and complex methods of operating railways. At no time has he been regarded by the railway interests as other than fair and just; yet it is conceded of him that he stands as a faithful representative of the people in their relation to the highways of steel. He has written some able papers upon the railway situation in America for many of the best publications, which have attracted universal attention. When the question of the Government being given more authority in the matter of control over the roads was brought forward, which was led by President Roosevelt, Mr. Clements proved himself a worthy assistant in contributing valuable information, which made it possible to bring to the attention of Congress the needs of the people upon these and kindred subjects, which resulted in the enactment of the so-called Hepburn Rate Bill.

Mr. Clements is one of the most lovable of men. His modesty and dislike of notoriety are two of his many strong qualities. He belongs to the class of men who have never sought office. In his case, it was the office who was on the outlook for the man. This was particularly so when he made his first race for Congress. When he was chosen for his present position it was not at his solicitation. He is, probably, more familiar with the methods prevailing in the operation of railways than many others who are not employed by railroads. The reader should not take up the notion, when mention is made of his retiring disposition, that Mr. Clements is not aggressive. He is always forceful and resourceful. He has come in contact, during the past ten or more years, with some of the ablest and brainiest railroad men in the United States. These gentlemen view the railroad question from their own point of view. It is, probably, natural that they should see but one side, and that is their side. Mr. Clements is supposed to see both sides, and to observe the two sides in a neutral way. In doing this, he sees many things in a different light from that of the railway managers. Some of the latter

class have said unkind things about the Interstate Commerce Commission, because some of its members decline to grant certain requests made by them. On more than one occasion, Mr. Clements has replied to some of these gentlemen, and the manner in which he did it was invariably polite but forceful. He is capable of making a splendid speech. He is quick at repartee, and can, figuratively speaking, take the "skin off" when he gets started. He knows his business as well as any other man in the country. He has never been of the impression that the railways own the Government. So long as the Government has made laws for what it believes is for a more intelligent control of the roads, he insists that these laws shall be observed. The reply of Mr. Clements to the attacks made upon the Commission by a prominent railway president, in the spring of 1910, clearly established the fact in the minds of those conversant with it that the attacking party had made a mistake, when Mr. Clements got through with him.

Mr. Clements is not the man to provoke a quarrel, nor is he the man to run away from one. In private life, he is as agreeable a gentleman as one would wish to meet. He delights in having his friends about him. His home is a kind of Liberty Hall, to those with whom he is on terms of close friendship. In conversation he is entertaining. He possesses a fund of information that is delightful. He despises sham and hypocrisy as he does trickery upon the part of some railway managers, who spend the greater portion of their time in attempting to hoodwink the people, in the juggling of railway stocks, and committing other offenses against the public good. He is a stickler for the observance of the rights of other people, upon the same high plane as in his recognition of the sanctity of "vested rights," so loudly proclaimed by the railway people. The sacredness of the individual human rights he has emphasized in many public discussions. It cannot be said of Mr. Clements that he has any particular hobby, unless it be that

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his inclinations tend to make him a friend of the "under dog." When a man is found possessing these qualities, it is a pretty good sign that his heart and brains are in the right place. He prefers the quiet method of life. Mr. Clements is a man of the average stature. He never forgets his friends. In passing through the street he takes pleasure in speaking to all those whom he may know. It makes no difference whether they be rich or poor, his treatment of them is the same. He finds more pleasure with books than he does with automobiles. He is not often seen in public places, and when he is, the chances are he has business there. He is conspicuous in nothing, except the fearless performance of his official duties. He believes the people are getting better than otherwise. He has faith in the integrity of mankind. He does not believe any one is guilty until the proof is forthcoming. He inclines to the opinion that the people are living too extravagantly, and are going at too swift a pace. He believes in being progressive, but not to the extent of upsetting wholesome conditions.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU



RESIDENT of the Consolidated Gas Company of the City of New York. The public career of Mr. Cortelyou serves as a forceful illustration of what a man may accomplish if given the opportunity. In 1893, Mr. Cortelyou, it is not believed, had the least thought that he would come so quickly into prominence, giving him a national reputation.

His advent into public life was the result of an incident, which had no specific meaning at the time, but it gave the man the opportunity. When Mr. Cleveland became President the second time, he made inquiry of one of the Assistant Post-masters General, if he knew a young man anywhere in the department who was a good, reliable, quick stenographer. Mr. Cleveland was informed by the gentleman he was addressing that he knew just such a man. The President asked that he be sent to the White House the following day, as he desired his services. This was Mr. Cortelyou's first entrance inside of the White House. When Mr. McKinley became President, Mr. Cortelyou was on duty, and in due time was made private secretary to the President, succeeding John Addison Porter, who had resigned in consequence of declining health. He retained the same position with President Roosevelt for about three years, then was made a Cabinet officer, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, being the first to hold this portfolio. In Mr. Roosevelt's second term he was Postmaster General, and, later, Secretary of the Treasury. It seldom falls to the lot of any man to fill more than two Cabinet positions. Mr. Cortelyou, however, in less than four years, filled three.

In early life Mr. Cortelyou was a school-teacher in the

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State of New York, where he was born. It was as an instructor in the country districts that he first came in contact with the public.

He is of a retiring disposition, almost as modest and unassuming as a woman. He has never attempted to make public speeches. It is doubtful whether he could make one if he were to try. In this particular, he is certainly not marked with any forensic strength, but when it comes to guarding a secret, it is not believed he has any superior. When necessary, he is a sphinx in all the term implies. At one time, he became somewhat afflicted with a desire to elevate his political lightning rod with the hope that the elements might strike in his vicinity when it came to placing in nomination a Republican candidate for President. This shows, at least, that he is not without honorable ambition, yet his secretiveness seems stronger than his ambition, as he had been planning a campaign for the nomination for more than two years before he took the public into his confidence. Mr. Cortelyou was President Roosevelt's choice for Chairman of the National Committee in 1904. It was not unnatural that Mr. Cortelyou should have had an ambition to become President, having filled three Cabinet offices and been Chairman of the National Committee, which brought him in contact with the most influential men in the nation. It would have been out of the ordinary had he not sought further political honors. His sphinx-like nature again predominated in his seeking the Presidential nomination. He was secretly carrying on a dignified campaign. When it came to the ears of his Chief, President Roosevelt, he said it must stop, that he had said that William H. Taft should be the standard-bearer in 1908; whereupon Mr. Cortelyou quietly folded his tent, and abandoned all further political hope.

The trend of Mr. Cortelyou's mind, after all, is not so much in the 'political path as it is along the highroad of finance. He has a natural tendency to deal in large financial

undertakings. During his career, as the holder of three Cabinet positions, he came much in contact with the leading financiers of the country. One of these, John Pierpont Morgan, came to regard Mr. Cortelyou as a man of splendid ability, one to be at the head of a great corporation. It was through Mr. Morgan's influence that he was placed in the office of president of the gas company. Mr. Cortelyou is not a man who cares much for any particular diversion. He is almost always serious. He seldom, if ever, laughs. He has no particular instinct, natural or cultivated, for anything that is seemingly humorous. He has no time for joking. He views the more substantial side of life with a seriousness that is to be admired, creating the impression that he is determined to make, not only a great success in life, but to accumulate a fortune. During the time he was a Cabinet officer, neither he nor his family were often seen in social circles. His position would, of course, have taken him to the front of the fashionable contingent, had he so desired. The butterflies of society have no attraction for him. He is a man who possesses intense love for his home and family.

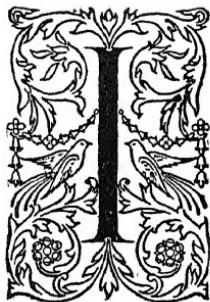
To see Mr. Cortelyou one would quickly associate him with affairs out of the ordinary in their scope. His ideas are large, and he likes to do big things. His advance from the stenographer's desk to that of Secretary of the Treasury, which was his last office, was rapid, but at no time had either his friends or enemies, if he had them, any reason to make complaint that he had expanded in his estimation of himself. He was the same George B. Cortelyou as Secretary of the Treasury, with his friends, that he was as a clerk in the Post-Office Department. While a Cabinet officer, his midday meals were mostly taken at a modest little lunch shop opposite the Treasury, where the highest price asked for any one article is five cents. This meal usually consisted of a glass of buttermilk, about two Maryland biscuits, and, sometimes, a piece of apple pie. Mr. Cortelyou has a fondness for the

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cultivation of flowers. When Secretary to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, he made it a part of his official duty to observe daily that the necessary care and attention were given by the head florist to the proper care of the flowers in the White House conservatory. In his own home there are flowers in every room, all taken from his own little private flower garden. Another of Mr. Cortelyou's idiosyncrasies is his effort always to be on time. He usually carries two watches, and at his residence there is a time-piece in almost every room.

Mr. Cortelyou is a fine type of the physical man, as well as the mental. He has an unusually strong face. His hair originally was very black, but began getting gray when he was in his twenties. He affects the pompadour style in combing it. He is dark of complexion, and might be taken for a member of the Latin race. His ancestors were French. In dress he is modest, but elegant. He has somewhat of a fondness for an extensive wardrobe. He may not have a suit of clothes for every day in the week, but he will come very near it. His apparel is always fashionably made, and he seemingly cares little what it may cost, so it is good, and worth the price.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS



T HAS not been so many years since men first began to hear of a movement in the West called "The Iowa Idea." In the newspaper reports of a system of government being sought after by a governor of that State, this executive's name and some of his achievements in a fight against what he considered the encroachments of railroads on the public right came to be remembered by the people. Thus, when Albert B. Cummins was sworn in as a United States Senator, to succeed Senator William B. Allison, he needed little introduction, for he was the achieving governor of Iowa in the railroad fights, and he was the instructor of "The Iowa Idea."

And Cummins has taught the idea how to shoot. It is now the basis of what is known as the progressive movement in the Republican party. Since Cummins has been a member of the Senate, he has taken place as the expounder of the doctrines for which a little band of men in the upper house and a proportionately small band of men in the lower house of Congress have been fighting.

Cummins began to figure in a broad national sense during the special session of the Sixty-first Congress, which framed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. He represented the sentiment of dissatisfaction among certain Republicans with particular schedules of the Dingley tariff, and he sought with skill and with strength to reduce these schedules, and to register the opinions of the progressives upon other schedules. Here and there he was successful, but he was fighting an overwhelming majority in his party.

By the time the long session of that Congress met, Cummins

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was ready with object lessons. With him in the Senate were leagued Dolliver, his colleague; Bristow, of Kansas; Clapp, of Minnesota; La Follette, of Wisconsin; Beveridge, of Indiana, and Borah, of Idaho. In the House a score or more men were making the same fight. It seemed as if by some natural grouping the Republican Senators making the fight of the progressives each had his talent with which to force the fighting. Dolliver was the bard; Beveridge, the cavalry; Borah, the logician; Clapp, the heavy artillery; Bristow, the skirmisher; La Follette, the Danton. But Cummins was the general in chief, the Napoleon, the Hannibal of the movement. He planned the battles. He, in discussing the section, say, of the railroad bill which the progressives proposed to change, would lay down a general theory upon which the progressives would proceed. Suave, skillful, faultless in designing, in exposition faultless; never bitter, never once losing control; stocked with merciless information that crushed all attempts to befog the issues, Cummins worked out a pattern of constructive statesmanship that amazed the close watchers of governmental affairs in Washington. They realized that here was a Senator with the abilities for leadership possessed by Aldrich himself; with qualities of statesmanship that Salisbury might have envied. And his familiarity with the topics he discussed, his ready mastery of data, and his smooth and masterly manners of presentation made Cummins probably one of the three really great figures of twentieth-century Congressional record. Many were ready to say that his qualities suggested him for the office of President, but his justification of or desire for the reality of that suggestion is a matter for the future to determine.

There is much in the personal appearance of Cummins to lend him grace as a public character. He is something above the average height, with kindling eyes, in which courtesy and gentility vie with intelligence for dominance. His face is finely featured; his head is shapely, and it bears enough

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hair to lend it beauty. His frame is spare but strong, his bearing easy and graceful.

He was three times governor of Iowa, and in that State he learned the business of battle against public service corporations. When he was ready—and he was the first one—to make progressive Republicanism a national issue, he opposed Senator Allison for election to the Senate. But Allison had served the people of Iowa for many years, and his position in the Senate was in the front rank, his character unassailable, his nature lovable. He was very old, and the people of Iowa elected to give him his wish, and permit him to serve out his days in the Senate. Allison died before his term was out, and the only man thought of to succeed him was Cummins. He took his seat with the mighty Dolliver, his colleague, and what Cummins has accomplished, with the aid of the little group of Senators enumerated, is a compelling chapter in parliamentary history.

Cummins believes in the future of the progressives. He considers that they will control the next and the future national conventions of the Republican party. This means, of course, that a reduced tariff and regulation of railroads platform will be drafted at the next national convention, and a candidate chosen in sympathy with those issues.

What will come of the fight of Cummins, and what will be the fate of his prophecies, are questions which events will determine.

GLENN H. CURTIS



NE OF the "wind wagoners" of the world. By "wind wagoner" is meant one of those high-minded gentlemen who love to soar among the clouds in a flying machine. Mr. Curtiss is looked upon as the world's premier aviator. He is the star performer, occupying the real center of the air stage. There is no doubt that most men could do what

Mr. Curtiss has done, and is doing, if they had the nerve. That is where Mr. Curtiss has been able to triumph over many of his fellow-men. He is not afraid, and that means a great deal. Mr. Curtiss is new, in a sense, to the world at large. He has done some things that no other men have done. He made the journey from Albany to Governor's Island, New York City, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, in his flying machine, which, at the time, was one of the longest distances ever made by any aviator in America. The only time this distance had been surpassed, previous to his flight, was by a Frenchman, in passing from London to Manchester, England, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. If Mr. Curtiss never does anything more in the way of breaking records as a "wind wagoner," his trip from Albany to New York stands as the greatest achievement in the science of aviation ever accomplished in the United States. Mr. Curtiss does not claim to be the real head and front of the aviation business, but he does believe he is entitled to his share of credit for being one of the most daring. He concedes to the Wright brothers their place in the history of the new method of travel, but his achievements have been made upon lines more sensational and have attracted universal attention throughout the United States and Europe. Mr. Curtiss does not wish the impression to go abroad that he

is different from other men. As a boy, he was just the same as other boys. He had the usual attack every year of "spring fever," which, in the parlance of country folks, means laziness. He preferred tinkering about the barn, woodshed, and carriage house, with such carpentering and blacksmithing tools as one might expect to find in any country home.

Mr. Curtiss, when about twenty years old, was an expert bicycle rider. As the bicycle gradually disappeared, the motor cycle took its place. Curtiss became a professional motor-cycle rider. He was often a contestant in races, usually winning most of the prizes. From this, it is safe to believe that he was a reckless kind of a fellow in not shrinking from taking desperate chances with his life. He began experimenting in dirigible balloons. The reputation made by Santos-Dumont as a balloonist, in France, attracted the attention of Curtiss. This was before the present up-to-date flying machines, aeroplanes, came into use. After the Wright brothers had won their honors in America and Europe, Mr. Curtiss believed himself sufficiently experienced to take a hand in aerial navigation. He has been in the lead, wherever he has appeared, whether at Rheims, France; Brescia, Italy; Los Angeles, New York, or elsewhere. He is the one man engaged in air flights who has "done unusual things," and to the complete satisfaction of all his fellow-countrymen. He believes the aeroplane will find its uses in time, as a method of getting about, but, so far, he has not expressed himself on the subject as to its possible real commercial value. He thinks it may have its uses in a way, but many improvements have yet to be made before the public will take to it seriously. He has been given rewards aggregating, probably, sixty thousand dollars during the past two years. Mr. Curtiss is enterprising to a degree. He is one of the kind of men who are seldom idle. If not up in the air cutting the wind, he is down on the ground, building some new machinery, or improving the old. He is a nervous, quick-moving

GLENN H. CURTISS

man, probably between thirty and thirty-five years of age. Is rather tall and slim. His hair is brown and heavy. He wears a mustache and an imperial, the latter probably more for the purpose of hiding a scar on his chin, the result of a wound he received in some of his daring exploits.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, may, in a measure, be responsible for much knowledge Mr. Curtiss has acquired as a "wind wagoner." Mr. Bell experimented for some years on a new kind of flying machine, at his summer home, at Baddeck, Nova Scotia. For some good reason, he moved his shop from Baddeck to Hammondsport, New York, which chanced to be the home of Mr. Curtiss. The initial "H" in Mr. Curtiss' name stands for Hammondsport. Being named for the town, the townspeople take local pride in regarding him as one of their leading citizens. Mr. Curtiss was an everyday visitor at the shop of Alexander Graham Bell. It was here he may have received many new ideas. At any rate, after informing himself as to what was going on in the Bell laboratory, Mr. Curtiss took on more progress in the development of the flying machine. It is not understood that he got any ideas from Mr. Bell in other than an honorable way. Mr. Bell found Curtiss useful about his laboratory. The two men aided each other in making experiments and improvements on the machinery. Mr. Curtiss was a poor boy, without money. Mr. Bell was a man advanced in years, with plenty of money. Thus it can be seen how the two may have worked in harmony, and no doubt they did. Mr. Curtiss is more at ease when dressed in his flying costume. He looks upon a sweater as a more useful article of wearing apparel than a "boiled" shirt. The people of his town swear by him. He is popular with everybody. Mr. Curtiss was fortunate in selecting a lovable girl for a wife. She is responsible for many of his achievements, in inspiring him to surpass all competitors, if possible. She has confidence in his judgment.

JOHN DALZELL



EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the thirtieth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Dalzell has, for the past fifteen years, exercised much authority in directing legislation coming before the House of Representatives. He was elected to the Fiftieth Congress in 1886, has served continuously from that time to the present, now being a candidate for re-election.

Mr. Dalzell was born in the city of New York, in the middle forties, and about two years after his birth his parents moved to Pittsburg, which has since been his home. He has long since taken rank as one of the leading lawyers of Western Pennsylvania, having devoted himself mostly to the practice of corporation law. He has been known, while a member of Congress, as a loyal friend to the industrial world, particularly the multiplied industries of Pittsburg and surrounding country. Mr. Dalzell is an extreme partisan; so much so, in fact, that his principal associates are usually members of the Republican party. Sometimes, he is inclined to let politics interfere with his personal relations, though there have been some few Democrats in Congress with whom he has been on terms of close personal friendship. He is not a man who is effusive. He is rather cold. He is a student, and a good thinker. He is not one who finds much conviviality in life. He is more inclined to repel good fellowship than to encourage it. During his long service as a member of the Committee on Rules, he has been a faithful friend and follower of Speaker Cannon; in fact, he occupied a similar position in the directing of legislation under Speakers Reed and Henderson. Mr. Dalzell is so loyal a Republican that he never loses an oppor-

JOHN DALZELL

tunity to make a point for his own party against the Democrats. He is a good, hard fighter, and carries his political antagonisms to the jumping-off place, whether it be victory or defeat. No one can consistently accuse Mr. Dalzell of taking undue advantage of his political opponents by trespassing upon parliamentary rules. He is a man who lives much to himself. He does not have many intimate companions. His most constant companion has been Sereno E. Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of which Mr. Dalzell is also a member. He is not, however, without many good friends, both in Congress and among his constituency at home. He is popularly supposed to be more in harmony with the interests of large corporations than he is with those of the plain people. At least, his official acts in Congress might lead one to believe that such is the case. But with all that, he has ever been mindful of the fact that to retain his political position, he has got to be on terms of friendship with the laboring people, as they make up the larger contingent of voters who have returned him to Congress for so many times.

On the question of tariff, Mr. Dalzell is a stand-patter from the headwaters. He is firm in his conviction that a high protective tariff has been the cause of the great era of prosperity which has prevailed over the country since the election of President McKinley. He has never been in favor of reducing the tariff on anything, but more inclined to the idea of advancing the rates on all products. When he first became a member of Congress, he announced his tariff convictions on the Mills bill, which was then pending, and which he opposed with all the power at his command. He has never deviated an iota from his first utterances on this subject. He has been a power in his party, and were he a more entertaining speaker, he would probably have greater influence in the House of Representatives. His speeches, however, all read well, but he is not gifted with oratory in any

way. He does not speak often, but when he does, he says something. He is oftentimes more or less irritable. He is not unfamiliar with the old saying that you can "catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar." He knows the truth of this as well as any one else, but he prefers using the vinegar. This indicates his strong individuality. He doesn't seem to care a rap for the opinions of others. He does his own thinking and, from his point of reasoning, is justified in every political attitude he has assumed.

Mr. Dalzell, it would seem, is not only self-reliant in politics, but he is the same in his relationship with the public. He has never aspired to achieve personal popularity. He does not seem to care for it. He knows he is not personally popular. This does not, however, disturb him at all. That he is, and has been, a useful member of Congress in the interests of the Republican party is conceded by his most formidable political foes. If he should remain in Congress much longer, and the Republicans retain power over the House, he may possibly become a candidate for the Speakership, and his election would be by no means improbable. He has few interests outside of his profession and political position. He cares little, if at all, for amusements. He is seldom seen in public, unless it be at political gatherings. He is a firm believer in the beneficial effects of walking. He seldom rides, except when the weather is inclement. He is an inveterate reader of the best literature of the day. There are few men in Congress, or out of it, better informed. He is probably five feet eight inches in height, and weighs somewhere near one hundred and sixty pounds. He has a habit of carrying his head much to one side, as though he might have some infirmity affecting the side muscles of his neck. In the matter of personal attire, Mr. Dalzell meets every requirement. He is a frequent patron of the draper, and keeps in touch with the latest prevailing fashions. He has a fondness for wearing silk hats. He comes up to the full measure of a useful and influential citizen.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW



HAUNCEY M. DEPEW was once approached by a venerable colleague in the United States Senate, who said:

"Depew, tell me, please, what it is that keeps you so young?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Depew gave the magic formula which he says is responsible for retaining the bloom on his cheek, the sparkle in his eye, and the spring in his step in spite of an accumulation of nearly four score of years. He said:

"Keeping abreast of the times; or, better still, just a little in advance; maintaining a cheerful view of life, and refusing to worry."

That's a philosophy of life which young America can well afford to adopt. It may not lead every young man along the paths of fame followed by Depew, but if faithfully adhered to, it is calculated to give him a chance to make his mark.

Of course, there were some things other than keeping his eyes open and a stiff upper lip that helped Depew along. His cheerful view of life was not solely responsible for making him one of the most prominent railroad men the country has ever seen; an orator with a world-wide reputation; a serious contender for the nomination of President of the United States, and a statesman of renown. There were qualities not included in the Depew formula for maintaining perpetual youth that contributed to put him in the gallery of famous Americans.

Depew discovered the value of keeping abreast of the times, and in fact, just a little ahead of them, at a comparatively early age. This knowledge saved him from the career of a diplomat, and instead made him first a railroad attorney

and then a railroad president. It was in 1864. Abraham Lincoln had appointed him United States Minister to Japan. This was a big honor, because Depew was something of a youngster, and his fame was local. He had been a member of the New York Assembly, and secretary of state for New York. He thought well of the mission to Japan, and after the nomination had been confirmed by the Senate, he decided to take it. At that time an offer was made to him to become the attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company. Depew debated the two openings. Would it be the Government foreign service, with a chance to make a name for himself as an American diplomatist, or the more prosaic, but more profitable, calling of railroad counselor?

"I think I'll stick to my profession," decided Depew; and he refused the foreign appointment. The wisdom of his choice was made apparent when he quickly thereafter became general counsel for the New York Central and built up the great Vanderbilt system of roads, eventually becoming the head of it.

Depew, by the way, had a second escape from a diplomatic career, but this time the slip-up was not his fault. This incident concerned the offer of the Ambassadorship to Great Britain by President McKinley. Many persons will recall that formal announcement was made that McKinley was to give this mission to Depew. The newspapers commented favorably about it, but the appointment was never made. McKinley refused to explain why he did not appoint Depew, and for a year the matter was a mystery to every one. Finally, Vice-President Hobart found out what the trouble was, and told Depew. The explanation is here printed for the first time.

It seems that after Depew had told President McKinley he would accept the appointment, the New Yorker made a speech at a dinner where, among the other guests, were the

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Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart. There was also present an active candidate for a first-class foreign mission under McKinley, a New York man. This man realized that as General Horace Porter was to go to France, and Andrew D. White to Berlin, and Depew to England, another diplomatic plum could not be expected for New York. At this dinner Depew said something complimentary to Vice-President Hobart and Mrs. Hobart. The next day President McKinley was told that Depew, in a speech at a large dinner party, had expressed regret that, owing to the infirmities of Mrs. McKinley, there would be no "White House mistress" for the next four years. Naturally, President McKinley was indignant, so much so that he failed to mention the incident to Depew, and also forgot to make the appointment to Great Britain. As soon as Hobart related these facts to Depew, the latter went at once to the White House to explain that he had never made the comments credited to him.

"I deeply regret," he said to the President, "that you did not inform me of this at the time, not that I might have got the mission to England, but that I might have convinced you that I am neither a blackguard nor a fool."

There were mutual apologies and expressions of regret, and then McKinley offered to appoint Depew as ambassador to Germany; but Depew declined.

When King Edward died, every wideawake city editor of the big newspapers of the country wired his correspondents to get reminiscences of the dead monarch from Depew. The latter was better acquainted with King Edward than probably any other American. He filled columns with personal stories, experiences with and anecdotes of Edward while the latter was Prince of Wales, and, later, King.

Depew is one of the best mixers in the business, and, without much doubt, has a wider circle of friends among the nobility of Europe than any living American. His pleasant personality, keen mind, and the charm of his after-dinner talks have

made him a much-sought-after guest in the most exclusive castles and private homes in Europe.

For thirty years or more, Depew has made it a practice to spend part of the summer in Europe. He met Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the two became fast friends. The heir to the British throne, in commenting on American humor, once remarked that he had been greatly disappointed in the quality of Mark Twain's stories, but that he had been delighted with Depew's after-dinner speeches.

When Gladstone was Prime Minister, Depew dined along with him many times. Depew was frequently a guest at the country house of Lord Rosebery, while the latter was Prime Minister, and at these parties he met and became well acquainted with many of the leaders in British politics. Being a lawyer of some renown, Depew was often a guest at the formal judicial dinners of the British lawyers and judges, and in this way extended his circle of acquaintances among these classes. On festive occasions, he made speeches which went well.

Depew thus explains the difference between formal English dinners and similar functions elsewhere.

"A London dinner," he said, "differs from dinners everywhere else in the world. It always has an object aside from the social element, which is to entertain some one distinguished in one way or another. I have never attended a dinner in London without meeting a notable statesman, a man of letters, a great traveler, a general, an explorer, or a star of the dramatic or lyric stage. After dining out every night during a four weeks' season in London, as I have for thirty years, it is natural that I should have accumulated a wealth of recollections of a kind that you can get nowhere else except at the capital of the world."

Senator Depew owes his restoration to health, following his physical breakdown in 1905, to his willingness to take advantage of the most advanced medical treatment—simply another case of keeping abreast of the times. He was under

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the care of a famous Berlin specialist, at one of the German watering-places. The high-priced specialist had done little or nothing for his patient, except to render enormous bills. One day the famous specialist was called away, and his assistant, a youngster, took charge of the Depew case. The substitute decided that what the patient needed was a shock. He ordered an automobile ride, and furnished the chauffeur.

"It was a frightful experience," said Depew afterward. "I thought the man was crazy, and bent on killing us both. He dashed along those mountain roads at a terrifying pace, missed head-on collisions and toppling over precipices by hair breadths, and kept me bouncing from one side of the car to the other. For an hour I was in a cold sweat. But that night I slept peacefully for the first time in seven months. I soon got well."

Besides keeping abreast of the times, Depew has another hobby. It is to make speeches for the Republican party. This is a fixed habit with him, like taking a cheerful view of life. He has canvassed New York State and a good part of the rest of the country every year since 1872, which is a record that few public men can equal.

In spite of his exceptionally long public career, Depew lives in the present and not in the past. He has a phenomenal ability to "size up" in short order any situation, whether political, financial, or industrial. An experienced Washington correspondent once told the Senator that, of all the public men he had met, Depew had developed to the highest point that faculty of summarizing and bringing to his finger tips all the essential features of a general situation.

"That's one of the finest compliments I ever received," returned Depew.

GEORGE DEWEY



DMIRAL of the United States Navy. The fourth man in the history of the Government to hold this position. Admiral Dewey is a native of Vermont. Ten years ago, there was not a man in the United States more talked about than he. His name and fame were blazoned throughout the world as the hero of Manila Bay. His record in the Navy is an honorable one. His achievement, while deserving, was probably more the result of good fortune than otherwise. Had he not been sent as commander of the Asiatic Squadron at the time he was, he would not have had the opportunity of displaying his prowess as a naval fighter. When war was declared between the United States and Spain, Commodore Dewey, which was then his rank, with his small fleet, was in Chinese waters. China being a neutral power, he was forced to take to sea, but not until instructions had been sent him from Washington that war had been declared, ordering him to find the enemy and destroy him. He sailed the shortest route for the Philippine Islands. What he did there is too well known to necessitate repetition. On his return to his native country, after circumnavigating the globe, he was showered with the plaudits of his countrymen, such as no American had ever received up to that time, or has received since. So great was the appreciation of his countrymen that, by popular subscription, he was presented with a handsome home. Congress bestowed upon him the title of Admiral for life. That body likewise presented him with one of the handsomest swords money could buy.

Admiral Dewey typifies a hero who has modesty. He

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has never been a man who publicly thrust his personality forward. In the battle of Manila Bay, which, after all, was a bloodless combat, the people of the United States, not Dewey, emphasized its importance. This may have been because of the great distance between this country and the scene of action. The enemy was not in condition to present formidable opposition, thereby rendering it comparatively easy for Commodore Dewey to take possession of Manila. This event will, in time, no doubt, have its proper place in history, but no sane historian will think of according to it the strategic importance that was unwisely given it by the people at large. Admiral Dewey's deportment has ever been commendable as a naval officer. It is doubtful whether there is any man in the naval service of the United States Government more modest, and more unassuming than Admiral Dewey. In manners he is as simple as a child, yet always possessing the dignity commensurate with his official position. His home life is delightful. He likes to have his friends about him, and he is a man who has a host of warm, sincere friends. He is not a man who makes enemies, notwithstanding the professional rivalry prevailing in the Navy Department. As an officer, and as a man, he is noted for attending strictly to his own business. He never failed in executing any official order that was given him. He dislikes being made conspicuous, notwithstanding his rank. His official station often necessitates his appearing at public functions, wearing the insignia of the highest rank in the Navy. This he shrinks from, but social conventionalities give him no alternative.

It is an everyday occurrence to see Admiral Dewey passing from his residence to and from his office. He is seldom seen wearing the same suit of clothes more than once a week. His hats always match his other apparel. He seems to be particular about having his clothes made just so. If he has a fondness for any particular color, it is gray. He appears

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to prefer the alpine hat to the derby. It is only upon rare occasions he is seen wearing a frock-coat. He prefers the business sack-coat. He is never without a light walking-stick, which he handles with grace, sometimes "snipping" the blades of grass with it in the parking as he passes along. He has a merry greeting for all his friends, and is not averse to a few minutes' chat with an agreeable acquaintance along the street. He is graceful in movement, and polite to everybody. His hair is as white as snow, and is matched by his mustache. He spends most of his time in Washington, probably two months out of the year at some of the more fashionable ocean or mountain resorts. The office of Admiral carries with it comparatively little work, therefore he is not embarrassed by an accumulation of business. This gives him more time to himself, much of which he spends in the library in his residence in K Street. He is probably better informed upon general topics than is any other man in the Navy. He is an inveterate reader of good literature. He has been a constant student of the growth and progress of all the navies in the world. He can talk for hours upon this subject, and always entertainingly. While reserved and modest, he is, to those who know him intimately, "an all-around good fellow."

CHARLES DICK



HE MILITARY commander would be helpless without lieutenants to execute his conceptions, and it is likewise true that the political leader would not gain a victory at the polls unless well served. The Republican party has produced many great leaders—statesmen like Lincoln, Morton, Conkling, Blaine, Ben Harrison, and others—but, in 1896, the leader of the Republican party was a business man, a man of affairs, a man of great force, of tremendous energy, of strong mind, of combative nature, with a will of iron, with a judgment as clear as crystal, and millions at his command. He was a new man, a stranger to his country outside his own State, but ere the winter solstice of 1896, Mark Hanna was the first personality in American politics.

Of course, Hanna had lieutenants, and it was in 1896 that the general public first heard of Charles Dick. Ohio had known him for several years. As a general proposition, public men are divided into two classes—those who say things and those who do things. Rare as the phoenix is the marvel who combines the thinker, the orator, and the executive. Senator Dick is a man of deeds. If he does not split the ears of the groundlings, and make Olympian Jove, who plays with thunderbolts, tired of noise, he will come pretty near telling you how many States his party will carry each November, and he can always tell you the condition of the political pulse of the State of Ohio. A political party would go all to pieces without such men. As an organizer he is admirable, and when he gets through with a job of that

sort, it is finished. He has been connected with the State organization for many years, and has conducted the party to many a victory. He was in command in 1894, when Ohio gave a majority that was the greatest victory the Republicans ever gained in the State. Though, in some respects, it was excelled in 1903, when Dick was again in command.

And during his entire political life, Mark Hanna found in Charles Dick his greatest and most successful aid. Upon his return from Cuba, where he commanded an Ohio regiment in the Spanish War, Dick found a vacancy in Congress, caused by the death of Stephen A. Northway, Representative from the former Nineteenth District, one of the most famous constituencies of the American electorate—the old Whittlesey district, the old Giddings district, the old Garfield district, the old Abner Taylor district, the cream of the “Western Reserve,” where Democrats do not thrive.

Dick was chosen to the succession. Hanna was now a Senator, and the acknowledged leader of the party, and he played the game of politics with a dash and a verve never before seen or heard of in our land. He needed Dick in Congress, and Dick went to Congress, where he was noted for his strong common sense and clear insight. He was a practical legislator, and the author of the present militia system of the United States. Dick was yet as much the chief lieutenant of Hanna as he had been in 1896, when he was in charge of the Western headquarters of his party, in Chicago, and carried the West overwhelmingly for McKinley.

When Hanna died, all eyes turned to Dick for the succession. He was chosen for both the unexpired term and the new one, and became the nominee of his party for re-election. There is faction in both parties in Ohio, and that, too, despite the fact that Ohio has assumed the first place as a political State. Every Republican President, save Lincoln and Roosevelt, was born in Ohio, and Hayes, Garfield, McKinley and Taft resided in Ohio when elected.

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The organization, perfect and complete, is all that is needed to hold Ohio in the Republican line. Dick can supply it. He is a wonder in that sort of work. He is active, agile, alert, cool, and self-confident. In person he is rather striking, with iron-gray hair, frank countenance, clear blue, wide-open eyes that never flinch, and inspire confidenc

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THE LATE Harvey Watterson, a fine old character, full of reminiscences of men, things, and events; a protégé of General Jackson and a friend and colleague of James K. Polk; a Tennessean born and reared, used to relate an anecdote like this: When the administration of Mr. Pierce was about six weeks old, Mr. Watterson was one morning just about to enter the White House, when he met Andrew Johnson emerging from that mansion. The future President was in a towering rage, and his face like a storm cloud. Addressing Mr. Watterson, his voice vibrating with passion, he exclaimed: "There are too — — many great men in this country that ain't fit for nothing." Johnson was ever more emphatic than grammatical. Perhaps some request he had made had been refused by Marcy or Jeff Davis, by Guthrie or Caleb Cushing.

It cannot be said that Stephen B. Elkins "ain't fit for nothing," as Johnson put it. He has grappled with the world; he has thrown fortune.

As a practical statesman the West Virginia Senator has few equals and no superior in the American Congress. The author is a Democrat, and does not believe in many of his preachments; but he is willing to concede that when it comes to "doing things," Elkins is a match for Aldrich, or Cannon, or any of the rest of them. He is a man of affairs. His mind is as practical as it is ample. By the foolish refusal of Congress to enact the "Pooling" bill, railroad rebate was inevitable. Congress said the railroads should compete. Rebate was the very soul of competition; but a big row was

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raised over that, and Elkins came forth with his anti-rebate bill, that promised to compose the quarrel for good and all, and that is what it would have accomplished if the law officers had enforced it. It is not believed that any man of the present has a clearer conception of the railroad problem than Elkins, and there is great faith in the railroad measure he piloted through the first regular session of the Sixty-first Congress. While he can say things, he is a hand-and-a-half to do things.

Stephen Benton Elkins is sixty-one years of age, and his has been a varied and an adventurous career. Ohio-born, the son of a farmer, in his early youth the family went to Missouri on a State-building expedition, though they were unconscious of that mission, and were in search of a better home. Young Elkins got an education, but his was a mind that would have gone far without an education. He was better taught in the schools than Jackson, or Lincoln, or Johnson, but, in fact, to succeed, all Elkins required was to be able to read and write, and be master of the arithmetic up to and inclusive of the rule telling how to calculate the interest on a cash note. He was a soldier, and to be a soldier in Missouri, in the war of 1861-1865, was a very hazardous business, though safer than to be a citizen. It is narrated that he was at one time the captive of men who were wont to shoot prisoners, and escaped as by fire.

He was ever of robust health, of excellent digestion, of equable temper, of placable disposition. His good humor is perennial, and his laughter infectious. Children love him. He succeeded in New Mexico as he would have succeeded in Tibet. He gained position at the bar, and was in extensive and lucrative practice. He was a banker, and acquired ducats and lands. He was sent to represent the Territory as a Delegate in Congress, and he nearly brought New Mexico into the Union as a sovereign State. That story about his defeat in that endeavor because he congratulated Julius

Cæsar Burrows for a bloody-shirt speech is probably a romance.

Elkins was in Congress four years, a Delegate from New Mexico. It was in Washington that he met an excellent and a charming woman, and married her. She was the daughter of another man fit for something, Henry G. Davis, a Senator from West Virginia. Senator Davis was a magnate of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a capitalist, and a pioneer in the development of the boundless natural resources of West Virginia. He was a Democrat, and is chiefly remembered as a Senator for two speeches he delivered—and remarkable productions they were—against the bookkeeping of the Treasury Department. There were folk who thought the people would make money by having him as President of the United States.

After the war of 1861-1865, Elkins went from Missouri to New Mexico, where he was a member of the Territorial Legislative Assembly, district attorney and attorney general, from which latter position he was made United States District Attorney, and in 1872 he was returned as the Territorial Delegate to the Forty-third Congress. James G. Blaine was the Speaker of that body, and then it was, in 1873-1875, that was formed the intimacy between the man of magnetism from Maine and the man of affairs from New Mexico. There is little doubt that the most poignant regret of Stephen B. Elkins' life is the fact that he did not quite succeed in making Blaine President. Subsequently he did nominate, and elect to that great place Ben Harrison, of Indiana. Had Elkins been for Gresham, or Allison, or even Sherman, the nomination of 1888 would have gone to his choice.

Elkins was one of President Harrison's Cabinet—Secretary of War. It speaks well for the man that at the time of that unfortunate and mysterious misunderstanding between the President and his Secretary of State, Elkins retained the friendship of Blaine, and did not forfeit the confidence of

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Harrison. He did it, too, without the criticism of a vigilant press, some members of which delight in gossiping, and some of which revel in scandal.

While a successful lawyer, deeply grounded in the principles and the philosophics of that noble profession, and while a strong debater in the Senate, Stephen B. Elkins' place is in the Council rather than in the Forum. His common sense is inexhaustible, his good humor perennial, his patience boundless. He never drives; he convinces, if possible; he persuades if all other expedients fail. If Ollie James, of Kentucky, is the most popular man in the House of Representatives, Steve Elkins is the most popular man in the Senate. He has a sense of humor, and is ever conciliatory. His industry is marvelous, and his robust physical constitution, combined with the patience of the spider and the geniality of the good fellow, makes him a power in committee council. There is not a place in the entire Federal establishment that Stephen B. Elkins could not fill with credit to himself and profit to the State, from President down to assistant secretary of any department. To know him is to love him and to esteem him. He is a great man; and the greater, perhaps, because he would rather do one hundred kindnesses than to perpetrate a single injury. I love to hear Steve Elkins talk, but I would rather hear him laugh. He is a remarkable man.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS



HOW A MAN of the refined sensibilities, the charming urbanity, the suave deportment, the artless piety, the unfeigned modesty of Charles Warren Fairbanks became the first political personality of Indiana is a mystery. The twenty-sixth Vice-President is, instinctively, a gentleman, and shrinks from strife and turbulence, and yet he attained the first place in public life in a State where politics has been war ever since the birth of the Republican party, more than half a century ago. As a rule, the stump in Indiana has been a theater of vehement altercation, fierce invective, and furious tumult, and Fairbanks, the most placid, amiable, and refined of men, went through fierce political campaigns without giving offense to, or receiving affront from, his political adversaries. When Morton clashed with Hendricks, or Voorhees with Harrison, flint and steel came in contact. Turpie was the greatest master of classic invective, and Julian could be stormy, violent, and impetuous. Indiana was a pivotal State, and from time whereof the memory of man scarce runneth to the contrary, the vote of Indiana in the Electoral College has been cast for the successful ticket, if, as all Democrats claim, Tilden was really elected in 1876. Mr. Fairbanks is of strict Puritan stock, a direct lineal descendant of one of Cromwell's "Ironsides." Ohio-born, he is of Massachusetts parentage, and his career, as youth and man, is one of the magnificent triumphs of American citizenship. A devout communicant of the Methodist Church, he received a classical education at Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, chose the law for a profession, and moved to, and opened an office at, Indianapolis.

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At this time he was as lean as a fence rail, and nearly as long. His health was not robust, and it was not a very inviting field as it appeared to him; but he was resolute. The cardinal virtues—industry, frugality, self-denial, and self-reliance—were his, and now he practiced all of them. He had no genius, except the genius of ceaseless labor and the taking of infinite pains. He was not a Blaine or an Ingersoll, to captivate and to dazzle. His was not a brilliant intellect to depend on the inspiration of the moment rather than on previous study. But he was a man of ability and fine mind. Every day he learned a little law, and he never forgot it. Years after those little pieces of law—and they were legion—were at his instantaneous command, whether he was in his office preparing a brief, or in the court-room trying a case. He began at the bottom as a corporation lawyer, and got to the top. He was never satisfied to know only his own side of a case. When he had mastered his side, he set about a study of his adversary's side, and he never abandoned it till he had mastered it. As a consequence, he was never caught napping, and in a few years he was in the ranks of the leading lawyers of Indiana and the Middle West. He was not so great a lawyer as Ben Harrison—who was?—but he was a more successful lawyer than Ben Harrison.

During many years he was urged to enter politics and stand for office. He resolutely refused. He was a party man, however, as any son of such a father must have been, and gave of his means to support his party's cause, and whenever invited to do so, he went on the stump to aid the election of the Republican ticket. Thus he became a valuable asset to that party in Indiana. But he early determined that his family should have a competency and his children an education before he sought preferment. After he had succeeded at the bar, and was in the front rank of his profession in the Middle West, a competency secured, Fairbanks entered upon the field of politics. The leaders of his party in Indiana

were Walter Q. Gresham and Benjamin Harrison. The first had been a follower of Morton, and a favorite of that remarkable man; the other had never been subjected to the stern discipline of the Great War Governor. In 1888, the Republican party sought to force the nomination for President on Blaine; but when it was discovered that he did not seek the distinction, and would not have it, both Harrison and Gresham became candidates before the Chicago convention of that year. Fairbanks espoused the cause of Gresham, and had charge of his interests in the convention. At one time it seemed as though the movement would be crowned with triumph, and it is likely it would had not Gresham been indoctrinated with some pronounced Democratic ideas on the tariff. Be that as it may, Harrison was nominated, and Fairbanks plunged into the campaign with ardor and zeal, and contributed very greatly to the election of the ticket.

There were many bonds of sympathy and concord between Fairbanks and McKinley. They were natives of the same State, members of the same church, in absolute accord in political conviction, and cast in the same mold, morally. They were pious Christians, perfect gentlemen, and pure men, and when McKinley became the titular head of the party it was perfectly natural, absolutely inevitable, that the two should gravitate toward each other, and they did. For the twenty years between the death of Morton and the inauguration of McKinley, Indiana was represented in the United States Senate by Democrats, except the single term that Ben Harrison served in 1881 to 1887. But the very day that McKinley became President, Fairbanks became Senator, and thus his leadership of his party in his State was consummated. No man was a more trusted counselor of the President than he, not even Mark Hanna, and thus Fairbanks suddenly developed into one of the most distinguished and influential statesmen in public life. It is interesting to dwell on the small things that have momentous results. Daniel Webster hun-

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gered for the Presidency as have few men of our history. Twice it was within his reach, and he refused to pluck it. He rejected the nomination for Vice-President in 1840 and in 1848, and both Harrison and Taylor died in office. Mark Hanna offered the nomination for Vice-President to Fairbanks in 1900, and he very nearly consented to be a candidate for the nomination. McKinley died early in his second term.

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

It is a fact, honorable to this man, that when he entered the Senate he abandoned the profession he loved so well, and in the practice of which he had been so successful; but he seriously contemplated resigning his seat to accept a fee of \$100,000 that was tendered him to appear as chief counsel in a great cause then pending in the courts. There was no legal obstacle to his acceptance of the brief; but there was a sense of honor that stamped the sacrifice as noble. And again, during his whole career at the bar, Senator Fairbanks refused to seek political preferment on the conscientious grounds that his time was not his own, but had been bought and paid for by his clients. It is true that he made frequent speeches in hotly-contested political campaigns, but none of them was at the expense of a client, and, perhaps, it is not improper to say that no speech of Charles W. Fairbanks’ ever cost the Republican party a cent. He always paid his way. No political committee ever lost anything by this man. He is charged with coldness, an accusation that has proved fatal to the ambitions of so many public men. There was never a more grievous misconception than to impute a frigid nature to Charles W. Fairbanks. He is modest, and diffidence is ever the companion of that attribute. Thus, he is reserved in his manner to strangers, but with his intimates, who enjoy his confidence, there never was a more noble, open, genial,

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frank friend and companion than Mr. Fairbanks. His life was one of comparative retirement until his close connection with President McKinley. His home, his office, and the court-room were his abiding-places. His habit was that of profound study. His mind was communing with the principles of his profession, his aspiration was to conserve the rights and promote the interests of his clients. Such a man is never gushing, unless he has learned the art of the hypocrite, the twin brother of the demagogue. No man has a more sympathetic heart for a tale of distress, or a more open hand for its relief.

Mr. Fairbanks is fortunate and happy in his family. His wife is a very superior woman, who has shed untold blessings on her husband's married life. She is a gracious lady, and much of the eminent success Mr. Fairbanks has achieved is due to her strength of character, keen sagacity, graceful courtesy, and wifely love. Her high standing and immense popularity are evidenced by her election as President of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a station she filled with as much grace as ability.

Solomon described such a woman as she, Proverbs 31 : 12.

WILLIAM W. FINLEY



RESIDENT of the Southern Railway. Mr. Finley began at the bottom and has come out at the top. He was born on the Gulf of Mexico, at Pass Christian, Mississippi. The first money he earned, after passing through college, was as a stenographer in the office of the vice-president of what was then known as the "Great Jackson Route," extending from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio River at Cairo, Ill. This line is now a part of the Illinois Central system. By quick stages, Mr. Finley passed from one position to another, until he became associated with the freight department of the road. It was here that he seemed to be in his natural element. He had native ability, which rendered him valuable to the company in securing revenue for it. The freight agent of a railroad is the man who produces the coin. Without him, railroads could not get on. Mr. Finley's services were in demand by other roads; thereupon, as he went from one to another, his salary was increased. It is a well-known fact that railroads are always in search of men who are good revenue producers. Those qualities predominated in the career of Mr. Finley as a railroad man. He has been in the service of some of the best roads, and has the reputation of being one of the best equipped, mentally, of any railroad man in the country. For some years he was in the West, being one of the able lieutenants of James J. Hill in the building of his Great Northern Railway, and the development of the country through which it passes. Mr. Finley spent some years in the West. No man was more thought of by Mr. Hill than was he. When the late Samuel Spencer became presi-

dent of the Southern Road, under its then last reorganization, he invited Mr. Finley to become one of the vice-presidents. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Spencer could have got on without him.

Like his chief, he knew every foot of the country through which the Southern road, with all of its branches, passes. He knows the people of the South. He is familiar with their trend of thought, as to the relations existing between railways and the people. He knows, personally, a large majority of the public men of all of the Southern States, who are, in a measure, responsible for the control of public opinion upon economic questions. The directors of the company have been complimented, time and time again, for the wisdom displayed in selecting Mr. Finley as the president of the company following the death of President Spencer. It is hardly probable there is a man in the United States who could have so perfectly fitted into this office as Mr. Finley. Certainly, no one was more familiar with the policy of President Spencer than he. His administration, since President Spencer's death, in 1906, has been wise, progressive, and at the same time conservative. Mr. Finley is a man who, as the head of a great railway company, believes in the policy of popularizing the road with its patrons. He knows too well the tendency of employés, when not properly restricted, to offend those who give the road its revenue and thus make it possible for the employés to get their living. Millions of dollars are lost to roads through the impoliteness of employés. This is one of the many reforms President Finley seems determined to inaugurate. He knows the value of public favor in behalf of a railway, and unless this good opinion prevail on the part of patrons, there is going to be a decrease in earnings. Mr. Finley travels much over all the lines of the system. He is almost daily coming in personal contact with every feature of the road's business, and at many points. He believes that it is part of the president's duty to have a personal knowledge and

WILLIAM W. FINLEY

acquaintance with the heads of all the branches of the service, and also with some who are subordinates of these heads.

Mr. Finley has a commanding presence. He is a large, well-proportioned man. He is very bald, and evidently began losing his hair when young. He is always seen with heavy spectacles, and looks through them with a determination that reflects power. He is essentially a man of action. In his home life he is a splendid representative of the ruling factors of the South of the ante-bellum period, "old-time Southern hospitality." Mr. Finley is somewhat old-fashioned in his ways. He has an abiding faith in the simplicity of life. He is a man of strong friendships, and noted for his many acts of charity. He demands loyalty from those under him, and is always willing to extend the same in return. The thing he dislikes most to do is to discharge an employé. This is often essential for the good government of the organization, but he would rather take a whipping than do it. Sometimes he thinks about it for several days, believing that such and such a person should be eliminated from the service, and for good reasons. Frequently he hopes that delay in taking action may obviate the necessity, as the offending party may resign.

Mr. Finley has in contemplation many improvements of the system which he proposes installing. He has recently given a contract on the largest order for the purchase of locomotives that has been given by any road for many years. It is his intention to double-track the main line of the entire system as soon as the revenues justify it.

Mr. Finley makes a splendid public address. In this respect he has few, if any, superiors. He is graceful in speaking, and is a man of unusual information upon public topics. He has shown wisdom in retaining in the service of the road, with others, Vice-President John M. Culp, in general charge of traffic, who is an able lieutenant, long identified with the upbuilding of the company, and whose services are highly appreciated.

JOSEPH W. FOLK

MR. FOLK can be regarded as the type of man who is capable of doing things on his own initiative. It is not necessary to give him instructions. He knows what to do, and how to do it. Mr. Folk came into public view as among the first to prosecute and rout the graftsmen. Early in his official career, he declared himself as the friend of good government and the avowed enemy of that class which is more generally known, in the parlance of the day, as "professional grafters." Mr. Folk is a native of Tennessee. He is quite a young man, and for one of his years has done his share of good deeds. When a stripling of a young man, he located in St. Louis, where he began the practice of law. Clients did not come very fast, and those who did seek aid and instruction in the matter of legal procedure were not rich. He became somewhat active in local politics. He was not a candidate for the office, but in some way he was selected as the man who, the leaders of the party believed, would make a good prosecuting attorney. That they were correct in their judgment has been long since verified; in fact, he turned out to be a much better servant of the people than the party leaders desired he should be. He did exactly what those leaders did not want him to do, and in doing what they opposed, he became a better representative of the people. It would seem that the party leaders, when nominating Mr. Folk for prosecuting attorney, were not acquainted with the man. They took too much for granted. They seemed to go upon the theory that he would be obedient to the demands of the bosses, and take instructions from them. About the first thing he did,

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after being installed in office, was to begin the prosecution of some of the grafters who had been robbing the people of St. Louis for years, from the results of which some had become millionaires.

When he began bringing to light the illegal methods by which political bosses were robbing the people, there were all kinds of excitement in St. Louis. He was threatened, time and time again, that if he did not cease in his efforts at enforcing the law, he would not only be driven from the city, but his life would be in danger. This had no effect on young Folk. He continued pursuing the even tenor of his way, looking neither to the right nor the left; but every few weeks he sent another "eminently respected grafted" to the penitentiary. He cleaned up the city as it had never been cleaned up before. A majority of the offenders "skipped" for foreign countries; but, with one or two exceptions, by the employment of the necessary legal machinery, he brought them back. Mr. Folk was the pioneer prosecutor of grafters in municipal affairs. He pursued so vigorous a policy that it immediately met with the approval of the public. It is believed he was offered millions of dollars if he would be "easy with the thieves." He threw these offers aside, as a child would a broken toy. It was not long until Mr. Folk was attracting attention throughout the length and breadth of the country. Some said, at the time, that he made war on the grafters because he desired to achieve fame. It does not make any difference what may have been his motive; the fact is, that he did his duty, and did it well. The people of his State were pleased to give him higher honors. They promoted him from the small office of prosecuting attorney to that of Governor—a long stride in so short a space of time. He had been living in Missouri not more than seven years when he took the oath of office as the State's Chief Magistrate. As Governor, he was as conscientious in the discharge of his official duties as he was when opening the penitentiary doors

to admit the dishonest contingent in the administration of municipal affairs of St. Louis.

Mr. Folk is, in the opinion of many, in line for the Presidency of the United States. His record has made him a national figure. He is one of the leading members of the Democratic party, and it is not improbable that, when the next Democratic national convention is held, the name of Mr. Folk will be conspicuous before the assemblage as a candidate for that high office. His friends will, undoubtedly, insist that he be given recognition commensurate with his deeds and his prominence. Mr. Folk is a modest man. He is not the man to thrust himself where he is not wanted. He is pleasing to gaze upon, being well proportioned, with a fine intellectual face, and manners that are just what they should be. He has never been one to sail under false colors. He knows his capabilities, and can be relied upon as always being the friend of the people. He is popular with those who know him best, and that is always a good test of a man's character. He is a neighborly kind of man. He will go as far as any one, and perhaps farther, to do a friend a favor, and without any thought of reward. He is a conspicuous figure about the streets of St. Louis, which is his home, though he is most generally found in his law offices. He has never been friendly to the idea of wearing a beard. He is smoothly shaven, and wears heavy, rimless eye-glasses, which give him a distinguished appearance. Some people may say that Governor Folk is proud. This is not the case. He is, however, particular. He believes a man is known by the company he keeps. He is always well dressed. He possesses many of the necessary elements to make him popular in any community. It is certain that grafters will oppose him in his future political ambitions, and that is to his credit. He is not a great talker in private conversation, but is always a good listener.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER



FORMER Governor of Ohio, former United States Senator—for twenty-five years, or more, one of the leading Republicans in the United States. It is doubtful whether any man identified with the political history of the country during the past three decades has had a more stormy political career than has Mr. Foraker. He has been a party fighter of fighters. In the many bitter contests he has waged, and which have been waged against him, he has never been, at any time, among those on the back rows. His place has been at the front. He has met some few defeats, though, upon the whole, he can claim more victories than his opponents. From a party point of view, he has ever been consistent, safe, and sane. He has fought the battles of the Republican party since 1883, with a power and force that have seldom been equaled. When he came into political prominence in Ohio, he met with much antagonism from members of his own party. The first time he ran for governor, he was defeated. This seemed to make him stronger two years later, when he became the successful candidate. He was elected governor twice, but was defeated when he ran for the third term. His opponent, upon this occasion, was the dashing James E. Campbell, conceded to be one of the best stump orators that Ohio had produced in years. When at the zenith of his power as governor, the Republican party recognized in him a probable future candidate for the Presidency. He was then, by long odds, the most conspicuous leader in his State, and high up in the councils of the party throughout the Nation. He was, for some years, in a receptive mood.

He had the Presidential bee buzzing in his bonnet. It was well that this should be the case. If any man deserved honors from his party, because of party leadership, it was Governor Foraker. It has been a long time since there were not two or more political factions in the Republican party in Ohio. Governor Foraker was frequently pitted against the power of John Sherman. Later, he was antagonized by the friends of William McKinley. Mr. Foraker saw his own star, as a Presidential possibility, descending; while forced to witness the rising of another luminary, in the person of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Foraker and Marcus A. Hanna were, at times, pronounced political antagonists. Following the election of Mr. McKinley to the Presidency, Mr. Foraker was strong enough to control his own election to the United States Senate.

He served two terms as a Senator, and at no time during those twelve years was he other than the foremost member, exhibiting ability as a legislator and party leader second to none. He was still considered a Presidential possibility, but again came a man from his own State, William H. Taft, who bore away the political honors, which, by right of party loyalty and labor, many thought belonged to Senator Foraker, as the first member of his party in his State. Mr. Foraker is a man who has the courage of his convictions, and is never afraid to express them. He has accepted his defeat with a philosophical turn of mind that is commendable. He has never been known to complain or utter a word against his political enemies. He knows that in all the battles he has waged, he carried on a fair contest; he never struck below the belt, and if, at any time, his opponents committed this breach against fair play, he generally gave them a trouncing they never forgot. He was the one Republican in the Senate to vote against President Roosevelt's pet measure, the railroad rate bill. It required courage to do this, because the sentiment of the people, without knowing all of the provisions of the bill, seemed unusually clamorous for its passage. Sen-

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ator Foraker spoke and voted against it. He made no apology for his official acts. That he followed the dictates of his conscience, all who know him are certain. New conditions arose in Ohio, which resulted in his not being returned to the Senate for a third term. He retired from the political arena rich in honors, and with a consciousness of having done his duty. No man has ever impeached the integrity of Mr. Foraker. He has been a unique character in the political affairs of the Nation.

Mr. Foraker is a man who commands admiration. His bold, dashing, vigorous manner won him thousands of friends; yet, at the same time, probably because of his aggressiveness, he aroused the ire of others who became his political enemies. Few men in the history of the country have exhibited more vigor than he in carrying on a campaign. A man of handsome physique, strong, powerful, intellectual face, with dark, iron-gray hair, he makes a fine appearance in any gathering. He is a pleasing speaker, and a man of great strength as a debater. As a lawyer, Mr. Foraker stands at the head of his profession. He has acquired a handsome fortune, which he earned as the fruits of his professional labors. When retiring from public life, he was as active in physical movement as he was when he entered it. He grew gray in the service of his party. He is a man of strong attachments. Many of his closest and most intimate personal friends are, by no means, his political chums. He has borne himself well. He admires pleasing surroundings, and has them. He is distinctly a man of the people. He never deserted a friend, when a friend needed his services. He had the strength of character to oppose many of the policies of President Roosevelt. He believed he was right in doing so, and subsequent events have verified his judgment in many cases.

DAVID R. FRANCIS



REAL Captain of Industry of the Mississippi Valley. Mr. Francis first saw the light of day not far from Frankfort, Ky. His parents were not rich, but well-to-do. When a youngster, he had his eyes turned toward the western skies. He had relatives who had gone from Kentucky to Missouri. It was through their influence that young Francis went from his Kentucky home to St. Louis. It does not appear that it was a great length of time until he had taken fair measurement not only of St. Louis, but of the State of Missouri. All the time this was being done, it would seem that he was giving encouragement to the further development of the political germ with which he had already become inoculated. His first business experience in the city of his adoption was as a stock broker. It was here that he prospered, in time accumulating a handsome fortune, or, rather, laying the foundation for what has since grown to be a fortune of huge proportions. The instinct for money-making seemed natural. Whatever he touched turned to gold, or something equally as good. His ideas of business are large. He believes in engaging in big things. It was the brain of Mr. Francis which conceived the idea of celebrating the centennial of the so-called Louisiana Purchase, the Republic's first expansion, which was appropriately done at St. Louis, in 1904. Being the originator of the enterprise, he was made the president of the exposition.

Mr. Francis began toying with politics when he was comparatively young—in fact, he is yet a young man. His first political contest was as a candidate for the mayoralty of St.

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Louis. He came off victor, but not without a rough-and-tumble struggle. He proved, in this political battle, to be one who could give and take hard blows. From the mayoralty he spread himself over the State, as it were, becoming the successful candidate for governor. It was here that Mr. Francis shone in more than usual capability of mind. Up to that time, it is said of him that he made the best governor that State ever had. He gave the people a business administration. In his frequent journeys to Washington, the strength of his individuality was recognized by President Cleveland, who gave him a place in his Cabinet, that of Secretary of the Interior, as the successor to the Hon. Hoke Smith, who resigned in consequence of his difference of opinion with the President on the subject of free silver. Mr. Francis was a gold Democrat.

Personally, Mr. Francis is one of the popular men in his section, though he is not, of course, without his enemies, the most of whom are probably political. In spirit, he is buoyant. He is optimistic. He is inclined to see the bright side, rather than the dark side. As a "mixer" he would achieve the championship, if it were possible to arrange a national, or even an international, contest. In personal appearance, Mr. Francis is good to look upon. He measures fully six feet, if not an inch or so over; well proportioned, tipping the beam, probably, at two hundred and thirty-five pounds. He has little time to give to people who are not as quick in thought and action as himself. That he possesses persuasive powers there is no doubt. This was conclusively shown as head of the Exposition Company, when he visited the countries of Europe for the purpose of interesting the crowned heads in making appropriate exhibits. Not a European country where he called declined his solicitation.

There are some of the belief that Mr. Francis has his eagle eye set upon the Presidency of his country, though he hopes, first, to secure a seat in the United States Senate. Many of his intimate friends and business associates may not be in

sympathy with him politically, yet the ties of friendship have expanded his political influence into other States—hence his longing look toward the White House. It has been said of Mr. Francis that if he were to become President he would break up the opposing party, because of his many loyal personal friends among the Republicans. Mr. Francis is fairly generous in his nature. He is not, however, of the kind that engages in traffic unless he sees where the profit is coming from. In matters of dress, he is a close observer of the latest edicts promulgated by the tyrannical arbiters of fashion. Some say he has his clothes made in London. This, however, he denies. He is loyal to St. Louis, believing that city has the best tailors in the United States. His loyalty for the Mound City cannot be questioned.

His laugh is infectious. It is of the kind that will put even a hostile community in good humor; not only infectious, but loud and hearty. His ever-dancing blue eyes are a part of his fortune. The Francis home, in St. Louis, is the meeting-place of the fashionable contingent. Its hospitality is famous, the latch string ever on the outside. During Mr. Francis' political campaigns he developed into a forceful and interesting speaker. There are few banquets given in the Mississippi Valley, by those identified with the industrial interests, which are not graced by his presence. He not only makes a strong speech, but has delivered some very amusing ones. He takes special delight in the development of the highest breed of dogs. He has spent large sums of money on them, in consequence of his love for his canine friends. He is as fond of horses as he is of dogs; therefore, this should serve as an index to his character. He has never found, in all his travels, a dish that so appealed to him as fried chicken, just like they "used to cook it in Kentucky."

HENRY C. FRICK



ONE OF the leading factors in the industrial affairs of Pittsburg and its surroundings. The name of Henry C. Frick has appeared much in the public press of the past fifteen or twenty years. In a general way, he is probably better known than most men who have not been more identified with public affairs. He is quite different from his old-time friend and former partner, Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Frick is a product of Western Pennsylvania. He was thrust into a commercial career at a very early age. His first knowledge of the business world was as an employé of his uncle, who was the owner of a flouring mill. Young Frick soon became familiar with the method of turning the golden grain into the finished product. He learned the trade of milling. He knew how to set the burrs to get the greatest number of pounds of flour from a bushel of wheat, and at the same time make good flour. His milling career, however, was merely preliminary to a greater one. He had in mind the industry that attracted him later, and from which he made a great fortune and became a power in the industrial world. This was the coke business. He was, likewise, among the first on the ground in the unparalleled development of the iron and steel industry in and about Pittsburg. He was not many years in the coke business until he became identified with kindred interests. He proved to be clear-headed, enterprising, and a man of unusually fine judgment. He saw everything purely from a commercial point of view. His one great hobby, if such it can be called, was the determination to reduce the cost of production; not, however, for the purpose of lowering

the cost of labor, but in the invention of modern machinery which would bring about the necessary decrease in cost. Mr. Frick, from the very beginning of his career, was an upbuilder of affairs. He has never been pessimistic. He is always an optimist. He is not a man who will permit interference with his plans. He is an independent thinker. He knows what he wants, and the best way to get it.

In earlier days, he and Mr. Carnegie were bosom friends, and made fortunes while partners. For some unstated reason, they had a difference. What it really was may never be known. There have, however, been conjectures. It would hardly seem probable that these giants of industry should become jealous of each other. At any rate, they parted company for a while. Mr. Carnegie constructed one of the highest office buildings in Pittsburg. In the opinion of many, this was but another monument that Mr. Carnegie had built to himself. It was given his name, and, being of great dimensions, the owner was taking on additional fame. This, it would seem, rankled in the breast of Mr. Frick. Not to be outdone by the little Scotchman, Mr. Frick purchased ground almost adjoining the Carnegie building. Upon this he erected a mammoth structure, taller and larger in every way than the one owned by the pilgrim from Skibo Castle. Mr. Frick announced, at one time, that he proposed establishing a rival steel company to that controlled by the Scottish laird. This was more than little Andrew cared to contend with. He hoisted the flag of truce, and "came across." The two men again became friends. In 1892, Mr. Frick was the recipient of a bullet from the hand of a would-be assassin, who had an imaginary grievance against the steel king. His life hung by a slender thread for weeks. This was about the first time that Mr. Frick was known much beyond the section of Western Pennsylvania. At the time, he was the general manager of the Carnegie Steel Company. The man who shot him was promptly tried and imprisoned. For a time, it was feared the

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wound might give Mr. Frick serious trouble later in life; but this, it would seem, is not the case. Mr. Frick was one of several other gentlemen who, as trustees, demanded a re-organization of the Equitable Assurance Society, after that institution became involved in its historic scandal. The position taken by Mr. Frick—he, in fact, being the leader—had much to do with the re-establishing of confidence in the minds of all policy-holders. It cleared the insurance atmosphere.

Mr. Frick is a striking man in appearance. He is tall, handsome, and graceful. His beard, which has become iron-gray, adorns a youthful-appearing face. He began getting gray when comparatively a young man. He has always been a believer in the idea of living well. Long before he was as rich as he is to-day, he built one of the handsomest residences in the most fashionable section of Pittsburg. It was luxuriously furnished, many of the more expensive articles having been purchased abroad. It is not believed that any of the Pittsburg millionaires has exhibited a greater fondness for the artistic than has Mr. Frick. He is a distinct lover of the beautiful. The great array of objects of art in and about his residence verifies this statement. When in New York, he is a patron of the Grand Opera. He has traveled much abroad, and is familiar with all the art galleries of Europe. He is rather retiring in disposition. He cares little or nothing for being publicly known, yet his position as a leading financier has brought him much into public view. He is a fine, manly man. Mr. Frick is rated as being the possessor of several million dollars. He is in position to indulge his taste in anything his fancy may dictate. He is moderate and temperate in all things. He is entertaining in conversation. He has never forgotten his early country days, and is ever mindful of the fact that some of the greatest men in history had their beginning in the rural districts. He likes plain people, and he desires the association of those who see the bright side of life.

CHARLES FROHMAN



ONE of the leading theatrical producers and managers in New York and London. Mr. Frohman represents something in art circles that is difficult to understand, if not to define. His early surroundings were not of such a character as would lead one to believe that anything pertaining to art, dramatic or otherwise, could have found lodgment in Mr. Frohman's productive brain. He had few early advantages. The place of his nativity, Sandusky, Ohio, was as far removed from anything relating to the uplift of the American stage as could be imagined. His boyhood was, of course, spent at school; but history does not say of him that he exhibited any particularly brilliant qualities as a student. His first employment was as a messenger boy to Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*. He was given his position through the influence of his brothers, Gustave and Daniel, who had for some years been connected with the paper, both in business and reportorial capacities. Daniel, the second brother, had a liking for writing about the stage and stage affairs. Gustave and Daniel became theatrical managers, and gave Charles his first employment in connection with theaters. No youngster ever engaged in any pursuit with more enthusiasm than did Charles Frohman. For a time, he served as an advance agent, and sometimes as treasurer of his brothers' companies. In this capacity, he also acted for "Jack" Haverley, the minstrel manager. Haverley sometimes managed companies composed exclusively of colored people. This is believed to be about the first time that colored entertainers had access to the better class of

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theaters. Charles Frohman was, for some three or four years, treasurer of some of Haverley's colored companies. This was his active beginning, and he has developed into the recognized leading producing manager of America. It was quite a step from his humble beginning to being the manager of fifteen or more of the leading dramatic organizations of the United States, and also the manager and proprietor of from seven to nine theaters in New York and about five in London, to say nothing of his associate interests with the theatrical syndicate.

Mr. Frohman has always been known as a plunger in his business affairs, or, rather, such was his reputation earlier in his career; but as he advances in years, he is more conservative. In the early nineties, when Mr. Frohman announced his intention of engaging in the business on a gigantic plan, almost every other theatrical manager in the United States prophesied his failure. He smiled, but said nothing. He is not a man who has much to say to any one. He does not claim to know much, except about his own business. He has developed more raw stage material into the finished product than any man in this country. The meaning of this is, that he has created more stars in the dramatic firmament than any of his confrères. Some have twinkled a while, and disappeared, while others have retained their fixed position in the constellation. He is ever on the lookout for young actors and actresses who seem to possess the requisite talent to be brought to the front. Mr. Frohman's judgment on these lines is usually good, although it is not infallible. In the matter of producing plays, he admits that he has made, and, no doubt, will continue to make, errors, which mean the loss of large expenditures. He says he is satisfied if he secures one successful play out of every five he produces. He admits that it is the public which passes final judgment as to whether a play is worth while or not, though he may have the highest opinion of it. In some respects, Mr. Frohman is autocratic,

or at least imperious, with his fellow-managers, and also with members of his organizations. He recognizes himself as not the power behind the throne, but the throne itself. He is not without a good opinion of himself.

When Mr. Frohman advanced to a high position, commanding attention from the press throughout the country, there was quite a demand from editors for his photograph, that they might reproduce it in their publications. Mr. Frohman's modesty revolted at this, saying he did not desire his pictures printed. Editors are resourceful; therefore, if they could not get a likeness of Mr. Frohman, they could have their own artists make one of him, and this they did. What has been the result? Mr. Frohman has been represented in appearance twice his real age, three times his real size, and as unlike his real self as possible. Mr. Frohman is rather a good-looking man. He is small in stature, round in face and head—a bit chubby in appearance. He is past fifty years of age. In appearance, he is very like a boy. Sometimes a bit rollicking in his manner, he usually clothes himself with the necessary dignity coincident with his occupation and position. While a money-maker, he cares little for money, although he does not want to lose money; yet, he is a "good loser." This is a quality that many successful theatrical people should possess. He is extravagant in many things. He seldom writes a letter to go forward by post. When in New York, he communicates with his London office by cable, and likewise the same system prevails in communicating with his New York office when he is in London. Much of this would, probably, bring about the same business results if left to the five-day ships passing between the two cities; but it all goes by telegraph. When an idea occurs to him—and he is prolific of them—which he believes the office force on the other side should know, no matter which side it is, he "shoots" it forward by cable, usually prefixing it with the word "Rush," which costs the price of an extra word. He

CHARLES FROHMAN

resides about half of his time in London, the other half in New York. If King Edward had lived, many of those identified with the profession in London believe that Mr. Frohman would have been knighted, and known as Sir Charles. What may be the view of George V. on this subject is not known, but the chances are he will never do it. Mr. Frohman has done more to establish and advance the school of natural acting than all of the theatrical men in the United States combined. He wears, with becoming dignity, the title bestowed upon him some years ago, the "Napoleon of theatrical affairs in America."

ELBERT H. GARY



CHAIRMAN of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation. The career of Mr. Gary in the world of finance would, if written, read like a romance, and would require much space to give it in detail. Having reached a few years beyond three score, he is now, and has been for the past fifteen years, one of the dominating and picturesque figures in the field of the industrial world, not alone in the United States, but in all countries where steel is manufactured in great quantities. Mr. Gary is a native of Illinois. His early manhood was spent at Wheaton, in that State, where he rose to some distinction as a lawyer, later becoming a county judge. He is known as Judge Gary by all of his intimates, and in the newspaper articles printed about him, he is usually given the distinction of this prefix. It was when presiding as a judge in the county court of his native State, and, later, when practicing in Chicago, that he became impressed with the immense volume of steel that was entering into all of the industrial crafts of the world. He began studying steel from its formation in the raw material to the completion of the finished product. He knew of the great triumphs that had been made in steel development by such men as Thomson and Bessemer, the Englishmen who, on coming to America, made great discoveries incident to the further development of the product. In brief, there is nothing about steel or its manufacture of which Judge Gary has not informed himself. After getting an insight into the business, he was soon able to demonstrate to capitalists and practical steel men that he knew as much as they did. He saw its future possibilities, and the enormous wealth it was destined to produce. The consolidation of the various steel interests

ELBERT H. GARY

into one gigantic corporation was the result of Judge Gary's far-sightedness. It is evident that he possesses unusual ability to be at the head of so great a corporation, having been chosen for this position by the foremost steel manufacturers of the country.

He is a clean-cut, quick thinker, sees the important point at once, grasps the situation in its full scope with remarkable clearness. He has been able to make this company earn two dollars where the previous organizations were scarcely able to earn one. He has made steel-making the imperial industry of the country. He has had honors thrust upon him that come to few men. The town of Gary, a few miles east of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan, the model steel town of the world, has been given this name in recognition of the great assistance Judge Gary has rendered in making the company of which he is the president the dominating factor in the steel industry of the world. The town, when completed, will be unlike any other municipality in the United States. Every artisan will be in the employ of the steel company. The raw material will be brought in ships from the great ore deposits of Minnesota, on the bosom of the waters of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, to the town of Gary, where it will be converted into the finished product. As a lawyer, Judge Gary was a fairly successful practitioner. As judge, he was an ideal administrator of the law's decrees. He was one of the kind of judges who believed litigants should settle their troubles out of court. When a practitioner, he was inclined to frown upon those who came determined to seek satisfaction by legal procedure, admonishing his neighbors and friends, at all times, that wise men adjust their differences among themselves; fools take their troubles to court.

Personally, Judge Gary is a delightful companion, although it cannot be said that he has many intimates. He possesses the kind of brain that takes on large undertakings. His is

a mind that would lead some men to establish empires, where others would be satisfied with villages. It cannot be said that he is in the least visionary, though he may impress others that he sees millions at every turn of the road. He is not a large man, nor is he one who could be called handsome; yet he is pleasing to observe, because of his strong mental equipment. He usually dresses with *becoming* taste and exquisite neatness, though he apparently thinks little on this subject. His face is smooth, except for a small, gray, cropped mustache. His forehead is projecting, indicating his powers of keen observation. His face is smiling and large. Judge Gary is not promiscuous in his diversions. He is believed to be at the highest point of his social accomplishments when ordering a dinner. It is here that he fairly revels. His imagination is so intense that it is said of him that, while ordering a meal, he experiences the pleasure of an imaginary taste of every article. This may be regarded as the last word in Epicurean science. It is not, however, the ordering the dinner that seems to please the judge the most, but it is in having his friends eat it with him. He is capable of delivering a classical lecture on the art of eating. He is not what may be termed a high liver, but a good liver. He is an observer of the Fletcher theory of eating, which consists, chiefly, of thorough mastication. He eats slowly, but talks briskly.

Judge Gary has his share of fondness for good wines, although not an excessive drinker of them. He has his favorite authors, but the man who wrote the best history of the manufacture of steel in the world, with all of its attendant discoveries and annexes, may be regarded as his favorite. When he lived in Illinois, his favorite pastime of late afternoons was to go buggy-riding. If automobiles that could be speeded five hundred miles per hour were being made, Judge Gary would buy two. He never forgets the town of Wheaton, and the institution of learning there. The generosity of his purse is always in evidence for the good of Wheaton.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR



AYOR of the City of New York. Mayor Gaynor is being reckoned by the best minds of both political parties as one who is likely to be called to positions of greater political prominence—in truth, he is already a Presidential possibility by the Democratic party in 1912. Mayor Gaynor is, probably, more independent in the expression of his political opinions than most men of similar standing. He is not what may be called a machine politician. He was first brought forth as a candidate for Mayor by a coterie of business men in New York, irrespective of politics. His personality is of such strength that the leading Democratic organization of the city recognized in him one possessing qualifications that would appeal to the voters. He was elected by a large plurality, being, in fact, the only successful candidate put forth by the regular Democratic organization. He received the votes of Tammany, but he does not wear Tammany's collar. Mayor Gaynor is a native of the State of New York. At one time, he was a reporter on a Brooklyn newspaper. He established himself as a lawyer in that city, and it was not long until he had advanced to the position of one of the leading attorneys in his community. Being a Democrat of the old-fashioned kind, his party elevated him to a place upon the State bench. His conduct as a judge reflected the character of the man, showing him to be one who was ever attempting to safeguard the rights of the people against the vicious combinations of corporations and other offensive selfish bodies. He resigned his judgeship to accept the nomination for Mayor. He was installed in his present office in January of 1910. He

has seen the rights of the people subordinated to the power of money by almost every device known to the minds of New York tricksters. Mayor Gaynor has eradicated from the police force two of the most infamous practices known to modern ingenuity. Strange as it may seem to progressive civilization, it had been the custom, for years, of the New York police force, when making arrests, to photograph the person arrested before trial, and place the picture in the Rogues' Gallery; so listing the accused as a criminal, although he may subsequently be proven innocent. Mayor Gaynor stopped this practice at the very beginning of his administration. Another reform he inaugurated with the police force was to remove the so-called "plain-clothes man." He insists that every police officer, no matter what may be his position, shall be seen, when on duty, wearing his uniform. The "plain-clothes man," in his opinion, is a menace to decent government. It is a deception practiced upon the public, as he reasons it. He has brought forth many other necessary reforms, all for the benefit of the people.

Mayor Gaynor has demonstrated to the members of the police force that they are the servants of the people, and not the masters. This proved to be quite a shock to them; but he has made them realize that law and order are in the ascendancy. Mayor Gaynor is not the kind of man who would insist that anything should be done contrary to the law; but if it is the law, he will demand that it be both upheld and respected. He is an untiring worker, and absolutely fearless. At times, he is a bit irritable, and does not have that equipoise of temper that is so becoming to the average man. He flies into tantrums, and raises a tempest at times; but it is soon over. It doesn't last long. He makes things move at all times. He is strong in his friendships, and is not ordinarily suspicious of his fellow-men. He believes the majority of men are honest. He is an unrelenting foe of grafters, whether they be political or otherwise. According to his

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

views, the cause of the people comes first. If anything is to be sacrificed, he believes it should be money, rather than life. He is making a record, also, in administering the financial affairs of New York City in a sane, sensible, and economical manner. He is saving, to the tax-payers, hundreds of thousands annually, and in no way retarding the business necessities of the city. He has done much to rout the political hangers-on, who have enjoyed sinecures, but performed no particular service. It seems in the cards that Mayor Gaynor will be the choice of the Democratic party of New York State for President.

The dastardly attempt on Mayor Gaynor's life, by a discharged employé of the city, who was separated from his stipend because of neglect of duty, serves to illustrate what may happen to an honest man when he gets into politics. Fortunately, the Mayor's recovery has been rapid, and the people are to have the benefit of his continued usefulness.

Mayor Gaynor is a man of unusual force. He is progressive and determined. No one can swerve him from what he believes to be his duty. He is as honest as the day is long. The Mayor is a man of simple habits. He was brought up in the rural districts of Central New York, and has not forgotten his early teachings. He cares practically nothing for fashionable dress; yet few men are better or more consistently attired than he. He is a great home-folks man. He could, if he wished it, have an automobile to take him to and from his office, at the city's expense; but he generally walks, and the distance is some three or four miles. When the weather is inclement, he goes by street car. He is fond of his books. He is a man of big heart and warm sympathies. There are few days in his life in which he is not performing some noble act for those less fortunate than himself. If he were a rich man, the chances are he would dispense large sums of money in charity. As it is, he is ever willing to open his purse for a deserving outstretched hand. New York has not

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had at its head a man in years who so stands for the people as does Mayor Gaynor. He is an honor to his city, his State, and his country, and that his services are appreciated was shown by the universal sympathy he received when shot.

Mayor Gaynor is, probably, one of the foremost students of the Bible of men conspicuously before the public. He has read through and through, time after time, this inspired book. He can quote it copiously from memory. While he remained in the hospital, suffering from his wounds, he spent much of his time in reading it, seemingly never tiring.

THOMAS PRYOR GORE



ROM a blind boy, addressing the unresponsive oaks of a Mississippi forest, to a blind man, moving the United States Senate with his eloquence—in such wise has Thomas Pryor Gore advanced. Demosthenes, with a mouthful of pebbles, trying to articulate clearly above the roar of the sea, was planning at a later day to free Greece with his oratory. Gore, addressing his native oaks and pines, so perfected his oral expression as to become, from his sophomore days forward, a candidate for the Senate.

There is much of romance and a portion of pathos in the life and achievements of Senator Gore. The romance is, of course, in his rise from a poor backwoods boy, without money, to his place in the United States Senate, still poor. The pathos is to see this Senator, led to his seat by a bright-cheeked page; to watch his sightless eyes rove through the chamber as he speaks, to know that, except for eleven years of his life, he has lived in physical darkness.

But Gore has lived in mental light, and it shines from his face. When he rises in the Senate—his thin hair fluttering, his gestures calm but expressive, his voice full of the inflections of sadness and sincerity, he looks an honest and a pure man, and such he is. One of the most piteous stories in public life was that told by Gore during the long session of the Sixty-first Congress: how a rich man, a man who could see, attempted to bribe the blind man who could not, even with certainty of location, strike out at his insulter. The blind man, his reputation unsullied, it is true, but with little of this world's goods to keep him and his family, denounced the would-be briber

in the Senate; yet he had to repeat his charges thrice before the Senate understood their import.

Ever since the accident of childhood which destroyed his sight, Gore has refused to accept the favors to which his blindness would entitle him. When his father would have sent him to the Mississippi Institute for the Blind, Gore elected to attend the State university, and take his chances with the others. And without favor he led in scholarship. The only concession which his blindness gives him to-day is a respectful hearing from those Senators who happen to be in the chamber when he speaks. But you will observe that nearly all are present when Gore speaks. The reason is that they know the speech will be meaty and finished, and enunciatory of some high public purpose.

Gore grew up outside party lines, and so he was found, about the time of Cleveland's second nomination, attacking the Cleveland principles. When the Populist party was at its height, Gore was a Bryan Populist, and one of those who secured the nomination of Bryan by that party, in 1896. By 1899 he had changed, however, to an ardent Bryan Democrat, and the party in Texas, to which State he had removed, welcomed him as one of the most brilliant and useful converts they could have made. Since that time, in Texas, in Oklahoma, as candidate and as Senator, Gore has been faithful to the best in himself and in his party. He has remembered his Emerson, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," but he has distinguished this foolish consistency from fidelity and proper devotion to principles and leaders.

Of course, Gore has always to meet the tearful face of pity, and to feel that his successes come to him because he is sightless and a figure of pathos. But those who have watched his course in public affairs, who have seen him press a measure in committee and on the floor, who have heard him in debate hold his own with able Senators, and often crush opposition

THOMAS PRYOR GORE

with brilliant repartee or remorseless information, know that Gore has been successful because he has the qualifications of success. Gore is an able Senator, few abler; a fine orator indeed; an honorable legislator; and quixotic enough to fail of riches by many thousands of dollars.

Senator Gore has illusions. That is, cynics and even the intensely practical would term them illusions; but to Gore they are actual hopes. To quote him, he "hopes to see the dawning of that golden day when courts, cabinets, and congresses shall have as much respect for the man that sows the grain and reaps the harvest as they have for the man that gambles for the necessities of life upon the boards of trade; when they will have as much respect for the man that cuts the tie and lays the rail as they have for the man that owns a system of railroads, and that dominates the commerce of an empire; when they will have as much respect for the man that carries the hod or lays the brick as they have for the man that owns a palatial residence in Fifth Avenue and a business block in Broadway—when courts, cabinets, and congresses will have as much respect for the man that digs the coal and cuts the stone as they have for the man upon whose brow flames a circlet of gold, and flashes a cluster of imperial gems!"

"Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." That is what Gore is saying. And though many may scoff and call the doctrine impossible, and the terms of it rant, they all admit that Gores are necessary to the brotherhood of man.

CHARLES H. GRASTY



PUBLISHER, part owner, and general manager of the Baltimore *Sun*, newspaper. Mr. Grasty is entitled to be classed among the very successful managers in the United States. He has had a long and varied career, and has met success at every point. He is a native of Virginia. After reaching man's estate, he went West—to Missouri. He settled in Kansas City, and it was not long until he was at the head of one of the new papers established there. It was a bit uphill work, to compete with older and well-established publications; but he edged his way in, making a place for himself as well as for his paper. Mr. Grasty, ever on the lookout for something better, began casting glances in the direction of the rising sun. He looked across the broad expanse of the Mississippi Valley, and beyond the Alleghenies to the water's edge of Chesapeake Bay. His eyes lit on the City of Baltimore, the real commercial metropolis of the South Atlantic States. As he viewed it, Baltimore was then in need of a good, high-class afternoon newspaper, which it had never possessed. He became the directing genius of *The Evening News*, which, under the guidance of himself and associates, was developed into one of the best-paying newspaper properties in the country. Mr. Grasty, being independent in politics, made a paper, as he believed, for the benefit of the readers, and not the organ of any political creed or party. As the paper progressed and grew in wealth and influence, so did Mr. Grasty. His reputation as a newspaper manager spread pretty well over the country, which emphasizes the old saying that "nothing succeeds like success." He made the property so valuable

CHARLES H. GRASTY

that other people wanted to get possession of it. He did not indicate that the paper was for sale, but was willing to sell if he got his price, which he did, the purchaser being Frank A. Munsey. When Mr. Grasty parted with his Baltimore paper, he had in cash quite a good-sized fortune, which he had made in comparatively a short space of time, not exceeding fifteen years.

Mr. Grasty was not to be idle in the future. He thought again of the West, but this time the Northwest. He set his eagle eye on St. Paul, in Minnesota. He was destined to do things, in a newspaper sense, in that city. He purchased a half interest in *The Evening Despatch*, one of the best-paying and most progressive newspaper properties in the North Star State. He had not long been one of the directors of *The Despatch* when he and his partner absorbed the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, at one time the foremost publication west of Chicago. For years it had been the great morning paper, not only for Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, but covering almost the entire territory from St. Paul to the Puget Sound. It was Mr. Grasty who conceived the idea of its purchase and consolidation, although *The Despatch* and *The Pioneer Press* were, and still are, occupying their original positions as the leading afternoon and morning papers of St. Paul. Following this consolidation, he disposed of his interests, returning to Baltimore. There was yet more for him to conquer in the newspaper world—the Baltimore *Sun*, a paper without a rival in conservatism and potentiality, which no one believed would ever change ownership except from natural causes. Mr. Grasty believed that he would like to become the directing head of this fine property. It required some time to complete negotiations, but eventually he acquired what he had set out to possess. Mr. Grasty is essentially a conservative newspaper upbuilder. His fine record stamps him as a man who is safe, sane, and solvent. It is a pretty sure thing that any paper under the direction of Mr. Grasty will

never be made to do anything that will be opposed to the best interests of the community. He took this stand in his early days, and has hewed close to that line ever since.

It has never been Mr. Grasty's custom to appear much in the limelight. He has always been a bit backward about coming forward, if by so doing he is to project himself personally. His modesty will prevent his doing this. He has always preferred that his newspapers should speak for him, and he speaks for his newspapers through the wisdom he displays in conducting them. He is somewhat fond of club life, and Baltimore is a city of fine clubs. He is a great golf player, and would play in winter time with snow two feet deep, if it were possible, with as much exhilaration as he does in May. He is likewise fond of horseback riding, and is one of the best equestrians in the Monumental City. Mr. Grasty, however, is, first of all, a high-class business man. He has always run his papers on high business principles. He is not an alarmist, and is rather given to seeing the pleasant side of life before investigating where the dark side may come from, should it come at all. Mr. Grasty is not much of a talker, unless it be in driving a bargain; then he can converse like a commercial traveler. He talks to the point, and usually talks quickly. He is not given to beating about the bush, but comes square out and hits the bull's-eye at the first shot. Mr. Grasty is a fine-appearing man. He would be taken, any place, for a man of affairs. No one has ever seen him when he was not one of the best-dressed men in the assemblage. He can afford to indulge his taste in the direction of luxury, although to him good dressing is not a luxury, nor a necessity, but something a man may do if he can afford it. Mr. Grasty justly occupies a place as one of the real captains of American industry.

SIMON GUGGENHEIM



NWORTHY sons of rich men are frequently the product of American civilization; but in the case of Simon Guggenheim, senior Senator, at this writing, from Colorado, the parent tree bore better fruit. For though Meyer Guggenheim, founder of the copper and silver empire for his family, was a commercial genius, in his sons, and in Simon Guggenheim first of all, he left men able to bear the tremendous burdens and responsibilities of his affairs.

Out in Colorado—and it is good to judge a man's character by the sentiment of his home people—they laugh about the Alaska stories of the Guggenheims, how they are reported to have pillaged and even killed to foster their land aggression. The Colorado people, who elected Simon Guggenheim to speak for them in the United States Senate, say that he is honest, and just, and good. And as he has lived among them since 1888, employed them and worked with them for the best interests of their homes and communities, they ought to know.

In the Senate, Mr. Guggenheim is unobtrusive and likable. He is not often heard in debate; but, in spite of his great fortune, he is as painstaking in his Senatorial duties as if he feared that neglect of them might bring upon him financial ruin. He looks scrupulously after the interests of his people, and when one considers how patiently this man of great business affairs and methods had to learn the legislator's trade, the quality of his success will be better understood. For when he was elected to the Senate, Simon Guggenheim untied all his connections with the great enterprises of his family and devoted his time and effort entirely to the duties of his office.

Political honors came to Guggenheim, of Colorado, more as a result of his prominence and unobtrusive philanthropy than because he sought them. In 1896, the Silver Republican party nominated him for lieutenant-governor, but he was under the constitutional age—he was born in 1867—and he withdrew from the ticket, which was successful. Two years ago he was offered the gubernatorial nomination of the Republican party, but he declined it. Between 1898 and 1907, when he was elected to the Senate, Guggenheim took no further part in politics than to serve as Presidential elector for Theodore Roosevelt, in 1904.

There is a prejudice in many quarters against there sitting in Congress the heads of enterprises so powerful and so connected with the public business as that of the Guggenheims. But the manner in which Simon of that name is performing his Senatorial duties, and the fact that, although there are many spies and opposing newspapers, not one public act of his has ever reflected upon his conduct of his office, do much to offset such a prejudice.

BRUCE HALDEMAN



HEN Walter N. Haldeman, the famous founder of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*, died in 1902, he was succeeded as president of the company by Bruce Haldeman, his youngest son. Although at the time of his succession to the great publishing interests Bruce Haldeman was not yet forty, he had been especially trained for his work, and had by that time demonstrated his general ability as a newspaper man. To-day, as vice-president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, as one of the arbiters for that powerful organization of the differences which arise between the publishers and their craftsmen, and as president of the remarkably influential and successful Louisville newspapers, he is one of the most important newspaper men in America.

Before he became president of *The Courier-Journal* Company, Bruce Haldeman had been trained in all departments of a newspaper. He came home to Louisville from the University of Virginia, prepared to learn his father's business in every respect. He acted as the representative, in Louisville, of the Associated Press. For a time he served as a *Courier-Journal* reporter. Graduating from that, he became assistant city editor of *The Courier-Journal*, and learned how to read "copy," and prepare it for the composing-room, and how to send reporters out on "assignments" so that the news-field was covered properly. He then was made managing editor of *The Courier-Journal*, and his conduct, without an assistant, of that important place showed that he had learned his primary lessons. When the founder died, and Bruce Halde-

man succeeded him, he was well prepared to steer the family properties over a course which has been extremely successful.

The work which Bruce Haldeman is doing, day by day, is less conspicuous than that of many of his employés. Many a writer of "signed stories" in *The Courier-Journal* is better known by reputation, although the retiring nature and habits of the president of the company are, in a way, responsible. He does not care for the limelight; he cares less for it, perhaps, than any man on his newspapers. In the conferences of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, however, Haldeman's abilities and responsibilities are fully recognized. His position as vice-president and as arbiter indicates this.

Bruce Haldeman is the veteran member of the association's standing committee to adjust differences with typographers, pressmen, stereotypers, and the other union-labor employés of all the newspapers of importance in the United States. He has sat for five years on this committee. It consists of three members, who, with three members from the International Typographical Union, for example, handle and adjust, monthly, all matters of wage and working conditions. This affects thousands of printers and other newspaper artisans in the Western hemisphere. Its offices, during disagreements between publishers and printers in Denver and San Francisco, for instance, prevented a walk-out that would have affected the facilities of many Western newspapers. It is a commentary on Bruce Haldeman's direction of *The Courier-Journal* and *The Times* that he has never had a serious disagreement of his own to adjust.

In the South, he is the most important newspaper proprietor. In the nation, he ranks in importance and ability with Pulitzer, Otis, James Gordon Bennett, John R. McLean, and Frank Munsey.

A clever man says of Bruce Haldeman:

"Few people know him; but all people would like to know him better."

BRUCE HALDEMAN

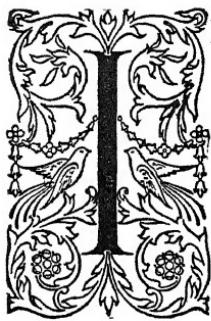
This is an admirable characterization. Bruce Haldeman is of the reserved, dignified, courteous type that has much personal charm and little inclination broadly to exert it. His person is handsome; his manner is courtly and pleasant; his mind works in a superior way. Public appearance and activity he leaves to others; the less noticed but extremely valuable duties of seeing that the newspapers come out at a profit to their readers and to themselves every day he assumes.

He loves the pleasures of out-of-doors life. At golf he has made himself dreaded among the gentlemen who drive the gutta-percha around Louisville, and around his winter home at Naples, Lee County, Florida. He is hardy, and he does not neglect any of the splendid athletic opportunities about Naples or near his summer home in Massachusetts. And wherever his family and his home is, there Bruce Haldeman likes best to be.

He is a tall, well-proportioned man, with steady blue eyes; hair that is too gray for his years, but that contrasts pleasantly with his youthful features and complexion. His jaw is square, but his other features are cleanly chiseled and artistic. He wears a short mustache. His mouth is kindly and firm. His dress is always quiet and always immaculate.

"A man whom few know well, but whom all would like to know better." That indicates what manner of man is Bruce Haldeman, and the standing of *The Courier-Journal* Company indicates what his work has been. In late years, Bruce has grown to be much like his father, the grand old man who founded the paper. He is a chip off the block; a worthy son of a noble sire.

WILLIAM BURCH HALDEMAN



F YOU are ever fortunate enough to be in Louisville on a sunny afternoon, you may behold, leaving the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* Building, Colonel William B. Haldeman. It will not be difficult to recognize the celebrated Kentuckian, who may as well, in this first paragraph, be liberated from the suspicion that his colonelcy is as fictitious as those of many of his compatriots. For Colonel Haldeman was, for years, commander of the First Kentucky Infantry, and he has been seen, horseback, at the head of his boys, with the eagles on his shoulders, many times. In brief, his colonelcy is as genuine as he is, which is saying about as much for that title as can be said. The lack of difficulty in recognizing Colonel Haldeman is easily explained, when it is noted that he is one of the three most distinguished-looking men in Kentucky.

If you should see a stocky old gentleman, elbowing his way through Fourth Avenue, glaring fiercely out of his one good eye, wearing the silver mustache and goatee of the South, you would be in the presence of the first of the three: Marse Henry Watterson. If, down near Main Street, a tall and graceful old gentleman, with white mustache and imperial, twinkling blue eyes, florid complexion, and military stride, should swim into your ken, you would behold the second: General John B. Castleman. And, near the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* Building, you might then be fortunate enough to see a third and most striking figure. Several inches over six feet, as sturdy and alert as a youth; athletic of stride and carriage; ruddy of cheek; wearing the familiar mustache and

WILLIAM BURCH HALDEMAN

goatee; and, looking from beneath his bushy brows, kindly and flashing eyes, there would be Colonel William B. Haldeman, who, with Marse Henry and General Castleman, makes up a triumvirate of distinguished appearance and achievement.

You would hardly hesitate an instant in selecting Marse Henry and General Castleman as Kentuckians; but Colonel Haldeman, if you loved Kentucky and her chivalric men, you would at once select as illustrating the physical ideal of a Kentuckian more completely than any other man of his time.

So striking in appearance is "the Colonel," as he is known to all Louisville, that in writing of him, one is inclined to dwell most upon that feature. But a great heart, a political insight and genius for leadership that have left an impression upon his generation, and a manner that is the acme of courtesy and knightliness, deserve some chronicling of their own.

Colonel Haldeman is the son of Walter N. Haldeman, who lived to see *The Courier-Journal* and *The Times*, which he created, grow to great affluence and power. The Colonel adopted his father's profession, and for the latter years of his life he has been editor and proprietor of *The Times*, the afternoon paper published by the Haldeman newspaper interests. In his youth, after his return from the Confederate Army, which he joined as a boy of fourteen, he served on *The Courier-Journal* in the various capacities necessary to make of himself a competent newspaper man. During the Franco-Prussian War, Colonel Haldeman was manager of the Louisville office of the Western Associated Press. To-day, he is an active force in journalism in the United States.

Much of his interest and much of the application of his resourceful mind have been given to politics. In 1896, when the Haldeman newspapers, with the brilliant Watterson, their spokesman, supported the Palmer and Buckner ticket of the Gold Democrats, Colonel Haldeman was a member of the national committee of that party. In the regular Democratic

party of Kentucky, he has held several official places also; but his preference has always been, through his individuality and his newspaper, rather than through office, to work for the Democratic party. In Louisville, and consequently in Kentucky—for “as Louisville goes, so goes the State”—Colonel Haldeman has been something of a Warwick, but he has not been the self-seeking King-maker that was the stout Warwick of King Edward IV.’s time. Wielding great influence and conscious that by his individual stand he shaped the alliances of thousands of Kentucky voters, Colonel Haldeman has made congressmen, governors, senators, and mayors out of what he considered the worthiest material at hand. True to his friends in a knightly way that is the essence of fine friendship, Colonel Haldeman has always considered the party first. He sought always to secure the nomination and election of the strongest and worthiest, whatever their personal relations with him might have been. But when fortune so plotted that his friend was the worthiest and the strongest, no man was happier in the success of another than was Colonel Haldeman. Never dictatorial, never self-seeking, he has been a force for good leadership and clean politics in his range of activities.

To enumerate the needy, the deserving, and the pitiable for whom the charity and interest of Colonel Haldeman have provided would be a task that would have to open with the time he began to toddle, and which would not end even with his death. To relate the instances of young men whom he has helped and encouraged would be an endless task. For Colonel Haldeman is one of those rare men to whom the success and the happiness of others are of primary importance, and whose own needs come later on. How many days he goes without his meals because his time is too occupied with helping a friend to spare the minutes, cannot be reckoned. His office, although most of his life has been spent in the capacity of a private citizen, is always filled with men and

WILLIAM BURCH HALDEMAN

women whom he has lifted a way on life's ladder; and the beggar may see Colonel Haldeman as quickly as the rich man or the chief man of affairs in the town. It is a proper commentary upon Colonel Haldeman's life and works in Louisville to say that one-fourth the good which he and his wife have done and are continually doing will never be known. Sometimes a cripple or an aristocrat fallen upon evil days will receive a muffled Christmas present that will procure him comforts. Always the long line of "Haldeman pensioners," as they may well be known, are remembered and cared for.

In his home life, the Colonel has found compensation for his good deeds "this side of Jordan." His wife, as Miss Elizabeth Offutt, was one of the most celebrated beauties of her time, and the possessor of a character so lofty and a sympathy with the quiet philanthropies of her husband so complete, as to crown each of his days with faithful understanding.

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE of the Supreme Court of the United States. The sixth decade of the nineteenth century witnessed the death of the Whig party and the rise, culmination, and fall of the Know-Nothing party in Kentucky, and it also noted the advent on the political stage of some brilliant and able young public men, such as John G. Carlisle, John Young Brown, William C. P. Breckinridge, Thomas M. Green, and John M. Harlan. Henry Clay was just dead, and John C. Breckinridge had succeeded him as the idol of the people of the old commonwealth. The compromise of 1850 had "settled" the slavery question, and the repeal of the mis-named Missouri Compromise reopened that vexed problem that ultimately was to be solved at the cannon's mouth. John M. Harlan was born in the famous Ashland district, that has supplied the Nation with more great names than any other constituency of like numerical strength. Needless to mention, it was the home of the Clays, the Breckinridges, the Marshalls, the Crittendens, to say nothing of the Harlans, Letcher, Garrett Davis, William T. Barry, Jesse Bledsoe, the Moreheads, and others. Before he was a voter, John M. Harlan was a most effective stump speaker, worthy the steel of any Kentucky Democrat, even that old lion himself, Elijah Hise. His father was a great lawyer, follower and counselor of Henry Clay. Repeatedly he served in Congress, and more than once he was Attorney-General of the State. Upon the death of Henry Clay, the Ashland district turned Democratic. John C. Breckinridge made it so, when consecutively, in races that commanded public attention from the Penobscot to

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN

the Rio Grande, he defeated for Congress, by the slenderest of majorities, first, Leslie Combs, in 1851, and Robert P. Letcher, in 1853. In 1855, the district went Know-Nothing, choosing one of the Marshalls when Breckinridge declined re-election; but in 1857, James B. Clay, Democrat, son of "Harry-of-the-West," defeated Roen Hanson, and in 1859, the Democrats nominated William E. Simmes, and John M. Harlan, then twenty-six years of age, was the nominee of the opposition, made up of irreconcilable old Whigs and the remnants of the Know-Nothing party. In those days it was imperative that a candidate for public office should meet his adversary on the stump, and Harlan and Simmes held joint discussions all over the farmers' district, where the god of eloquence had pitched his habitat as early as the preceding century. At the first meeting, John C. Breckinridge was present, and an attentive listener, and after the meeting was over, he took the Democratic candidate aside and admonished him that if he did not do better "that young fellow will beat you." But Simmes was elected by a very narrow majority, and the opposition claimed that had fraud been eliminated, and mistakes corrected, Harlan would have had a safe majority. Be that as it may, it sent Harlan back to the bar, and his firm, composed of his father, his brother, and himself, was one of the strongest in all the Ohio Valley.

But the big war now came on to be fought, and Kentucky was a seething caldron of vicious political passions. Tens of thousands of honest men and pure patriots changed sides in a twinkling, for the heart of Kentucky was Southern and the head of Kentucky was Union. Harlan was a Union man, and recruited the Tenth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, of which he was commissioned colonel. He remained in the army until after the bloody battle of Perryville, when he resigned because of the death of his father, whose extensive law practice demanded his attention in justice to his numerous clients from all sections of the State. In 1863, Harlan was chosen

Attorney-General of the commonwealth, and discharged the duties of that office, which his father had filled with such distinguished ability, until 1867. He was not yet a Republican, nor was he a Democrat; but in 1868, he came out squarely for Grant for President, and stumped the State from "mountain to purchase," in a canvass rarely equaled. He was just entering on his physical prime, thirty-five years of age, and perhaps not even Kentucky produced his superior as a stump speaker. Three years later, Harlan was the Republican candidate for Governor, and spoke daily from the springtime till the August election, but he was beaten by Preston H. Leslie. Four years after he again entered the lists, and James B. McCreary defeated him.

In 1877, Mr. Harlan was appointed to the Supreme Bench, and has served as an associate justice of that august tribunal thirty-three years, a term exceeded in length of time by but two other men, John Marshall and Stephen J. Field, and his friends confidently hope that when he shall finally retire, he will have been a member of that court longer than any other man of our history. While an amiable man and a delightful companion, Justice Harlan is distinctively aggressive, and possibly it is true that he has handed down more dissenting opinions than any other justice ever known to that bench. He is a man of pronounced views and positive convictions, for which he would go to the stake. In stature a son of Anak, he is a man of commanding presence, symmetrical and handsome, and a pure Saxon in type—flaxen hair, blue eye, and florid complexion. His passion in relaxation is golf, and an anecdote is related of a game when his pastor, of the Presbyterian Church, was his adversary. The pastor missed a fine stroke, and his countenance discovered his chagrin. Harlan remarked to him: "That is the most profane silence that ever came under my notice." A happy story is told of how Harlan met his old adversary, Simmes, in Washington, after the War, broken in fortune because of his service to the

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN

Confederacy, and out of the pale of citizenship. Without a word, Harlan went to work and secured an act of Congress removing his disabilities and clothing him with all the rights of any other American citizen. It was a noble act. In that great day when Heaven shall hold the universal inquest over all mankind, old Kentucky will take John M. Harlan by the hand, lead him to that immaculate bar, and say: "This is one of my jewels."

JUDSON HARMON



OVERNOR of Ohio. In the opinion of many people, Governor Harmon measures up to the full requirements of a Presidential possibility, and it is not improbable that the Democratic party may honor him by making him its candidate in 1912. Governor Harmon is a man of many accomplishments. As a lawyer, he ranks among the best in his State. In politics, he is comparatively a new quantity, although he made his appearance upon the hustings many years ago. It was in 1872 that Mr. Harmon showed a disposition to engage in a political struggle. It was at the time that Horace Greeley became the candidate of the Liberal Republicans and the Democratic party for President. Mr. Harmon was brought up in the straight Republican faith, but for some reason he did not approve of the administration of President Grant, whereupon he joined the ranks of the so-called Liberals. He was then a struggling lawyer in Cincinnati. Having once broken away from the Republican party, it was by easy stages of evolution he became a full-fledged, rock-ribbed Democrat. So pronounced was he in his doctrines of Democracy, that President Cleveland made him his Attorney-General the last two years of his second term. In the campaign of 1896, when Mr. Bryan was the candidate of the Democratic party, Mr. Harmon could not find it possible to reconcile his views with the radical position taken by Mr. Bryan, in his criticism of President Cleveland's administration; but, in 1900, when Mr. Bryan was again the candidate, he gave him loyal and effective support.

In the revolving of the many political wheels in Ohio

JUDSON HARMON

politics, Mr. Harmon came to the front as the ideal representative of conservative, old-fashioned Democratic policies. As an evidence of his strength of character, both as a man and as a candidate, he was elected Governor by a splendid majority; at the same time President Taft carried the State on the Presidential ticket. Governor Harmon is considered one of the safe and sane men identified with political affairs of the nation. He served for a time as a judge on the State bench in Cincinnati. Later, he became receiver for several railways. It was but a few years until the properties were again on a paying basis, mostly in consequence of the wisdom shown by him in the management of the roads. He has never been what some people might call a railroad lawyer, although many of his clients are the larger corporations. Governor Harmon, though probably in the neighborhood of sixty-six years of age, is a bit old-fashioned in his daily life. He has a strong attachment for his friends. One of his most intimate boyhood friends was President Taft. Their friendship began when they were at school in Cincinnati. Governor Harmon, in many respects, is not unlike President Taft, being the possessor of an agreeable temper. He may get mad for a little while, but it doesn't last long.

His fondness for fishing has given him the reputation of being the most enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton in the State of Ohio. The scenes of his triumphs as an angler are usually located on Put-in-Bay Island, about the center of Lake Erie, where fishing is always good. He cares little, if anything, for hunting. If he had been a member of Mr. Roosevelt's party in Africa, he would have got lost, and that would have been the last of it. He is a careful fisherman. He never ventures too far from shore, which would seem to be the development of one of his characteristics as applied to politics. There is no danger of his ever getting in over his head. Physically, Governor Harmon ranks along with the good-sized men of the country. He is six feet, one or two

inches tall. His mustache, that being the only hirsute adornment on his pleasing face, is gray. What hair he has on his head is gray. He was bald when quite a young man. He is friendly to the frock-coat and the high silk hat. He may believe it is more becoming to the dignity of his office to be so dressed. In earlier life, Mr. Harmon wore a full beard which was a bit sandy in color, and usually artistically trimmed, showing that he was not an infrequent attendant upon his barber.

Mr. Harmon, with an associate attorney, was designated by the Government to prosecute the officials of the Santa Fé Railway for paying rebates to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He was selected at the request of President Roosevelt. This was the first prosecution, on these lines, which attracted any particular attention, as it was the most flagrant, confessed violation of the Elkins law against rebating. Mr. Harmon's prosecution of the case soon developed the fact that Paul Morton, then a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, having resigned from the Vice-Presidency of the Santa Fé Railway to become a member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family, was the real offender. When Mr. Harmon made known who would be the principal defendant in the case, he was informed by Mr. Roosevelt's Attorney-General that his service as public prosecutor in the Government's behalf would cease, and it did.

As Governor of Ohio, he has shown himself a vigorous prosecutor of the grafting contingent in and about the State house. Personally, he is most companionable. He likes sitting in his library with a friend, where all is quiet, and there indulge in good, honest, heart-to-heart talks. He expresses himself with great force, sometimes a little bit of an innocent oath will slip out, for which offense he quickly apologizes, and the incident is closed. He is a stickler for promptness. He does not believe in putting off till to-morrow what should have been accomplished yesterday. In early life he arrayed him-

JUDSON HARMON

self against the procrastination exercised by so many judges in the administration of public justice. He would like to be able to bring about many needed reforms in the courts of his State, and has already done much on these lines. His unanimous nomination for re-election is strong evidence of his popularity with the people of his party. If elected President, he would take to the White House a dignity of bearing not unlike that of James Buchanan, and the simplicity of Abraham Lincoln.

EDWIN HAWLEY

WICE-PRESIDENT of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railway, Chicago and Alton Railway, Chairman of the Board of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway and Iowa Central Railway, also prominently identified with the affairs of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Hawley has a number of irons in the railway fire. Mr. Hawley did not have greatness thrust upon him, nor was he born great. Whatever greatness he may have, he has achieved. Mr. Hawley is practically a product of the West, though the place of his nativity is Chatham, N. Y., not far from the Connecticut and Massachusetts lines. Chatham appeared to Hawley, even in his youth, as being no place for him. He had read some stirring literature concerning the broad acres of the great though not pathless West. He concluded that was the section wherein he might follow the advice of Horace Greeley, and grow up. About the first time Mr. Hawley appeared above the surface was as the passenger representative—the General Eastern Agent of the Southern Pacific Railway, having his headquarters in New York. It was his duty, as a passenger agent, to direct persons traveling West not to forget to journey over his road. He, no doubt, offered fine inducements in describing to them the beauties of the scenery along the line. He might have conveyed, by his pleasing manners, the impression that the entire system was equipped with steel rails, the permanent way ballasted with stone, and shade trees on both sides. It matters not, in this writing, what Mr. Hawley may have done to secure business for his road, but it is evident that his official acts met with the high approval of his superiors. He might have

EDWIN HAWLEY

been receiving, probably, \$250 a month as salary for his services as General Eastern Passenger Agent. It may have been more, but it was, no doubt, a trifle less. There was no pent-up Utica restraining the future powers of Mr. Hawley. He occasionally made excursions into Wall Street from his Broadway offices, which were probably located between Canal and Chambers Streets. It was in Wall Street that Mr. Hawley learned there was money in working railroads—far more than having an office in Broadway and working *for* railways. The vaults in the financial district were fairly bulging with money, great volumes of it, belonging to the railroads and controlled by those who were in possession of the roads. It was here that Mr. Hawley received an inspiration.

He argued that as he knew something about railroading, why not own a railroad; or at least, control one or many. He saw, at every turn in the Wall Street district, influential men who were at the head of gigantic transportation companies which were not owned by those who controlled them. He believed it was as easy to learn the method of manipulating the financial end of a road as it was to carry on a campaign of education as to what route people should take when journeying in the direction of the golden West. His active mind absorbed the financial situation, relative to controlling railroad property, with unusual quickness. He solved the question at once, as to which was the more profitable, being the employé of a corporation, or being the boss of the employés. Having the money instinct well developed, it can readily be seen why he chose the latter. It was at this point in Mr. Hawley's career that he leaped to the front. He got in the midst of the fight, and he came out victorious, though not without a few setbacks at first. He worked hard, and his hours were long. He became an industrious student of market conditions—stock markets. He had lived long enough in the West, and knew Western conditions sufficiently well to know about what a Western railroad was capable of earning. By conservative

financial methods, with the occasional spirit of a plunger, he made a deep dive into the stock pool, and soon rose to the surface, with the collateral of three or four railroads hanging about him. True, some of this was watered stock, but that was no affair of his, as he had not had any hand in the issuing of it.

As one may view the railway map of the United States at the present time, Mr. Hawley's handiwork appears at frequent intervals along the line of travel. Since the death of Edward H. Harriman, Mr. Hawley seems to be a rising genius in the matter of railway ownership, or at least, railway control, in some parts of the West. He has been so modest all of his life that it was with difficulty that editors of magazines could secure a photograph of him a year or so ago, when he came into the limelight as a vital force in a group of railways. He is an elusive individual. It is not always easy to put your hand on him. It is not meant to convey the impression that he does not want to be seen, but the volume of his business is so large that he is compelled to keep most of his time in his offices, and to be little in public. Mr. Hawley can be described as being a shrewd, capable financier. He is a pleasant-appearing man. His face is smooth, and he shaves himself every morning. He is not particularly admired by the barbers for this reason, though he does occasionally patronize them—when he needs a hair-cut. He has some close and intimate friends, but they are persons whom he has known a long time. He is not given to trusting his confidences to those whom he does not know well. He is cautious, always reasonable, and generally fair. He has never believed in informing the public what he is doing or going to do. He does not aspire to be particularly rich. He likes the excitement in being a factor in big affairs. He will probably buy five suits of clothes a year. Of course, he owns a motor-car, but he frequently rides on the trolley. He is extravagant in nothing, except in the scope of his ambition. Mr. Hawley's rise to fame and place is a credit to the country. There should be more men like him.

JAMES THOMAS HEFLIN



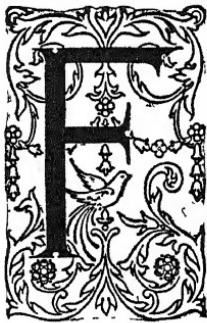
EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the Fifth Alabama District. A short time ago there died, in Alabama, a great man, a physician. He was past four score, and of him may it be said, in the language of another: "As you have come to the store of a picture-dealer in your stroll along the street you have paused to look in the window where was exposed a picture of a doctor gazing on an expiring child in the humble crib, its mother distracted with grief, its father bowed down with sorrow. The doctor had made his desperate battle against his relentless enemy, Death, but was now down and out, and in a little while the soul of his patient had left the clay to return whence it came. We envy not the man or woman who can look on that picture unmoved. He or she is callous to the humanities. It is distinctively the office of the doctor to be a good man. That is even more imperative than that he should be a skilled leech. His mission is to succor the distressed, to assuage pain, to dispel anxiety. His smile should be sunshine, his voice cheer. He is there at our birth. He watches at our cradle. He ministers to us when sick. He admonishes us with solicitude. He is by us in death. He follows us to the grave. What a noble profession it is, in town and country. Even the insane genius of Balzac became human when it conceived and he wrote the novel entitled 'The Country Doctor.' Your doctor, who is also a good man, is a blessing to all his neighbors and an ornament and glory to the human family." He died this year of 1910, just as sumptuous summer was ready to turn to opulent autumn. All Alabama mourned. Tom Heflin is his son,

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and Tom Heflin would go as far to succor one in trouble as his father ever did, or to minister to one in pain.

Heflin and Clayton and James and Stanley and a newspaper man or two are indispensable. There is a fellowship among them that binds. But Heflin is the main bracer of the circle. He can equal Proctor Knott in the telling of an anecdote. He is the life and joy of the society. He is the public man always, a Southerner from crown to sole, warm-hearted and generous as a prince. Tom Heflin has made at least two speeches in Congress that captivated the House. In one of them there was a poetry and a sentiment that caused strong men of the cold, the frigid North, to melt. And hence it was no surprise that his district stood by him, though he was opposed to the prevailing sentiment on a vital question of local moment in his native State. He is not yet in middle life, but he is ripening for a career in the national councils that will be enviable. His public life is just fairly begun, and his name will go far the next double decade.

HILARY A. HERBERT



OR SEVERAL years a Representative in Congress from Alabama. Secretary of the Navy in President Cleveland's Cabinet during his second term. Mr. Herbert, while always a modest and unassuming man, rose to the distinction of being one of the most influential political leaders the South has sent to Congress since before the Civil War. Mr. Herbert is a native of South Carolina, but in early life became a citizen of Alabama. He performed his duty as he saw it, to his section of the country, during the Civil War, by bearing arms in the Confederate Army. He was a dashing, courageous young soldier, entering the ranks as a private, but before the close of hostilities had become an officer of good rank. It is not, however, his career as a soldier that has given him prestige. At the termination of the war, he began the practice of law. About ten or twelve years afterward, he was elected to Congress from the Montgomery district. He soon advanced to the position of one of the Democratic leaders. For several congresses he was chairman of the committee on naval affairs. Mr. Herbert was the pioneer, in Congress, in the movement for the rehabilitation of the American Navy. He was an able assistant to William C. Whitney while the latter was Secretary of the Navy, who would not have been able to accomplish much without the friendly aid of Mr. Herbert. On the floor of the House, Mr. Herbert was in the vanguard as an exponent of the building up of the Navy, which had so deteriorated that foreign nations scarcely regarded it as worthy of consideration. Mr. Herbert is entitled to great credit for the part he played in the

early eighties in arousing public sentiment in behalf of building fighting-machines worthy of America's importance. President Cleveland, in his second term, honored him by making him Secretary of the Navy, which was a distinction well earned. His administration of the department classed him as a man of high executive ability. His long service in the House of Representatives, and his identification with the upbuilding of the sea power of the Government, had served him well.

When Mr. Herbert entered public life, the South had not yet recovered from the evils of the Civil War, nor the attending mismanagement of affairs during the period of reconstruction. His fine powers of discernment taught him that the South must meet its new conditions in both a progressive and intelligent manner. He believed in the South and its traditions. The war had changed almost everything. He was not the man to lie down and weep over the results of the past. It is needless to say they were not pleasing to him, but it was the future, and not the past, that was to be worked out. He came to Congress as a progressive representative, not to keep open the old wounds, but to heal them. He was in no sense a trimmer, but a good old-fashioned Democrat, not so blinded by party zeal that he was unable to recognize good deeds performed by his Northern colleagues, though differing with him politically. He was more interested in the agricultural and industrial development of the South than in its political conditions, knowing that in the latter it was able to take care of itself. What the South wanted and needed was more development. Mr. Herbert was among the first of the public men in the Southern States to preach commercial supremacy for his section. The good work he began has redounded to his glory, and he is able to see the fruits of his labor and the labor of thousands of others who thought and did as he did. When retiring from the Secretaryship of the Navy, at the expiration of President Cleveland's term, he returned again to the practice of law, establishing himself in the City of

HILARY A. HERBERT

Washington. Mr. Herbert is a man of fine legal ability, and a successful practitioner.

During his long career in public life, Mr. Herbert has apparently never changed in his simple way of coming in contact with his friends and acquaintances. He has never aspired to be rich, though a good money producer. He was brought up in the country districts of South Carolina, and it is in the strength and character of the people who populate the rural sections that Mr. Herbert believes lies the future perpetuity of the nation. He does not advise young men to leave the farm and seek their destiny in cities. He would have this condition of affairs reversed. The wealth of a nation must come from its soil, and the cultivation of the soil produces better citizens. These are policies Mr. Herbert has long advocated, and in impressing upon the South these views, much has been accomplished on lines laid down by him when he entered upon a political career. It would be difficult to find a more courteous and considerate man than Mr. Herbert. He is a prince in politeness and in the dissemination of neighborly hospitalities. His life has been a consistent one, as well as a successful one. He cares little for the comings and goings of the fashionable world, yet he has lived much among this class in consequence of his official position. He is always well, but modestly, attired, preferring quiet and subdued colors. He enjoys the quiet of his home and having about him some of his old-time friends. He likes talking about the easy and gentle methods of life among the Southern people previous to the Civil War. He is not one who forgets the friends of his youth. Many of his boyhood's associates have remained his steadfast friends and admirers from those days to the present. Mr. Herbert belongs to that class of Southern men who stand for everything that is uplifting.

WILLIAM B. HIBBS



CALL an American a self-made man, with no qualifications as to the manner of the making, is as trite as to say the United States is the greatest country on earth. Ninety per cent of all successful Americans are self-made men, and the term carries no particular distinction until the crucible through which the human nugget came is examined, and the heat of the testing and refining process is learned.

Usually, too, the application is made because the man to whom the description is applied has accumulated money—not always, but usually. We are a new people and our standard of measurement is material. Thus, no matter what the other qualifications of the eulogy may be, if he have money he is accounted a success, and no very close examination is made into the methods of acquirement, nor the manner of disbursement—if, perchance, there is any disbursement, except for self-glorification, which, in most instances, there is not.

There could be neither criticism nor complaint if I should say William B. Hibbs is a self-made man, and let it go with that generality and such pleasantries as might occur. However, that is not my object in setting down here such impressions of my friend as I deem advisable. A dozen facts, or a score, might be cited to prove the self-made part of it and the excellence of the job, and the biography would, perhaps, be satisfactory. At any rate, the contention would be proved. Still, there is more, much more, to Hibbs than the outward and visible signs of his success. I think I know Hibbs. I think I know his aspirations, his ambitions, his mental processes. Indeed, I know I know him. Wherefore, I have no hesitation

WILLIAM B. HIBBS

in saying I consider him one of the most remarkable, the most lovable, the truest-blue chaps I have ever met in an experience that has covered most of the world and in a life that has been devoted, mainly, to meeting men and assaying them from such standards as I have set.

The mere establishment of a business, the mere accumulation of money, the mere forging to the front mean nothing, unless the qualities that make for the advancement are analyzed. Many a man has accumulated a fortune by usury, many another by glossed-over crime, many another by methods that will not bear scrutiny, and all, if they keep out of jail, and started with small beginnings, are hailed as self-made men. When you bring it down to a final determination it is necessary to draw a line and put on one side all those who have succeeded in one way and on the other those who have succeeded in another. There are only two ways. On one side we find a vast crowd of successful men we neither respect nor admire, although we concede their abilities, their acumen, their accomplishments. On the other side we find the few who have won not because they are crafty, not because they are hard, not because they are quick to take advantage of weakness or worse—men who have won because they are intrinsically men, and men in all the term implies.

Now, money means nothing, *per se*, nor the possession of it. Judging from the people who have the most of it, money must be the easiest thing in the world to get. Still, we measure men by money, and will continue to do so, I suppose, to the end of time. Appraising Hibbs by the dollar standard, it would be well within the bounds to call him remarkably successful. He has a great business, owns a great building, is surrounded with luxuries and comforts, has everything he can possibly want, and he wrought it all with his own hands and his own brains, from a most meager start, so far as money is concerned.

So much for that. I purpose to write a few words about the man side of Hibbs, about those qualities of mind and heart

that enabled this newsboy on the streets of Washington to become one of the largest factors in the financial and business life of Washington, to establish himself in a commanding position, not only at the Capital, but also in the great financial centers of New York, to win and hold scores of devoted friends, and, above all, to display, in times of stress, an unflinching and buoyant courage in the face of any and every adversity, a courage that marked him as a voyager unafraid, a gallant contender in the strife of life.

He was a newsboy. His father was a sailor, who went as a cabin boy when Commodore Perry first visited Japan and opened the ports of that marvelous country. Presently, young Hibbs was placed in a broker's office as office boy. He was quick, alert, honest. He had a genius for finance. It is not necessary to trace his upcoming by successive steps. All that need be done is to mention the name of W. B. Hibbs and Company, and point out its magnificent home in the Hibbs Building. It is all his. He built it, built it through years of storm and stress, through adversity that would have crushed a less buoyant and courageous spirit, through trials and tribulations, through panics, flurries, prostrations, and hard times. There it is, speaking for itself, and Hibbs, not much more than forty-five now, is the man who made it.

The two greatest human attributes are truth and courage. After these come kindness, generosity, helpfulness, consideration, courtesy. Nothing much else matters. Now, then, let me say for Hibbs that he has courage in as marked a degree as any man I ever met, the kind of courage that meets adversity with a laugh and welcomes trouble with a smile, but with a heart as stout as any and a spirit undaunted and unafraid. He has had a hard fight, but he is now as joyous and unaffected as a boy, and he always has been. Also, he looks you in the eye and tells you the truth. There you have him.

Moreover, he is generous—absurdly so—and loyal, tender, and tolerant to the failings of his friends and enthusiastic about

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their qualities, charitable, considers his income only as something that may be applied to the happiness of his family and those he holds in high regard, ardent in his likes and dislikes, willing to go anywhere or do anything for a friend, and always ready to fight an enemy, essentially and lovably human. He is discreet—think how discreet the leading broker of the Capital of the Nation must be—the trusted adviser of many of the big men of the country, having a wide knowledge of finance in all its phases, always willing to take a chance, meeting a loss with a wave of the hand and a success without boasting or self-glorification; modest, companionable, true blue.

He has made a big place for himself in the business of Washington and the business of the nation in his forty-odd years, and they all recognize him as the successful, alert, capable man of affairs. No man, in these iron days, can wear his heart on his sleeve, but there are a few—I am proud to say I am one of the number—who know the other side of Hibbs, the man side, the real side; know his charities, his benefactions, his kindness, his tolerance, his generosity, his immense capabilities for friendship and companionship of the kind that counts, who are buoyed by his buoyancy, who are held in check by his wise advice, who live joyous moments with him, who recognize him as genuine—no counterfeit—substantial as a fresh-minted double-eagle.

There are no flub-dub, frills, or furbelows about Hibbs. He has plenty of faults, mostly temperamental, but he is a man—a real one—and real men are not so plentiful, either in this country or elsewhere, that an opportunity to celebrate one can be overlooked. Hence, Hibbs—here.

JAMES J. HILL

PRESIDENT and builder of the Great Northern Railroad, extending from Duluth to Seattle. Mr. Hill can well wear the title of being a real empire builder. The middle "J" in Mr. Hill's name stands for Jerome. Few people would know him as James Jerome Hill; everybody knows, or knows of, him as James J. Hill, but from the western extremity of Lake Superior to the Puget Sound country, most people call him "Jim" Hill, signifying a kind of affection for the grand old man. If personal appearances counted for much in Mr. Hill's case, he might be mistaken for a poet, or probably one of the greatest musicians of his time—all in consequence of his dreamy eyes and long hair. He possesses neither of these qualities. If his life depended on it, he could not write four lines of poetry, nor is it believed that, in a musical sense, he could beat a drum with anything like musical rhythm. Mr. Hill was born north of the American frontier—a native of Guelph, in the Province of Ontario, not far from Toronto. Drifting West in the early sixties, he made his permanent stopping-point at St. Paul, then but little more than a trading post, although the capital of Minnesota. Mr. Hill was not granted the opportunity of an advanced education. He had only what the public schools offered at that time. He became a freight handler on the wharves on the Mississippi River, at St. Paul, which was fast becoming a commercial center of some importance. His advancement from this humble position to the presidency of the old St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad seemed so quick that it was difficult to comprehend the mental output he had shown in so short a time. While

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becoming the head of this railway corporation, he developed into one of the most progressive generals of finance and industry that the Northwest has known, and this position he has held for a quarter of a century, and he holds it at the present time. He extended the mileage of his railway from Duluth to Seattle, overcoming the almost insurmountable obstacles of the Rocky and Cascade mountains. He built thousands of miles of steel highway without the aid of a single acre of land grant from the United States Government, as was given all other transcontinental lines. This was an extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba system, but as it advanced in power and mileage he gave it the name of the Great Northern, meaning to convey the idea that it is the farthest north transcontinental line in the United States, which it is. Mr. Hill's association with railroads likewise embraces his connection with the Northern Pacific, which he attempted to consolidate with his Great Northern line, and also with the Burlington system. The Government, however, stepped in and dissolved this consolidation.

Mr. Hill is regarded by the industrial and financial world of the country as possessing a marvelous fund of information upon all subjects affecting the material conditions of the country. Sometimes he has grown pessimistic, but upon rare occasions. Generally, he is optimistic, buoyant in his influences. Few men have given more study to the science of transportation and its relations to the general public than has Mr. Hill. He is not a scientific railroad man, but it can be said of him that the conclusions at which he arrives are invariably the result of exercising good, hard common sense. Mr. Hill is not without his political influence, not alone in his section of the country, but in other sections as well. For many years he was considered one of the rock-ribbed Democrats of the Golden Northwest. During Mr. Cleveland's administrations, he was a frequent visitor at the White House. Mr. Hill could not yield to the demand for the free and unlim-

ited coinage of silver; therefore, in 1896, he broke away from his party affiliations, supporting Mr. McKinley instead of Mr. Bryan. He has expressed himself as not being friendly to the policies of President Roosevelt. The political caperings of President Roosevelt plunged Mr. Hill into the list of alarmists.

Mr. Hill's name among the people of the Northwest is imperishable. Although he has done much for his section of the country, that same section has done much for him. He is reputed to be the wealthiest man in the State of Minnesota, if not in all of that country extending from St. Paul to the Pacific Ocean. When measured by dollars, it runs into the millions. Mr. Hill is emphatically a self-made man. His residence in St. Paul, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Mississippi, is filled with many of the choicest collections and rare objects of art that could be picked up throughout the world. The museums of Europe, China, Japan, and Korea have been searched with great diligence by Mr. Hill and the members of his family. Mr. Hill is a man who lives much to himself. He has few companions and no intimates. It is not every one who can see him when they call at his offices. Their business must be of the most imperative character, otherwise they must transact their affairs with the head of the necessary department. It is not that he does not want to be cordial, but he believes in the conservation of time. When at the height of his business career, he worked about fifteen hours every day. He has a great liking for highly bred horses, not of the running kind, but more of the trotting. It fills him with sadness to see so many young men leaving the farms and going to the cities. He would reverse all this; in fact, would send the young men from the cities to the farms. He is the only American operating a fleet of ships across the Pacific Ocean.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK



HEN George B. Cortelyou was secretary to President McKinley, he attended, one evening, the graduating exercises of the law school of George Washington University. Among the graduates he noticed a tall, broad-shouldered, light-haired young man, who received more applause when he walked up the aisle to get his diploma than had any other member of his class.

Cortelyou made a few inquiries. He learned that the young man's name was Frank Hitchcock, and that he was a clerk in the Department of Agriculture. Also, he was the best student and the most popular man in the George Washington law school. The secretary to the President knew that in a short while he would have use for able young men. He marked Hitchcock for his own.

And this accidental meeting of Hitchcock and Cortelyou, two men whose careers in the Government service are strikingly similar, meant much for Hitchcock. Of course, no man of the character and ability of Hitchcock can be kept back. His native force and talents will bring him inevitably to the front rank of any calling he happens to choose. Yet Hitchcock owes a great deal to Cortelyou. And he never loses an opportunity to say so.

Frank Harris Hitchcock is, to-day, the greatest living example of what a man of ability can accomplish in the Government service. Seventeen years after he entered the Government service, Hitchcock was a full-fledged Cabinet officer. Seventeen years is not such a long time to serve an apprenticeship for an office hundreds of hard-headed American business

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men would give half a million dollars to hold. It may be said that Hitchcock is an exception to the rule. He is. Also, he is an exceptional man in other respects.

The success of a man usually is attributable to one or two characteristics in his make-up which stand out prominently. In this respect Hitchcock follows the rule. The two qualities upon which his success is based are unlimited capacity for sustained labor and a genius for organization, particularly political organization. As Hitchcock organizes a Government bureau, as he would organize a business office, so he organizes his forces for a political campaign. He lays out a course of action, and never swerves from it. And, up to date, he has usually won out.

Frank Harris Hitchcock was born in Amherst, Ohio, where his father was pastor of a church, in 1867. His people were all from Massachusetts, and he returned there when a small child. Brought up in Boston, he attended the schools of that city, and, in due time, entered Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1891.

A year or so later he came to Washington to look around. A relative in the Treasury Department procured for him a position in the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury. At that time—in 1893—the present post-office building was in course of construction, under the direction of the supervising architect. Young Hitchcock was given a clerical position in connection with the post-office construction work.

There is another curious coincidence. Hitchcock's first work for the Government had to do with the erection of the building in which he sat, fourteen years later, as assistant postmaster general, and from which, seventeen years later, he directed the postal affairs of the country.

While doing this work, Hitchcock stood the civil service examination and procured a permanent position in the biological bureau of the Department of Agriculture. This came to him because, when at college, he gave a great deal of atten-

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tion to biology, which is still one of his hobbies. To this day he has a surprisingly intimate knowledge of birds, and would rather loaf through the woods, studying them, than do anything else.

But in the Department of Agriculture the Hitchcock capacity for organization began to crop out. He dropped biology and organized the bureau of foreign trade relations. In this connection, he traveled all over Europe, going as far east as Russia. He became an authority on foreign commerce. His opinion was valued so highly that he was frequently called into consultation as an expert by the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors when that body was dealing with questions affecting harbors and shipping questions generally.

This was where Hitchcock was working in 1903, when Congress passed the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor. Cortelyou was appointed by President Roosevelt the first Secretary of the new department. Since meeting Hitchcock, Cortelyou had kept his eye on the young man. At the first Cabinet meeting he attended he called Secretary Wilson aside.

"You have a young man in your department I want," said the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor to the Secretary of Agriculture. "His name is Hitchcock. I have watched him, and I want him to be chief clerk of my department, so he can help me organize it."

"I hate to part with Hitchcock," Secretary Wilson said, "but I won't stand in his way. You may have him."

So Hitchcock took hold with Cortelyou, and became his closest adviser, his main dependence. The two men are much alike in nature—careful, thoughtful, and reserved. Neither has ever had more work than he could stand up under.

The most important task Cortelyou assigned to Hitchcock, while the two were building up the Department of Commerce and Labor, was the drawing up of regulations for the Alaskan fur-seal traffic. It is not generally known, but Hitchcock laid

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down the policy afterward pursued by the Department of State respecting this question. This work Hitchcock did at night, his days being taken up with organization work.

Early in the year 1904 Theodore Roosevelt threw one of his many political bombs by telling the members of the Republican National Committee that he wanted George B. Cortelyou to manage his campaign for the Presidency against Judge Alton B. Parker. This was rank heresy, but Roosevelt carried it through and, at the proper time, the committee met and solemnly, but without any enthusiasm whatever, named Cortelyou chairman.

Late in the summer Cortelyou packed his grip, quit the Department of Commerce and Labor, and went from Washington to New York. He ensconced himself in the Metropolitan Life Building, where the Republican headquarters was. But, most important of all, he took Hitchcock with him. He made him assistant chairman, or vice-chairman.

Whereat there was another loud wail from the "old line" politicians. They called Cortelyou the "high-class stenographer," and Hitchcock the "human card index." Why should they be put to run a national campaign? What did these two amateurs, who had always held Government jobs, know about "practical politics"? These, and innumerable questions of like character, were hurled about. Roosevelt did not bother to answer them, and Cortelyou and Hitchcock were too busy.

That Cortelyou and Hitchcock ran a "card index" campaign cannot be denied. But when the time came to figure out the possibilities, their prognostications were marvelously accurate. As the campaign progressed, Roosevelt saw that the two "department clerks" were masters of a complete system, whereby they knew all the time just what was going on everywhere.

Their work earned for Cortelyou the office of Postmaster-General, and for Hitchcock that of First Assistant Post-

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master-General. The next four years were spent in reorganizing the postal service. Then came the question of the successor to Roosevelt. Cortelyou, who had been promoted to be Secretary of the Treasury, got the Presidential bee. That caused a split between him and Roosevelt.

In the winter of 1908 Roosevelt came out for Taft. Then he told Taft he ought to get to work at once garnering delegates to the National Convention. He advised him to get Hitchcock to handle the job. Taft followed Roosevelt's advice. Hitchcock resigned from the Post-office Department, and took hold. His territory was the East and the South. Arthur I. Vorys, one of Charles P. Taft's Ohio friends, took charge of Ohio and the West. But before the campaign for delegates went far, Hitchcock was handling the whole job.

A month before the convention he announced his figures. They were correct, except that Taft got one more vote in the convention than Hitchcock had figured on. His card-index system, which was the best name his critics could then give for the results of his genius for organization, was in good working order.

Then came Chicago, with the great Roosevelt demonstration on the floor of the convention, stirred up by Taft's enemies, mostly disappointed "reactionaries," in the hope of causing a stampede. Hitchcock stood on the main floor of the Coliseum that hot afternoon, watched the Roosevelt demonstration, and smiled. Somebody asked him what he thought of it.

"Great!" he replied. "Wonderful enthusiasm. Better let 'em have it now than later."

Taft was nominated. The time had come to choose the chairman of the National Committee, the man to manage the campaign. Then the flood gates of the opposition to Hitchcock were turned loose. Never was a man more bitterly assailed. By using the "strong arm" in the contests to seat delegates, Hitchcock earned a new title. He was no longer

"Card Index Hitchcock." He was "Steam Roller Hitchcock." The steam-roller tactics employed by Hitchcock in getting Taft delegates seated were employed under specific directions from Roosevelt and Taft, who had talked the matter over with Hitchcock before he left Washington for Chicago.

But the Ohio Republicans were wrathy. They wanted Vorys for the chairmanship. He was the man slated for all the honors in the first instance. Around the Ohioans rallied many of those who had supported Knox, Fairbanks, and Cannon for the nomination. Meetings were held in Cincinnati, New York, Chicago, and Indianapolis. All were anti-Hitchcock meetings.

William Howard Taft was a bit uncertain for a while. Roosevelt stood by Hitchcock and urged him for the place. But better still, Hitchcock had powerful friends in the National Committee. The committee met to select a chairman, and one of the bitterest wrangles in political history marked that meeting. But Hitchcock won out.

Again he was back in New York; but this time he was chairman and not vice-chairman. He was the whole show. Many said Roosevelt was the real chairman, and that Hitchcock was again a clerk. As a matter of fact, Hitchcock planned and executed the whole campaign. He ran it himself from start to finish. He offended many of the old regulars. They sent emissaries to him to tell him how to do things. He listened to the emissaries politely, and continued to do as he pleased. Above all, he refused to talk or to make predictions.

Early in October Bryan was going strong. He invaded the "enemy's country," amid apparently wild enthusiasm. Many Republicans grew uneasy. Up to that time Hitchcock had apparently made no strenuous move. But he was applying his card-index system thoroughly. Every week he jumped from New York to Chicago, and talked with his representa-

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tives there. They were men he could trust to do what he told them. He knew just what was going on. He was quietly placing campaign funds where they would do the most good.

Still Bryan appeared to be gaining strength. Still Hitchcock refused to cut loose. Everybody but Hitchcock's intimate associates was worried.

In his younger days, Hitchcock was a fine boxer. In fact, he is said to be the best amateur heavyweight that ever came out of Boston. He applied some of his fighting knowledge to the Taft campaign. To an intimate friend he said, during those uncertain days:

"It is always a good thing to let a man fight himself out if he will. Mr. Bryan is doing that now. He will have reached the climax of his campaign by October 10. He will have expended all his campaign material. He will have spoken on every possible topic. He will have nothing left for the final spurt. Then we will go after him."

This had been Hitchcock's plan all along. By the time Bryan had exhausted himself, the Hitchcock machine was in perfect working order, well oiled, and ready to be set in motion. Hitchcock touched the spring. A flood of literature poured forth. Taft went on his famous tour. Good speakers sprang up all over the country. Toward the first of November the Taft strength began to show, and in the last stage of the campaign the inevitable result could easily be foreseen.

And it was largely due to Hitchcock's system that the results were obtained. He made enemies by refusing to tattle his plans to the various high muck-a-mucks of the party, whose sole object was to get well seated in the band-wagon, and by picking certain men for certain purposes. Those enemies will hang on his trail for a long time. But he did what he set out to do, and cut one more notch of achievement in the handle of his gun.

What Hitchcock's future is, no one knows. There are rumors that he wants to come to the Senate from Arizona.

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Some of his friends hold him up as Presidential timber. Some say he will soon retire from public life and go into business. He has had innumerable handsome offers in that direction. But he never speaks much of the future.

When the Congressional campaign of 1910 began, Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional Committee, begged Hitchcock to help him.

"I think I will keep out of that fight," Hitchcock said to a friend. "I have had enough of politics for a while. It looks to me as if I would better give my attention to postal affairs. I want to put the Post-office Department on a paying basis. It never has been, but I think I can do it."

So far as anybody really knows, this is Hitchcock's only ambition at present.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON



REPRESENTATIVE in Congress from Alabama. Mr. Hobson's entrance into the lime-light of publicity came at a time when the United States was not on speaking terms with the Kingdom of Spain. At that time, he was in the service of his country, as a lieutenant in the Navy. Lieutenant Hobson, as he was then known, was the dashing young officer who volunteered to sink the collier *Merrimack* at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, with the hope of blocking the channel, and preventing the escape of Admiral Cervera, whose fleet of Spanish ships had been bottled up by Admiral Schley. It was a heroic undertaking, done in the presence of the sharp-shooters from Morro Castle. This exploit on the part of young Hobson provides interesting pages in the history of the Spanish-American War, therefore it need not be mentioned here at any particular length. It was enough, however, to establish the fact in the minds of the people that he was made of the kind of stuff that creates successful fighters. At that time, Lieutenant Hobson was a handsome, young, unmarried man. Everybody knows the enthusiasm displayed by young girls in bestowing their admiration upon heroes. Lieutenant Hobson was not only a great hero in their eyes, but he was a handsome, dashing one. He possessed good looks, as well as having plenty of courage. Many of them seemed impressed with the belief that the best way to make known their appreciation of his services to their country was not only to say so in his presence, but to take advantage of his innocence and timidity by kissing him. A bevy of girls is not unlike a flock of sheep — *one takes the initiative, others follow.* When

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one pretty girl in New York impressed upon his lips that unfailing signal of appreciation of his heroism, every other pretty girl in the United States wanted to do the same thing; and what was Lieutenant Hobson to do? Being a Southerner by birth, he was by nature polite—too polite, by far, to refuse a pretty girl anything. It became a mania upon the part of thousands of pretty girls to see and know Lieutenant Hobson. The country at large wanted to hear him tell the story of his undertaking in his own way, and with his own lips, just as they wanted to hear Admiral Dewey and Admiral Schley relate their experiences.

Lieutenant Hobson received for his heroism the plaudits of his countrymen in a manner that was undoubtedly deserving. His career in the Navy was a brilliant one. From the beginning he was one of the leaders in his classes at the Naval Academy, as he was later when given an opportunity at displaying his courage. As a naval officer, Lieutenant Hobson did things. He had adopted the science of constructing ships in the early part of his naval education. He was assigned later to this branch of the service. It was Lieutenant Hobson whose services were in demand by the Government when it was decided to raise the Spanish ships which had been sunk and beached by Admiral Schley. This he did, and he did it well. He first undertook the raising of the Maria Teresa, following with others. Lieutenant Hobson was never particularly strong physically. A year or so after the war, his eyes gave him trouble, which necessitated his retiring from active service. He concluded to adopt a political career. He stood for a nomination to Congress, but was defeated. Two years later he again came before his party, and he was rewarded for his efforts. He was elected, and, during the time he has been a representative in Congress, he has been classed among the leaders. He is the most prominent Democratic member of the Naval Affairs Committee, and it speaks well for the future of the American Navy that so capable a man as

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Mr. Hobson should be one of those in authority at the primary stage of constructing machines of naval warfare.

Mr. Hobson, he does not desire to be called Lieutenant now, is a young man of good attainments. He comes from one of the leading families of Alabama, and counts as his kinsfolks many of the more prominent families of other Southern States. Mr. Hobson is ever on the lookout for war, although not exactly a war lord. He has given much time to the study of international problems, and is sincere in his belief that it is not going to be a great many years until there is a clash of arms between the United States and Japan. If he reads correctly the signs of the times, and he insists that he does, it will be a conflict that may, before it is concluded, be far-reaching in its scope. He is a forceful speaker, and a ready debater. He doesn't speak very often in the House of Representatives, but when he does, it is usually to good purpose. Mr. Hobson is young in years, for one who has had so much experience. He has a smooth-shaven face, and he likewise has apparently a smooth-shaven head—being quite bald—evidently a family characteristic on the male side of his house. He is pleasing in conversation. There are many things he prefers discussing to politics, warfare, or implements of war. He knows a lot about books. He has a splendid knowledge of the history of his own country. He has at his tongue's end every dramatic incident, from the beginning of the formation of the colonies down to the contest between the plain people and the controllers of aggregated wealth. It has often been remarked about him that he wears better clothes and more clothes than any other man on the Democratic side of the House. His taste for dress is a bit extravagant in the selection of colors, particularly in neck ties, although, upon the whole, Mr. Hobson passes for a moderately dressed man wherever seen. He is not a particularly good story-teller, but there is no better listener to a good one. He has a merry, cheerful, infectious laugh.

CLARK E. HOWELL



DITOR of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Mr. Howell is a product of the so-called New South. He is the beneficiary of two illustrious Georgians who preceded him, his father, Evan P. Howell, and Henry W. Grady. These two men gave *The Constitution* newspaper a reputation beyond the confines of the Southern tier of States. Young Howell has hewn to the line marked out by his predecessors. Mr. Howell is a good-looking man, rather small in stature. He has that bearing so conspicuous with Southern gentlemen, indicating a hospitality that is always charming. He is an aggressive editor, a good, strong writer, who believes more in the material development of the South than in clinging to the political lines established by those of three or four generations ago. He is a force in the affairs of Georgia. He has made his paper popular, as well as enterprising. He has enlarged its scope of usefulness since becoming its directing power, though when he assumed the editorial reins *The Constitution* was one of the leading papers in the South. Mr. Howell, however, is fond of the game of politics, deriving much entertainment from participating therein. At times, he is intensely partisan. If he chance to be the personal friend of a man of the opposite party, he is inclined to be more lenient with him. He has had his share of political experience in his State, for one of his years. He served with distinction as a member of the Georgia legislature, one time being speaker of the house of representatives. He met his Waterloo, however, in his candidacy for Governor against Hoke Smith. There was more than a political contest between the two men at this time. It was, seemingly, more personal than otherwise.

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The Howells, father and son, were never admirers of Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior in his last term. It is needless to say that that gentleman was not without strong opinions of his political rivals. The controversy between Mr. Smith and the Howells resulted in a party faction in the State, of which there are remnants remaining to this day. Mr. Howell is not the man to spend all of his time in and about Atlanta. He believes in absorbing what other parts of the country are doing. Therefore, he travels much in all sections. If, by any accident or cause, Mr. Howell should be compelled to live in any other part of the United States, nothing could possibly arise that would change his loyalty to the South. He believes in its past, its traditions, and in the greatness of its future. Were he to live to be one hundred years old, he would never be able to conceal the fact that he was a Southerner. He has the gentleness of speech, so characteristic of the people of the South. He has the Southern mannerisms, so prominently developed in the educated gentleman of his section. He has taken the lead in a number of social reforms which have sprung up in the South in the last decade, but he has usually been conservative. In some instances, however, he has exhibited the fanatic germ, but it was stamped out before any damage was done.

He inherited many of the strong qualities of his distinguished father, who, in his time, was one of the leading molders of public thought in Georgia, for twenty-five years following the Civil War. He was in the midst of the battle incident to reconstruction. The scenes and hardships of those days were transmitted from father to son. Whatever cause there was for bitterness in the past, young Mr. Howell has, apparently, cast it from his memory. He has long since adopted the policy of recognizing the past as a mere incident, and that it is the duty of everybody to look to the future. Mr. Howell is a good "mixer," and possesses elements of popularity with the people. He is a good hand-shaker, and is a kind of cy-

clone when turned loose as a stump orator. He commands respect from those who hear him. What he has to say, he says in so forcible a manner that it cannot be misunderstood. He delivers his political blows straight from the shoulder. He fights fair and hard. He is ever amenable to compromise, providing compromise carries with it dignity and honor. While Georgia is classified among the prohibition States of the Union, Mr. Howell has not lessened his enthusiasm in directing his gardener to be diligent in the cultivation of the "mint bed" to the highest possible standard of yield and perfection. It is in entertaining his friends that Mr. Howell seems to get the most enjoyment out of life. He is a loyal lover of his home, and inside it are dispensed what may well be termed royal favors of true Southern hospitality in its simplest and most enduring form. As an editor he has never shown any unusual qualities in introducing original ideas. He has little, if any, creative powers along this line. He is willing to advance from day to day in the future, as the paper has progressed in the past—on conservative lines.

As above stated, Mr. Howell is not large in stature, probably five feet nine inches in height. He has a boyish-looking face, adorned by a light-brown mustache. He "roaches" his hair in front, much after the style prevailing in his boyhood days. Mr. Howell did not appear upon the scene of earthly action until about the time of the Civil War, consequently he is yet young. He is rather fond of conspicuous dressing, particularly waistcoats of more than one color. His friends say he is not wise in the selection of his hats, as he often appears beneath a tile that would not be regarded as becoming in the opinion of those who consider themselves experts in the world of fashion. In the matter of headgear, he is the William M. Evarts of the South. He is an all-around ideal representative of the best and most progressive elements of his State. His loyalty to the Georgia watermelon is as pure and strong as is his religion.

STILSON HUTCHINS



R. HUTCHINS embodies in progress and industry the modern, up-to-date, thoroughly developed man of affairs. He is a native of New Hampshire, and possesses every natural trait so conspicuously developed in people from that section for making things move. Mr. Hutchins is essentially a gentleman of high commercial instincts. But it is not alone on these lines that he has made his mark in the world. When less than twenty years of age, he went from New Hampshire to the fertile valley of the Mississippi, locating at Des Moines, Iowa. Later, at Dubuque, he owned and published the strongest Democratic paper that had ever been issued in that State. He made his impress upon affairs from the very beginning. In 1866, he moved to St. Louis, where he established the *St. Louis Times*. He made it the best newspaper St. Louis had ever had. He engaged the services of some well-known writers and some who have since become famous. Among them were Eugene Field, Richard H. Sylvester, John N. Edwards, Stanley Huntly, Stanley Waterloo, and O. O. Stealey. George Alfred Townsend, then fresh from his triumphs as a war correspondent, was also on the staff. Mr. Hutchins is a man of fine literary accomplishments, and is one of the most forceful, as well as one of the most graceful, writers in the United States. He is a college graduate and a man of high polish. From St. Louis he went to Washington, where, in 1877, he established the *Washington Post*. There he surrounded himself with some of the most brilliant minds then identified with newspaper work, among them the late Colonel John A. Cockerill, Augustus C. Buell, and Joseph

Pulitzer. Mr. Hutchins made *The Post* the most influential paper ever printed in Washington, and sold it in 1889 for a large sum of money. He was quick to see the commercial value of the new invention, the Mergenthaler linotype machine, which at that time was new and untried. Many of the foremost publishers in the United States were skeptical, but Mr. Hutchins, with his shrewd New England mind, saw otherwise. He was the first to introduce them in London, the London *Times* being the third paper in the world to adopt them. The first two were the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the New York *Tribune*. In 1896, Mr. Hutchins bought the Washington *Times*, but later sold it to Frank A. Munsey.

Mr. Hutchins has for more than thirty years been one of the real captains of industry in the city of Washington. He has been a large real estate operator, owning some of the best-paying property in the city, including several of the more pretentious and fashionable apartment houses. By instinct he is a keen, safe trader. It has been one of his rules never to own property that doesn't pay. If, for any cause, he becomes possessed of nonproductive property, he quickly disposes of it. Mr. Hutchins' mind acts so quickly that it is never necessary for him to give much thought to business propositions that come to him. He seems to know intuitively whether they are worthy of consideration. With him it is yes or no. He will buy or he will not buy. Few men have a higher sense of values than he. Mr. Hutchins has made his mark in the world as a public speaker. He was elected to the legislature of Missouri when a very young man, in fact, so youthful in appearance that many could not believe he was of the constitutional age to sit in that body. He is now seventy-two. He has led an exceedingly active life, never idle, though not always pursuing the dollar. His contributions to deserving charity in the city of Washington, though not generally known, have been large. During the campaign of 1896, in the historic contest between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan for the Presidency,

STILSON HUTCHINS

Mr. Hutchins was a conspicuous figure on the hustings in the Eastern States. There have been few public improvements for the betterment of the Capital City in the past twenty years in which his name has not been associated. He has given to that municipality one of the finest statues of Daniel Webster that has ever been cast. It is an ornament to the city of Washington and an honor to the nation and to the man who presented it. It is located near Scott Circle. Mr. Hutchins also presented a statue of Benjamin Franklin to the city, located at the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth and D Streets.

In private life Mr. Hutchins is a most delightful man. He is reputed to be wealthy, but no one would suspect as much from his democratic manner. While he may enjoy the excitement of making money, he does not hoard it. He keeps it in the channels of trade, and he is liberal in its expenditure. In a sense he is a student of art, and is especially familiar with the fine paintings of the world. His private gallery, collected entirely by himself, contains some notable canvases. He has done much to encourage art on the western side of the Atlantic, and has oftentimes lent a helping hand to struggling artists in times when they most needed it. Mr. Hutchins is one of the most charming entertainers in conversation that one could wish to meet. His mind is nothing short of brilliant. During his long residence in Washington he has been the associate of many of the leading men of the nation. He still takes a lively interest in all of the public questions of the day, and is as well posted on the political affairs of the country as any man in it. He has traveled extensively throughout Europe, and is as much at home in any of the cities of the Old World as he is at Washington. He is thoroughly cosmopolitan. He is a despiser of shams and hypocrisy. He has little use for a man who says he cannot do such and such a thing. Mr. Hutchins has attempted few things that he has not accomplished. He has determination depicted in every feature of

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his strong and handsome face. He is always well dressed. For a man who has devoted all his life to business enterprises, he possesses an unusual degree of sentiment. He does not like to see anything destroyed. He believes in the preservation of old landmarks. He has a fondness for the antique. He is a generous host, and likes having about him men of affairs. Mr. Hutchins is distinctively of that type of man that has made American enterprise known throughout the world.

MELVILLE E. INGALLS



OR ABOUT thirty years President of the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis Railway. Born on a farm in the State of Maine. Educated for the law. Graduate of the Harvard law school. Began practice in Boston, making a specialty of corporation law. In politics a Democrat. Served a term as a senator in the Massachusetts legislature. An enemy of corruptionists. Probably sixty-five years of age; seems ten years younger. Positive in character. Seldom, if ever, fails in any large undertaking. Believes in thoroughness, and practices it. Tall, straight, weighing probably 210 pounds. Always well dressed, as becomes his station. Democratic in his associations with his fellow-man. Lover of the arts and sciences. His career has been a notable one. He became associated in the management of railways more by accident than otherwise. In early life his bent was for a career at the bar. He was appointed by the United States Court in Boston receiver of a line of railway extending from Cincinnati to Chicago, known then as the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette Railway, because he was recommended to the court as being an honest man. When this honor was conferred upon him he was about twenty-seven years of age. After three years of receivership, during which time he brought the road out of its financial difficulties, he was elected its president. From that time on he abandoned the idea of returning to the practice of law, devoting his time exclusively to the management of railway property. The road, of which he was at first receiver and then president, became an industrial power in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Later,

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Mr. Ingalls inaugurated an era of railroad expansion. He absorbed several hundred more miles of road, weaving it into one great system, embracing a total length of about 2,400 miles.

The consolidated system penetrated the States of Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, thus extending Mr. Ingalls' reputation as a railway magnate throughout all the Middle West. So successful had this young Boston lawyer become as a railway president, that he was also chosen President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, which, at that time, extended from Norfolk, on the Atlantic, to Huntington, W. Va., on the Ohio River. Mr. Ingalls' first act, as the head of this company, was to build an extension west from Huntington to Cincinnati, thereby establishing another trunk line from the sea to the Ohio Valley. It can be said to Mr. Ingalls' credit that he was not only president of the railways the destinies of which he directed, but he was practically at the head of every department. This illustrates his capability for thoroughness. Though educated for the law, he would not have it said that there was any other identified with the management of the property who was more familiar with every necessary business detail than he was himself; therefore, he was road master, purchasing agent, traffic manager, and head of the operating department. His active mind absorbed the work of every department. His labors brought the reward deserved. His career serves to show what can be accomplished by an intelligent, forceful man, beginning at the bottom. While Mr. Ingalls has accomplished much in his thirty years of leadership in the industrial progress of the Middle West empire, he has not been wholly absorbed in the accumulation of riches, though his estimated wealth may run into a few millions. He has proceeded upon the theory that there is something more in life than the mere accumulation of dollars. He has always stood for high ideals in government, which has been one of his loftiest ambitions.

Being a practical man, he approaches the idealist. He

MELVILLE E. INGALLS

would, if he could, turn the lock of prison doors on every public official whose conduct is other than that of an honest man. Mr. Ingalls has not been without some political ambition. At one time his friends in Ohio solicited him to become the Democratic candidate for Governor; and, at a later period, they wanted him to stand for the United States Senate. Whether the political signs were propitious for victory according to his horoscope, may never be known; but, at any rate, he declined with thanks. He did, however, have a longing desire to become Mayor of the City of Cincinnati, which has been his home town since 1872. He had an ambition to demonstrate his advanced ideas of municipal government, but in the contest he was defeated. That he would have made an ideal head of the municipality was not doubted. Since the absorption of the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis Railway by the New York Central System, Mr. Ingalls has been chairman of the board of directors. He has traveled extensively abroad. His love for art has served him well in his journeys through the Old World, in the collection of hundreds of rare bits of sculpture and paintings, many of them the works of the old masters.

In temperament, Mr. Ingalls is jovial. He is well equipped with a splendid fund of humor. He has a fondness for the association of men of high mental attainments. His presence at banquets is always a source of pleasure upon the part of toastmasters and other guests. As a public speaker, Mr. Ingalls is forceful, and sometimes eloquent. He has the happy faculty of making a humorous speech when occasion may require. He is a lover of good books, and has, probably, the largest and best-selected private library of any one in the State of Ohio. When a young man, he early attracted the attention of the late William H. Vanderbilt, who made the prediction that he would rise to eminence in the railway world. In his many contests with his railway rivals, it can be set down, without seeming to be an extravagant statement, that

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he never met with defeat, though in building up his great Middle West System he was compelled to overcome many obstacles. In personal appearance Mr. Ingalls might often be taken for an Englishman. It is not believed that he has ever shaved in his life. He wears a closely cropped brown beard, slightly tinged with gray. He has fine, almost classical features, dark eyes, in which there is nearly always a merry twinkle. He has the happy faculty of frequently illustrating points he wishes to make by applying a suitable story, much after the custom related of Abraham Lincoln.

OLLIE JAMES



IVEN a man of great heart and huge frame, of a character which sits well with the ideals of his neighbors, of a turn of mind which espouses more ardently than do his neighbors political principles which they inherently believe, then that man will likely be able to secure from his neighbors whatever they have to bestow in the way of political office.

That is partly why, Ollie M. James, Congressman from the First Kentucky District as this book is printed, is Congressman. That is why he is the idol of his home people, and if the predictions of his friends and his own political ambitions keep pace with the march of events, James will seek and secure higher honors from the people of Kentucky.

He is a leader, and therefore meat for this book. But he is a leader because he is also a follower. He knows the first duty of a soldier, and knows it well. In the House of Representatives James votes with the general conviction of his party; he goes as go the Democratic members. Often in public matters he discusses with the other leaders of the Democrats his views of legislation and maneuver. Frequently these are adopted. But when they are not adopted, James considers that the judgment of the majority of his colleagues is sufficient, and he votes as they determine.

These are valuable qualities. To be a leader in politics means that one must have been a follower before. Jefferson himself learned some lessons from those who had preceded him in the struggles of the world for liberty of expression and of person: Savonarola, David, Arminius, and the rest. Lin-

coln learned from Jefferson, Roosevelt learned from Lincoln. And it goes so, and so it will continue to go.

Ollie James—he is one of those huge, likable men whom every one knows by their full names—had to be especially licensed to practice when he was ready for the law, because he was under age. At seventeen he was big of body, nearly six feet six inches tall, and growing broad in proportion. At eighteen he was making political speeches. By the time he was thirty, the future leader in the House had spoken in nearly every county of Kentucky. He had headed the Kentucky delegation to national conventions. He was widely and favorably known. His great voice had boomed the principles of Democracy in many States. He was regarded as a man who would be heard from in broader fields.

Then, at thirty-two, politicians in his district found that he was too strong to be stayed; that when he wanted place, he got it. If he ever turned his eyes upon the Congress, they knew that the people would elect him to the office. And so genial and big and able is Ollie James that, though he has defeated many, he never left an angered opponent in his career. He went to Congress in his thirty-second year, and in the House he has taken a commanding place. In parliamentary skirmishes his shrewd leadership has given his party many a technical victory. His information on the principles of government and party has enabled him to put an embarrassing white light on many a fervid orator of the opposition.

He can handle himself in debate, too. When he was first elected, members of the Republican side gazed upon the bulk of James, upon his round and jovial face, upon his humorously bald head, and they thought that they had discovered one who should become, under proper training, the clown of the House. They tried him once or twice. Like a roaring broadside from a battleship came his responses. He answered sneers with satire so biting and so sweeping that sneers were abandoned as a weapon against him. He replied to cour-

OLLIE JAMES

teous questions courteously, to bantering questions with banter as good as they sent. So he took front rank in the House.

James has little patience with abstruse technicalities of law. He is not one who ponders or argues long over a matter of constitutionality that could be construed both ways. What he thinks of this procedure is best illustrated by a speech he made toward the close of the long session of the Sixty-first Congress. He was defending a bill restricting gambling on cotton futures from attacks charging unconstitutionality.

"I have been here a number of years now," said James, "and during that time I have seen many a knight of the Constitution come galloping into the lists gallantly, bearing himself with skill and with ease. But I have, during my service here, seen not one of these knights of the Constitution, with visor down and lance in rest, come into the lists to do battle for the man who sows the grain or reaps the harvest or digs the ditch!"

As the bill was drawn to benefit farmers and was being opposed by many city representatives, this shot went home in several sections.

James has up to this time been successful in every political endeavor, and his leadership in Kentucky and in the Democratic party in the nation is powerful. He has a certain quality of caution—his detractors call it cowardice, but it has served well thus far—which makes him look far ahead and around a bend before he foots a new road. At Denver, had he agreed to accept the place, he could have, in 1908, been nominated for Vice-President by the Democrats. But he pointed out that a Southern man would weaken the ticket in the nation; that the negro or Civil War question would be raised on him. Earlier than that, in Kentucky, he could have been nominated for Governor, but he saw certain factional differences that would have arisen, and he refused to permit his name to go before the convention. The candidate who

was named lost the State by 17,000 votes, while few doubt that James could have carried it. But he saw farther ahead than they, and by his continued service in the House he did such valorous work for his party as to be in a measure responsible for the enviable position in which the Democrats find themselves in the fall of 1910.

It is impossible to pass from Ollie James without mention of his size in specific terms. Congress rarely has seen such a man. It is used to awkward and lean giants from the far South, to giants of avoirdupois from the great cities, to reasonably tall men from the West and Central South. But James, although over six feet and a half in height, is no bulkier in proportion than the average man of forty; his face is smooth and firm; his muscles great and conditioned; his feet huge but well-formed; his hands immense but shapely. He comports himself with dignity, his step is elastic, and his eye is clear. He seems to have been shaped in the molds that cast the huge limbs and the colossal shoulders of those warriors who razed Carthage and tore down the walls of Byzantium.

BEN JOHNSON



SK MEN who have studied national affairs, who are accustomed to measuring the abilities of Congressmen, what adjective they would use to express the most prominent quality of Ben Johnson, Congressman from the Fourth Kentucky district. It is likely that they would answer, "Capable."

Ask his neighbors in Bardstown, where he has lived all his fifty-four years, where he has been the most valuable citizen, what they think the most noticeable quality of Ben Johnson. They would probably answer, "Sound."

That about begins a sketch of the man. Add to these qualifications, the ability to be fearless, honest, strong, and thoroughly sincere, and you arrive at a fair understanding of what manner of man Ben Johnson is. In a national sense, he does not enjoy the newspaper distinction which makes the names of others in this book independent of description. But that lack comes because Johnson is a committee worker, and does not employ oratory as a means to secure his ends. When a member of a minority party belongs to this type of Congressman, he is likely not to be so well known as a majority member with similar resources.

One of the most striking things about Johnson is his appearance. Over six feet in height, with a graceful, slight, but muscular frame, wide shoulders, long arms, and a fine head. His hair is thinning, but its sturdy iron-gray gives it an appearance of volume. His eyes are steel-blue, and they have the fearless, unflinching look that the nation likes to associate with Kentuckians. His lips are not thin, but they set to each other

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tightly; his jaws are lean and strong, and his skin is tanned by outdoor life. He is smooth-shaven.

Johnson began life as a good lawyer in Bardstown. But politics drew him in, almost against his will. He is of the type which interests itself in anything that men are doing, and the stirring field of politics was certain to lure him. He held State offices; finally, before he was thirty, presiding over the Kentucky house of representatives. Then as State senator and Congressman, with certain vain attempts to return to private life, he gained estimation and favor in his State, until now he is a leading candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

In the Congress, his work has been of the sober though unusual kind that does not advertise a man except among his colleagues. In the Sixty-first Congress, Johnson added himself to the handful of men who, in the history of the country, have ever made anything out of their membership on the District of Columbia Committee. What he did against opposition of all sorts is evident in improved conditions in District affairs. He is also the foremost authority on revenue affairs in the Congress, his long legal and official experience with revenue-producing industries having fitted him therefor. Whatever the result of his gubernatorial aspirations, he will have an opportunity to serve in another Congress, and if this, like Ben Johnson, is Democratic, the nation will learn something of him.

Johnson is one of the few men in the world who scrupulously gives half his income to religious enterprises. By this time he has become wealthy, but while his fortunes were mounting, when he was a young married man with the new responsibilities of a family, he divided his income, to the penny, with churches, missions, and the like. The best precedents are to give one-tenth, but Johnson thinks that he has always owed enough to his Creator to foster the works of the Almighty in every way he understands. Nor does Johnson

BEN JOHNSON

discriminate. He calculates from his income how much he shall give to each denomination, and the first calls that come are first heeded, and so forth, until the appropriation for each denomination is exhausted for the year.

He believes in his fellow-man. When his children severally arrived at the age of six, Johnson gave to each power of attorney upon him. He explained to the children what this meant, how extravagance upon their part would disturb all their habits of living. And he proudly relates that not one of the children ever exceeded a moderate expenditure.

There is no truer or better type of State leader or Kentuckian anywhere than Ben Johnson.

JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON

SENATOR in Congress from the State of Alabama. Senator Johnston is one of the new forces in national affairs. He came to the highest legislative body in the country in 1907, being the successor of the illustrious John Tyler Morgan. Senator Johnston, however, is not new to politics. Almost every man, woman and child, black or white, in Alabama knows of him if they do not know him personally. He served as Governor for four years, and the history of the State has it that he made the best governor that ever sat in the executive chair at Montgomery. Senator Johnston is a native of North Carolina, but he got away from that State about as soon as he could. He was a youngster when he arrived in Alabama. He was not old enough to vote when the Civil War had its beginning. He was not long, however, in appearing in action after the first shot at Fort Sumter. He heard it, as did all of the other young men of the South. He is not warlike in disposition, but about the first thing he did after knowing that hostilities had begun was to get out his gun and march to the front. He went in as a subaltern, and came out a captain, having won his honors meritoriously. When the shooting was all over, he returned to Alabama in a destitute state. He was not exactly barefooted, but very nearly so. His other raiment was in a much-tattered condition, but he had with him the consciousness of having put up the best fight he knew how, and that he had met defeat while facing the enemy, and not in trying to get away from it. That is one of Senator Johnston's peculiarities. He fights squarely in front. He took up the study of law, later was admitted to the bar, and soon had a good practice. He was living then, as now, in Bir-

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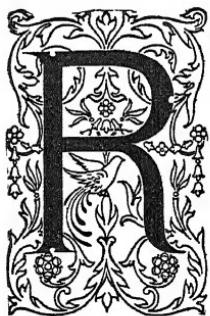
mingham, which, in those days, was a small place, where luxuries were comparatively unknown, but hardships were the happenings of almost every hour. He was one of the pioneers of Birmingham, which to-day is one of the most progressive industrial centers of the country. As the town prospered, so did Johnston. With others, he established a bank. It also prospered. In time, he was made president of this financial institution. He became, likewise, interested in the industrial development of Birmingham's great coal and iron district. As he progressed in the accumulation of wealth, his reputation as a fine business man extended throughout the State. He is not rich, but "well to do."

In the middle nineties, Mr. Johnston became a candidate for Governor. He did not get the nomination, however, without a fight, though when the time rolled around for a renomination, there was no one to oppose him. He had "made good." In administering the affairs of the State as Governor, it was said of him that he exhibited more business acumen than any one who had ever preceded him. One of the first things he did was to set the machinery of the State in motion against the tax-dodgers. There were thousands of them in all parts of the commonwealth. It did not seem possible that one State could possess so many men who did not want to pay their honest taxes. Many of the county officers were responsible for the noncollection of the same. Some of these were entirely too lenient, in the opinion of the Governor. It raised a furore, but he was determined. He made every tax-dodger in the State "come across," and pay his proportionate share, no more, no less, for the upkeep of the State government. Senator Johnston has, because of his strong personality, very quickly taken rank as a Senator of unusual force. He did not wait the accustomed two years before making his presence known to the Senate. He has never been noted for having any particularly high regard for precedents of long standing when business is to be done in a business way. There

are very few things transpiring in the Senate of which Senator Johnston is not aware. No one can ever truthfully accuse him of being asleep at his post. He is always on guard.

Senator Johnston has a striking individuality. Some men may not like him at first; but when they come to know him well, they admire him for his many fine qualities. He is magnetic. His ingenuousness and simplicity take control of those who know him intimately. One of his many strong points is his equable temper. He seldom gets mad, but when he does, something usually happens. He is probably the best story-teller in the Senate to-day, and always has a fine stock on hand. He can tell a story, possibly, as well as, if not better than, most men. He seems to have mastered the art of telling them as they should be told. He doesn't drag in a lot of unnecessary details. He has respect for the imagination of his auditors. Senator Johnston is simplicity personified. He prefers smoking a cob pipe to the best cigar ever made. He does not do this because the pipe is the cheaper. Senator Johnston is liberal in money matters, yet wisely conservative. He is popular in his home city, and if a man is liked by his neighbors, it is safe to go upon the theory that he is a good man and a good citizen. He loves reading the Bible. Senator Johnston will never set the world on fire with his eloquence, yet he is a good, strong, forceful speaker; but he will prevent the other fellow from setting it on fire, if it is to be followed by any kind of destruction. He is a man who builds upward and does not tear down. He is an optimist, and he is glad of it. He sees the brighter side of life always. He has done much for Alabama; more, probably, than it will ever be able to repay. He is approaching seventy years of age, but appears fifteen years younger. He is not tall, probably five feet ten inches, weighing about two hundred pounds. He has a gray mustache, which was originally sandy. He dresses well, but not conspicuously. He is likely to stay in the Senate as long as he lives.

JULIUS KAHN



EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the Fourth district of California. Mr. Kahn is not a native of the United States, though he may wish he were. Having been born in Europe, he is not eligible to the office of President of the United States. Were it not for this constitutional prohibition, Mr. Kahn might be troubled with the buzzing of the Presidential bee. He is a native of Kuppenheim, Germany, and still holds in fond remembrance all that is beautiful and inspiring in the Fatherland. Mr. Kahn came to America with his parents in 1866, when he was probably five years old. He has no particular recollection of his first sight of the "home of the brave and the land of the free." As his parents journeyed all the way to California on their arrival in America, it might be inferred that they were displeased with the country when they landed from New York; that they desired to get as nearly out of the country as possible by going to the water's edge on the Pacific side. As a boy, young Kahn attended the public schools in San Francisco, and if all reports be true, was among the brightest scholars. On approaching man's estate, he had in view some three or four professions, but was in a quandary as to which to adopt. He had a fondness for the theater. The limelight of the stage looked good to him. He believed he possessed histrionic talents, and so he did. His friends encouraged him in this belief to such an extent that he concluded he would enter upon a stage career. He began by playing small rôles, and it was pleasing to him. He smiled a very broad smile when he read in the morning newspaper the criticism of the play, and of himself and his co-actors. The dramatic critic had actually mentioned Mr. Kahn's name, and in a praiseworthy manner. The next evening, the

young actor believed he was entitled to a position nearer the center of the stage than he had been permitted to occupy before receiving honorable mention. Some of Mr. Kahn's friends took the view that from this time on, he was entitled to be a star with his name in big letters on the three-sheet posters. Mr. Kahn was modest, but inclined to agree with the views expressed by his admirers, that at least in time he would advance to the head of some dramatic organization, presumably his own.

Mr. Kahn developed into a fine actor. For several years he was associated with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett in the presentation of the standard and classical plays. In those days, there was not the same luxury in railway travel that there is to-day, and there were comparatively few good theaters in the United States. He concluded there might be a more promising future for him, if he were to abandon his ambition to become a dramatic luminary. His stage career had no doubt whetted his appetite to be in the public gaze. Therefore, he enlarged his scope of endeavor and got into the political illumination. He announced himself as a candidate for the State legislature. In some of the plays in which Mr. Kahn had appeared, he was sometimes cast to play the part of the Duke of Gloucester, the villain. He may have thought that this fitted him for a legislative career. He was triumphantly elected as a lawmaker and made good. This was in 1892. Two years following he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the State. He had, in the meantime, become probably a better lawyer than he had been an actor; yet Mr. Booth once said that Mr. Kahn was one of the most promising young actors he had ever known. As a lawyer, he prospered, both in purse and in popularity. His experience in the State legislature, he believed, gave him some right to ask to be made a Representative in Congress. At first, there was some little opposition to this, chiefly by others who themselves wanted to become candidates for this honor. The voting population thought well of Mr. Kahn's candidacy. In truth, they said,

JULIUS KAHN

"Certainly, we will elect you to Congress, Mr. Kahn"; and they kept their word. He entered Congress at its fifty-sixth session, and, with one exception, was re-elected to every Congress thereafter, up to and including the Sixty-first. The chances are, he will remain in Congress some years longer, if he so desires.

Mr. Kahn has come to be known as one of the ablest representatives California has sent to Washington for several years. That is high honor, when one takes into consideration that the enterprising people on the Pacific always try to select their best men to represent them at the Nation's Capital. It is the common belief that most people can tell an actor when they see him, because of his facial appearance. Seven persons out of every ten would take Mr. Kahn for an actor wherever they might see him. He still retains the appearance of the tragedian, but not of the crushed variety. His face is somewhat of the classical type. He wears his hair a bit long, which accentuates his fine features. Mr. Kahn is not only a capable legislator, but an able man. No man ever sat in Congress who was more loyal to the interests of the Pacific Coast than is Mr. Kahn. He will sit up all night for seven consecutive nights, if necessary, to advance the interests of California. As a public speaker, he is forceful and entertaining. He is always natural when appearing in public, indicating that his stage schooling was not without good results. Mr. Kahn is not much in evidence, except when his presence is needed. He knows legislation is mostly done in committees, and that is where hard work counts for the most. Mr. Kahn has some few hobbies, all of a commendable nature. He is very much at home with the poets. He has read the plays of Shakespeare more times than he can tell. He is exceedingly fond of outdoor life, and when in his adopted State lives in the open as much as he can. If San Francisco does not get the Panama exposition, it will not be because Mr. Kahn has failed to do his duty.

JOHN KEAN



ENATOR in Congress from New Jersey. It is popularly supposed that for a man to be a useful and influential United States Senator, he must be a forceful speaker and orator. The reverse is true in the case of Senator Kean. Whatever may be said of him, he is not noisy. There have been few men in the Senate who could equal Mr. Kean in industry. It is a rare thing for him to be absent from roll call. He is a good committee worker. He knows the purport of every bill introduced in the Senate. He is punctilious about answering every letter he receives. In a sense, Senator Kean is a kind of "pack horse" for the voters of New Jersey. No one knows, except a Senator and Representative, the number of letters received by them, and the inquiries therein contained. A great many of them are upon subjects wholly foreign to any part of the duties of a legislator. No one has ever heard Senator Kean complain about the volume of his correspondence or the many foolish requests made of him by his constituents. It has been his rule, during his Senatorial career, never to permit a letter to go more than three days without a courteous reply, unless it be that the information asked was not forthcoming from the departments within this period. He does not write long letters. He is a faithful conservator of time and paper and the labor of typists. Senator Kean has acquired some reputation as an "objector" on the floor of the Senate. His manner is oftentimes abrupt, or at least it seems so, though he does not intend it to be so. He is a highly educated man. He stays in politics because he likes the game. He is rich and unmarried. His income is

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much larger than he can spend; therefore the getting of more money is of no particular interest to him. His first political experience was as a member of the House of Representatives. He was comparatively a young man at that time, with no thought of adopting a political career beyond one or possibly two terms in Congress. Political life in Washington so fascinated him that at the first opportunity he declared himself a candidate for the United States Senate, and was the unanimous choice of the Republican party in the legislature. He was first elected to Congress in 1882 and was re-elected in 1886. In 1892, he was the Republican candidate for Governor, but was defeated. Senator Kean is at the head of two financial institutions, one the National State Bank of New Jersey, and the other the Manhattan Trust Company, of New York.

Senator Kean is strong in his partisanship. He is always watchful for the interests of the Republican party. His Democratic opponents have got to get up early in the morning if they want to "score" against him on anything coming before the Senate. He has a habit of insisting on a strict enforcement of the rules governing the proceedings in the Senate, and if anything is to be "slipped through," in the matter of being brought to the Senate's attention, which may seem in the least out of the ordinary, Senator Kean is the one sentinel on guard to make protest and prevent any further procedure on these lines, if possible. He has few intimate associates. He devotes nearly all of his time to his duties as Senator. Occasionally he is seen at the theater, but this is rare. He entertains handsomely at his home, which is presided over by his sisters. Having, probably, more than his share of the wealth of the world, he is not averse to spending some of it toward enhancing the social life of Washington. Senator Kean is not a man who makes friends very easily, but he has the strong faculty of retaining them after they are once made. He is modest in all things. He is entertaining in conversation, though he would rather read than talk. He

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maintains a handsome home in Washington the year around, and has one of the most useful libraries in the Capital City.

Senator Kean is always doing something. He is a man of system. He performs his duties in the Senate with the same regard for method that he employs in directing the destinies of his two banking institutions. He is a fine organizer. He has built up one of the strongest political organizations known to New Jersey. Those who know Senator Kean best, like him. He possesses many qualities that endear him to his fellow-man. Notwithstanding his wealth, his method of life is simple. He doesn't care anything for show. He would rather be an on-looker in the rear part of the Senate than occupy a front seat where he could be seen by everybody. He has implicit faith in the value of thorough political organization. This, no doubt, savors of "machine politics," but to him it is the correct method, at least for his State. Those who come in personal contact with Senator Kean say many good things about him. He is ever willing to render a friend a favor, providing it is consistent with business reasons. It is doubtful if there is a man in the Senate who keeps in closer touch with the political affairs of his State than does Senator Kean. He reads nearly every newspaper printed in New Jersey. If an editor show a disposition to kick over the political traces, which occasionally some one does, Senator Kean is not slow in getting in touch with the offending molder of public thought. He wants to know the reason. The usual result is, that the Senator brings the offender back into line, whereupon everything is again harmonious, and the goose is honking high. Senator Kean, in selecting his wearing apparel, prefers dark colors. His tailor, it would appear, is among the best. Senator Kean is too busy a man to find much time for recreation. He is wealthy enough to have others attend to his commercial interests, but he would not permit this, because many of his friends are stockholders in his banks, and became such because of their confidence in his integrity and business ability.

WILLIAM PIT KELLOGG



ORMER Senator, former Governor, former Representative in Congress from Louisiana. There are few men in the United States who possess a more unique or more interesting history than Governor Kellogg. To those who know him best he is usually called Governor. He was born December 8, 1830, in Orwell, Vermont. His father was a Congregational clergyman. He was educated at Norwich Military University, now located at Northfield, Vermont. Admiral Dewey also was educated at this University. In 1846, his father, Rev. Sherman Kellogg, removed to Illinois to take charge of a church in Peoria, but died a short time thereafter. Thrown upon his own resources, Kellogg taught a country school in Peoria County, winters, and summers read law with E. G. Johnson, in Peoria, a well-known lawyer and a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln. He was admitted to the bar in 1852, and began practice at Canton, Fulton County. During this year he first met Mr. Lincoln, who attended court at Lewistown, the county seat of Fulton County, and assisted him in trying one or two cases.

In May, 1856, Mr. Kellogg was chosen by the party then known as the Anti-Nebraska party as one of five delegates from Fulton County to the Bloomington convention, which met in Bloomington, May 29, 1856, at which convention the Republican party of Illinois was organized. Of the five delegates from Fulton County one was the father of Thomas Hamer, at present Member of Congress from Idaho. Mr. Kellogg was chairman of his delegation. Mr. Lincoln was chairman of the delegation from Sangamon County. At

that convention Mr. Lincoln made his famous so-called "Lost Speech." In this speech, among other noted sayings, he uttered the epigram:

"You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

And in referring to the secession of the South Mr. Lincoln made the often-quoted remark:

"We won't go out of the Union, and they shan't."

What is known as "the house divided against itself cannot stand" speech was not made in Bloomington, as is often stated, but in the house of representatives in Springfield two years later, in 1858, just before the beginning of the joint debate between Lincoln and Douglas. Of the members of the Bloomington convention at last accounts only three besides Governor Kellogg were living. Of the delegates and alternates chosen by this convention to the Philadelphia convention which nominated Fremont in 1856, only two are living—Thomas J. Henderson, for many years Member of Congress from Illinois, and Governor Kellogg.

In 1856, Governor Kellogg was a candidate on the legislative ticket in Fulton County. Mr. Lincoln came to Fulton County both in 1856 and in 1858, and each year made a speech in aid of Kellogg. In 1860 Kellogg was again a delegate from Fulton County to the Republican State convention held at Decatur, where Richard Yates was nominated as Governor, and delegates were chosen to the Chicago convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln as President. Kellogg was chosen a Presidential elector, and is the only one of the Illinois Presidential electors of 1860 now living. Shortly after Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration, in 1861, Kellogg was appointed by Mr. Lincoln to be Chief Justice of Nebraska. He went to that Territory, and held court in the summer of 1861. A rather notable incident occurred during that time. Alvin Saunders, of Iowa, was Territorial Governor; A. S. Paddock was Secre-

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tary of the Territory; P. H. Hitchcock, the father of the present Member of Congress from Nebraska, was Marshal; George Spencer was private secretary to Governor Saunders. At that time the First Nebraska Volunteers were mustered into service. Thayer was appointed colonel; Tipton was chosen chaplain. All these gentlemen, with Kellogg, who was Chief Justice, lived at the Herndon Hotel which is at present the headquarters of the Union Pacific Railroad in Omaha. During Kellogg's two terms in the Senate he met all of these gentlemen—seven including himself—on the floor of the Senate, as Senators: Spencer from Alabama, Saunders, Paddock, Hitchcock, Thayer, and Tipton from Nebraska, he himself being Senator from Louisiana.

In July, 1861, Governor Yates wrote Kellogg requesting him to return to Illinois and recruit a regiment of cavalry. He did so, and aided in raising the regiment known as the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, composed of the sons of farmers, who were allowed (something unusual at the time) to furnish and own their own horses. It was this regiment that the Senator from Mississippi who was in the Senate but a few months declared in his unique speech in that body a year or so ago to be the best fighting regiment he ever saw. Kellogg was appointed by Governor Yates colonel of this regiment. Mr. Lincoln gave him six months' leave of absence, which was afterward renewed several times, and Colonel Kellogg reported to General Grant at Cairo, who detailed him to command the post at Cape Girardeau where were located Major Powell's (who was afterward Director of the Geological Survey) Chicago Battery, the Seventeenth Illinois Volunteers, and the Eleventh Missouri. He remained in command of that post four months, and later reported to General Pope at the capture of Fort Thompson and Island Number Ten. After the Battle of Shiloh he was ordered to Pittsburg Landing and participated in the conflicts at Farmington and Corinth. After the battle of Corinth he was stricken with typhoid fever and was for

months a confirmed invalid. Resigning, he returned to Nebraska and resumed his duties as Chief Justice of that Territory until January, 1863, when Governor Yates requested him to return to Illinois and accompany him on his (Governor Yates') tour of inspection of the Illinois soldiers in the field. At that time General Grant's headquarters was opposite Vicksburg, on the steamer *Magnolia*. Governor Kellogg, together with Governor Yates, was often at General Grant's headquarters, and on one occasion Mr. Kellogg was commissioned to carry important dispatches to Washington, which he did and returned to Grant's headquarters, and with Yates was on the steamer *Magnolia* when the gunboats ran the blockade at Vicksburg and subsequently when they crossed the Mississippi, and at the battle of Port Gibson.

In 1865, being still Chief Justice of Nebraska, he was appointed collector of customs at New Orleans under the following circumstances. President Lincoln had made a speech of great significance in front of the White House on Tuesday evening, April 11, wherein he outlined to some extent his policy regarding the Southern States, and especially regarding the case of Louisiana. At that time there were two Senators from Louisiana seeking admission to the Senate from that State. It was in this speech that Mr. Lincoln referred to negro suffrage, saying: "I would prefer that it were now conferred on the intelligent and on those who served our cause as soldiers." In the course of this speech he said: "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only what it should be, as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by crushing it."

Wednesday evening, April 12, Kellogg had an interview with President Lincoln by appointment, during which Mr. Lincoln offered to appoint him collector of customs at New Orleans, being the first collector after the war, and a position likely to be of great influence, and advised him to go there instead of returning to Nebraska. On Thursday morning,

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April 13, Mr. Kellogg called on the President with Governor Yates, at this time Senator from Illinois, and during the conversation it was agreed that he would go as collector to New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, and directed him to make out a commission to Kellogg as collector. Kellogg gave his bond that day with Governor Yates and others as security, and his commission late in the day was executed, being dated April 13. The next day, Good Friday, Kellogg called at the Treasury Department and learned that his commission was issued and had been sent for him to Mr. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln's secretary, who was an old friend of Kellogg's and had originally resided in an adjoining county to his in Illinois. Mr. Kellogg called at the White House in the morning, but was not able to get his commission until about four o'clock. Mr. Lincoln probably signed the commission the day before, but Mr. Kellogg received it on the evening of April 14, saw Mr. Lincoln for a few minutes, and bade him good-by, expecting to start for New Orleans the next day, Saturday. That night President Lincoln was assassinated.

Mr. Kellogg went to New Orleans and served as collector until July, 1868, when he was elected United States Senator. He served in the Senate until November, 1872, when he was elected Governor of Louisiana, acting as Governor from January, 1873, to January, 1877, when he was again elected to the United States Senate, serving six years, after which he was elected to the lower House of Congress, serving two years. At the expiration of his term in the lower House, his party being defeated by the election of Mr. Cleveland, he retired from active politics. He was a delegate at large from Louisiana in the national convention of 1868, which nominated General Grant, and in every succeeding Republican convention up to and including the St. Louis convention of 1896, which nominated McKinley. At nearly every convention he was chairman of his delegation. He was one of the famous three-

hundred and six delegates who voted for General Grant to the end at the national convention of 1880.

Of course, his long service enabled him to become well acquainted with most of the public men of his time. During an interesting conversation with him, the writer recalls several incidents which Governor Kellogg related in connection with the Senate.

Speaking of some of the old Senators, especially Senator Douglas of Illinois and Mr. Sumner, both of whom Governor Kellogg knew well, having sat beside Senator Sumner during his entire last term of six years, and referring to the bitterness often indulged in in debate in the Senate, he related that during the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska bill Sumner in a speech had likened Douglas to a "squat and nameless animal peculiar to America," Douglas rejoining that he recognized the parallel in the Senator from Massachusetts. Sumner immediately rejoined: "Again the Senator from Illinois switches his tongue and again the Senate is filled with offensive odor."

He mentioned, in further illustration of the bitterness often indulged in in debate, that in 1878, when his case was pending in the Senate, Senator Hoar, referring to the hostility shown toward the colored people in some of the Southern States, alluded to the Hamburg Massacre, as it was called, and incidentally referred to the often-asserted statement that Butler, of South Carolina, was identified with that conflict, whereupon Vance, of North Carolina, took the allusion to Butler much to heart and in a short speech defended him, saying, among other things, that the best blood of South Carolina flowed in Butler's veins. Hoar in his peculiar, high-keyed voice replied: "I wish to remind the Senator from North Carolina that I was not referring to the blood in his veins, but to the blood on his hands."

As is well known, there was during the first years of Governor Kellogg's administration as Governor of Louisiana a

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very acrimonious struggle, until Congress by joint resolution recognized him as both *de facto* and *de jure* governor, but this has long since passed away. As showing the opinion of his Republican friends in Congress regarding his administration during his trying struggle as Governor of Louisiana, we quote from a speech delivered in the Senate May 10, 1880, referring to Governor Kellogg. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who was chairman of a Joint Committee of the two Houses of Congress sent to Louisiana to investigate the condition of affairs in that State, said in his speech in the Senate:

"This man shows the civil commissions of Abraham Lincoln and the register of brave and honorable military service in the cause of the Union.

"Some years ago, in the performance of a duty assigned me by the House of Representatives, I carefully investigated the complaints against his administration as Governor of Louisiana. I declare it my belief that for wisdom, energy, and integrity it is a conspicuous and honorable exception. He found her credit degraded, and left it strong; he found her treasury empty and bankrupt, and left it with a surplus." (Forty-sixth Congress, Second Sess., p. 3161.)

Political contests sometimes become personal, and in the days of reconstruction, personalities were indulged in with great feeling. It can be said to the credit of Mr. Kellogg that he fought his battles fearlessly and always in the open. He is a lover of art, and is also a patron of art. He is delightful in private conversation and has at his command a fund of reminiscences coincident with the political and industrial history of the country for the past sixty years, and the manner in which he relates them is nothing short of marvelous. In reciting instances that may have happened forty years ago he recalls to mind with alacrity the names of persons identified therewith, whom he may not have thought of for many years. It requires a strong mind to be able to do this. Senator Kellogg belongs to a coterie of men who have done much.

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His political fortunes may not have been as he would have shaped them, but he was flung into a conflict not of his own making, and not upon his own volition. He took orders from a higher authority, which was President Lincoln. That he faithfully did all that was required of him no one has ever questioned. His simplicity is in keeping with the strong, vigorous character of the man. Mr. Kellogg is capable of relating more interesting reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln in his early days as a lawyer and in his sudden burst upon the country as a Presidential candidate than any other now living, with the exception of Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois. Mr. Kellogg, though in his eightieth year, is as active, both in mind and body, as are most men twenty-five years younger. He is active in his movements and his mental faculties are as keen as they were when he was the storm center during the reconstruction period in Louisiana. In all respects William Pitt Kellogg is a veteran and has had in his long life a most extraordinary career.



JOHN W. KERN

NE OF Indiana's most prominent citizens. Mr. Kern is probably best known to the public as having been the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with William J. Bryan in 1908. Mr. Kern is a native of Indiana, and has long been regarded as one of its leading lawyers. He hails from the northern part of the State, where he counts his friends by the thousands. He has been a practicing lawyer since reaching man's estate, and for the past twenty-five years has been one of the leading members of the bar of Marion County, in which is located the city of Indianapolis, now Mr. Kern's home. He is probably better known in politics than otherwise, but has engaged in it more from party principle than anything else. He loves the excitement attendant upon a discussion of pending political issues. He is a good stump speaker. He is of commanding presence, and has a voice that seldom fails in reaching the outskirts of political gatherings, no matter how large. He is also a convincing speaker. He has the faculty of calling a spade a spade and a meatax a meatax. He wields the "big stick" when it comes to making a political speech. He revels in political contests. His opponents admire him because he is a fair and courageous contestant. He gets to the hearts of the people. He speaks their language and speaks it fluently. It has been said there is more politics to the square foot in the State of Indiana than in any other ten States in the Union. This may be true, and it may not; but it is safe to make the assertion that there is more political speech-making in that State, every two years, than in any other twenty States. All political issues are

brought to the attention of the voting population through the forensic efforts of the best speakers in the respective parties.

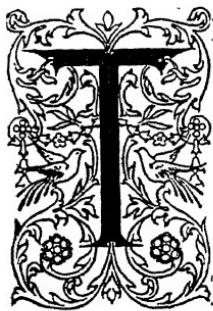
Mr. Kern, as a young man, entered the political arena and it was not long until his party services were in demand, not only in his own State, but in other doubtful commonwealths, where political agitation seemed a necessity. He is as forceful at the bar as he is on the stump. He has been of recent years one of the leading attorneys in a large number of the more important cases of litigation. He has not sought office often, though he has been a candidate, not always at his own solicitation, but because of party demand. He was once elected reporter of the Supreme Court, an office having a four-years' term. He was once his party's candidate for governor. He was a candidate for United States Senator following the election of 1908, but was defeated by Benjamin F. Shively. At the State convention in 1910, he was the unanimous choice of that body for the Senatorship to succeed Senator Beveridge. He has never been a man who forced his own personality on the party in search of honor or emolument, but is content to assist in bearing the burden of party fealty. If elected to the United States Senate, he will grace that body with a political righteousness quite in keeping with the traditions of the upper House of Congress.

Mr. Kern is a man of strong individuality, fully six feet tall, and straight as an arrow. His hair and beard were originally as black as a raven. They are now sprinkled with gray. He is a man of close and lasting friendships. Some of his most intimate associates in Indiana are those whom he has antagonized most in the political arena. When he was nominated for Vice-President at Denver, thousands of his friends and neighbors from Indianapolis, irrespective of political affiliations, welcomed him on his arrival at the Union station, giving him a cordial reception, which showed their admiration and love for the man as a man, but not necessarily as the candidate for the second office in the United States.

JOHN W. KERN

His neighbor, Vice-President Fairbanks, led the home demonstration. It was a good old-fashioned home gathering of neighbors, which, in itself, was a tribute from the heart. There never was a time when John W. Kern was not regarded as a well-dressed man. It would seem that he is particular upon this point. He is not foolishly fastidious, but sufficiently so to meet every requirement demanded by the rules governing such things. He is not the man to give offense purposely. What he may say in the heat of political debate concerning his political opponent is done for party advantage and not intended to reflect upon the personal standing of the one spoken of. Mr. Kern has a fund of excellent humor. Sometimes he scores strong political points by telling a humorous story. It is not believed he has any particular hobbies. He has a fondness for those things that most usually interest men of his class and calling. He prefers living a life of simplicity and without ostentation. He is modest in everything. He seldom talks about himself, but finds keen enjoyment in sounding the praises of those whom he likes.

PHILANDER C. KNOX

HIS is a successful man. At twenty-three he was Assistant United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, having been admitted to the bar the year before. Twenty years later he was chosen president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, and in 1901 he was appointed Attorney General of the United States, in the cabinet of President McKinley. He remained in that station under Mr. Roosevelt, and resigned to enter the United States Senate as the successor of the late Matthew S. Quay.

There is a popular belief that Knox is a "corporation lawyer." He would not be any the worse if it were true. We have established a standard of patriotism and of morals in this country that reads out of respectable political society any lawyer who ever held a brief in a court of justice with a corporation for a client. Corporations are artificial persons created by the law. They have rights as well as duties, and one of their rights is to employ legal counsel. An honest corporation lawyer is a public benefactor if he have capacity to see the law as it is and the courage to expound it as he sees it. Cheap, low, and disgusting demagogery has created a popular prejudice against corporation lawyers, and there is no easier way to kill off an aspiring politician than to call him a corporation lawyer. Unfortunately some corporation lawyers have prostituted their learning and their skill to enable dishonest corporations to evade the law, to shirk their duties, and to oppress the public; but it is as foolish to judge all corporation lawyers by the conduct of these rascals as it would be to con-

PHILANDER C. KNOX

demn all ministers of the Gospel for the conduct of the wolves in sheep's clothing who get into the church.

But Mr. Knox is not a corporation lawyer, though no doubt he is profoundly learned in corporation law, as is every other successful lawyer of this era. The truth is that Mr. Knox made his way to the profession and gained his reputation at the bar through his learning and skill in the conduct of cases for individuals against corporations. The corporations of Pennsylvania had Watson, of Pittsburg, and Johnson, of Philadelphia, on their staff, and they didn't need Knox; and it was against these Knox contended, frequently successfully contended, and the dockets of Pennsylvania courts, superior and inferior, evidence it. There is not a hot-gospel orator in American politics who has done the corporations a tithe of the injury Philander C. Knox has meted out to them.

In the front rank of the élite of the bar that produced Jeremiah S. Black, Alexander K. Dallas, William B. Read, Benjamin H. Brewster, and the great Judge Gibson, President McKinley drafted Knox to be a successor of Pinkney, Taney, Wirt, Cushing, Olney, Harmon, and other luminaries of the American Bar who have filled the place of legal adviser to the American Executive.

When John Sherman made the anti-trust law he declared that it was all the Constitution would stand. At that time most Democrats thought it was more than the Constitution could stand. A quarter of a century ago a search warrant would not have discovered a single Democrat who would have pronounced the thing constitutional. Mr. Cleveland did not believe it was constitutional. The three Democratic judges on the Supreme Bench decided against the contention of Knox when the judgment was made. It is the most radical sort of "government by construction," and if persisted in and carried to its logical conclusion it is but a question of time when the reserved sovereignty of the States will be utterly annihilated. But it is the only way now, and the leaders of the two parties,

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Roosevelt and Bryan, are convinced that it is not at all drastic enough.

Be that as it may, history records that John Sherman and Philander C. Knox are our greatest trust-busters. Sherman made the gun, Knox loaded and fired it and put J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill in his game bag.

Mr. Knox's service in the Senate was short, but he stood among the leaders of that body. He participated in the discussion of the Rate Bill, and added much to his already great reputation, and it was even said that he conceived and drafted "The Allison Amendment" that solidified the Republican party, all but Foraker, and that made the bill acceptable to all the Democrats except Morgan and Pettus.

When Mr. Taft became President he selected Mr. Knox for Secretary of State, and in that station he has done much to assert the rights and dignity of the United States, and already he has earned the title of great Secretary, as earlier he was known as great Attorney General.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE



HE FERVOR that gave sinews to the purposes of Savonarola, that strengthened Galileo, lives in Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin. Many declare him a crank; his enemies make the point of insincerity against him, but all must yield him the due of intensity. This is the basis of LaFollette's character. When he is done with a speech in the Senate, and has mustered against some point in legislation all the arguments of the radical wing of the Republican party, LaFollette's voice is choked with emotion; the expression of his countenance is drawn and weary; and he seems to be sunk into physical exhaustion. If one should for a moment agree that the earnest Senator from Wisconsin is insincere, one would be forced forthwith to acclaim him the greatest actor of all times.

But ask the galleries. They fill in the midst of a debate participated in, perhaps, by the brilliant Beveridge, the thunderous Clapp, the suave Aldrich, the knightly Cummins, the curt Hale, the scholarly Lodge. Then LaFollette takes the floor, and wandering attentions are fixed as by a psychological poniard.

“Mr. President,” he says, articulating distinctly.

“Before the Senate proceeds to a vote, I ask Senators to give this important question their deliberate consideration. The people are tired of shifts and compromises, of legislation that must eternally be excused, of befogged measures that must eternally be explained. They are calling for definite, striding advances, not for dance-steps. Oh, Mr. President, while we are here we can make this bill so much better, we can keep

faith with the people so conclusively, that I am unwilling, sir, to let the work go half completed."

And when LaFollette has finished, speaking somewhat in the above diction and entirely in the above strain, those who do not associate his famous countenance with his famous name demand to know who is the speaker; and those who do know him are conceding again that LaFollette is an earnest, honest, able patriot—above all, a sincere patriot—who is laboring in his own way for what he considers to be the greatest good of the greatest number.

LaFollette, it must be admitted, loves a fight. I do not consider that any of his victories would have come to him so blissfully had they been won without sweat. As Governor of Wisconsin, working out in his own way the problems which Cummins was solving in Iowa and Hughes in New York, and which Harmon is solving now in Ohio, LaFollette had to battle for everything. As a boy he had to battle, too, for possessions—from apples to medals for oratory. So he grew to love a fight, though not strictly for its own sake. LaFollette would not fight over trivialities. His critics say that he overrates too many trivialities, but his splendid results are the best answers to that suggestion. When the stake is great, and in his opinion humane, LaFollette wants the fight to be so prolonged as to give a clear idea of what the victory is to be. It seems to me that in Wisconsin he is called "Fighting Bob" LaFollette. Well, that is just. But when LaFollette is given a fight, and his splendid faculties are roused to their top value, he is an opponent extremely to be feared.

Not the least winning factor in the case of LaFollette is his appearance. He has a bulldog face, with enough gentleness in his eyes and in his smile to take away the disagreeable portion of that type of countenance. His visage is crossed and barred with many wrinkles; his pompadour, palisading his high, broad brow, is famous in cartoon and story; his stature is stocky, very noticeable in a crowd, and there are evidences

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE

of muscular strength about the set of his arms and legs. And in all and through all, there is intensity. LaFollette was the Danton of the Congressional revolution against the old leaders in the Sixty-first Congress.

LaFollette is experienced in public service. He has been a district attorney, a three-term Congressman, a delegate to national conventions, a Governor, and a Senator. In a State like Wisconsin a man's first Senate term is in the nature of an experiment on the part of the electorate. Though LaFollette was engaged during the autumn of 1910 in a struggle to hold his seat, he has stood successfully for his principles, and the people of his State in him have contributed to national affairs and to the public need a man who does things, a man of ability and character.

JOHN E. LAMB



NATIVE of Indiana. Born on the Wabash, near Terre Haute. The architect of his own fortune. He had no rich or influential relatives to start him on his career. After passing through the various graded schools of his native city, he took up the study of law in the office of Daniel W. Voorhees, being a protégé of that distinguished gentleman, who had for a number of years been a Representative in Congress, later a Senator—in fact, one of the leading members of the Democratic party in the country. Young Lamb, for he was not more than twenty years of age when he was admitted to practice his profession, entered the political arena almost at the beginning of his professional career. He was appointed by Thomas A. Hendricks, then Governor, to the position of prosecuting attorney, which office had become vacant, and could not be filled, except by appointment, until the next regular election. Mr. Lamb was not long in this position until he was spreading his political influence over at least two counties, which made up his official circuit. From the beginning, he was a loyal and devoted friend of Senator Voorhees, remaining so until the day of the latter's death. His devotion to his preceptor, partner, and friend marks one of his strongest characteristics—loyalty. He was the law partner of Senator Voorhees for more than twenty years. He is aggressive, positive, fearless, and, at the same time, conservative, although he believes when the time comes to strike, the correct thing to do is to hit hard, and with unerring aim. This has been his custom in politics. He is a loyal friend and an honorable antagonist. By the turning of the political wheels, it so came

JOHN E. LAMB

about that while Mr. Voorhees was a member of the Senate, his young student and later partner became a Representative in Congress. While he served but one term, he was, by virtue of his intense personality, able to make a national reputation. He is to-day one of the leaders of his party in the State of Indiana, although he has not held office since retiring from Congress in the early eighties. His name has been mentioned frequently in connection with the United States Senatorship, although he has never declared himself formally as a candidate.

In personal appearance, Mr. Lamb is a gentleman who will attract attention in any gathering. He is smoothly shaven, usually wearing a broad and benevolent smile. It is not the smile of duplicity, but of sincerity. He may not be your political friend, but that makes no difference with him, so far as personal relations are concerned, unless there may have been some personal misunderstanding. In height, he approaches six feet, given somewhat to stockiness, weighing probably two hundred and thirty pounds, but active, quick in movement. He is seldom seen without a walking stick. His ideas of dress are at all times conventional, yet occasionally an excessive fashion may obtrude itself into his general makeup. He is not unfriendly to the sometimes prevailing style of the broad-brimmed hat, whether it be the soft wool, the derby, or the silk, sometimes called, within the region of the classic banks of the Wabash, the "stovepipe." Mr. Lamb is known throughout his State as having a most remarkable faculty for remembering names and faces. There was a time when it was said of him that he knew by name every man, woman, and child in the city of Terre Haute, where there is a population of about thirty thousand. In a political sense, the remembering of names and faces has been one of Mr. Lamb's chief assets.

He is a good story-teller, and likewise a good listener, when interesting stories are told. He is temperate in his habits.

From observing his personal appearance, one might imagine his being associated with some large institution having for its principal duty to mankind that of dispensing philanthropy. He has a fine, clear complexion, rather large nose, conspicuous teeth, because of their whiteness, light blue eyes, and light hair. As a public speaker, Mr. Lamb is in his element. He likes the political forum because it provides him with that kind of excitement for which he is best fitted by nature. His speeches are of the convincing kind, notwithstanding they may be extremely partisan when delivered in the heat of political battle. His public addresses show not only that he has given thought to his subjects, but he is not unmindful of the effect and necessity for grace in diction. In politics, Mr. Lamb is an ardent Democrat, so ardent, in fact, that nothing could change his belief in the doctrines of government as announced by Thomas Jefferson or Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Lamb is a leader of men, not a follower. His greatest triumphs have taken place usually in Democratic State conventions, where for the past twenty-five years he has been a prominent factor in directing the destinies of his party. There have been few platforms, either State or national, in the past fifteen years, in which Mr. Lamb has not had something to do in shaping the party's policy. One of his apparent greatest delights is the making of frequent trips through the farming district of his portion of Indiana. He likes getting in the small towns and hearing the country folks give their expression upon the political and other leading topics of the time. It is from this class, Mr. Lamb says, that he gets his best ideas, thereby getting his ear to the political ground, as it were.

HENRY CABOT LODGE



SENATOR LODGE alone, perhaps, of all the men in public life at the time this book is issued, merits the title of "the scholar in politics." Frequently in the United States, a man who remembers his Virgil well enough to quote and his history well enough to cite, is termed a scholar. But Lodge belongs to that more exalted class the members of which excel equally in separate lines of endeavor. As a statesman, he is one of the leaders in the nation to-day; as a writer, scholar, and student, he is notable. The Senate of the United States welcomes him to its counsels as a keen debater, a man of correct judgment, a committee worker of skill and ardor, and a leader of sagacity and virtue. Harvard College knows him in her sessions of sweet, silent thought as an able historian and a man with a feeling for the fine things in literature.

In the forum, Lodge is a Cicero: brilliant, keen, polished, authoritative, and compelling.

In the library, he is a Plutarch, with a rich and facile style, a thinker and an observer.

Lodge is full of the history of New England, from the noblest blood of which he springs. The Cabot in his name suggests the old seafarer and discoverer, and indeed the family of John and Sebastian is in his descent. The Lodges are an old and distinguished family of New England; the name, Henry, suggests some of the bluff English stock in the family blood. More than any other man who comes to mind just now, Lodge represents the real American.

He is a man approachable, and yet not easy to approach.

None would be ill-mannered with the Senator, because his splendid bearing, his nobly set head, and the achievement which shines from his eyes compel respect and courtesy. Lodge is tall and slight; he dresses carefully and in the mode, yet with a quiet elegance and correctness that few can effectually attain. His eyes are full of humor, deep and bright, and there is about him an air of elegance and ease which is difficult to set down in words. When he rises in the Senate, he is respectfully heard. His set speeches are classics; his occasional talks are full of authority, yet they are courteous and broad. In every sense but the objectionable, Henry Cabot Lodge instantly suggests a superior man, a member of a gentility which is alone found among the able and the great of this world.

Lodge's commanding place in politics is not an unusual one for men of his type in New England and the South. In the Middle West, the West, the Southwest, and the Northwest, his class supplies the university presidents, supreme court justices, great preachers, and great writers. Their constituents do not consider Congress a field for their talents. But Lodge served long in the House of Representatives before, in 1893, he succeeded Senator Dawes as one of the two Massachusetts delegates to the upper House. Nor has the Senator been neglectful of the more boisterous types of party labor. He has been presiding officer of national conventions and chairman of resolutions committees. And, however deep the feeling of the convention, the presence and the reputation of Senator Lodge have been sufficient to keep it in perfect control.

In Theodore Roosevelt, Lodge found a kindred spirit. Both are intensely interested in the histories of their own nation and their own peoples. Both have thought and observed deeply. Both have a feeling for literature. That Lodge and Roosevelt should have written in conjunction was a natural outcome of their association and interests, and their book, "Hero Tales from American History," is a good book.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

A personal friendship and association which has linked even their political fortunes has sprung up between the two men, and even now they plan to write another history.

Lodge is a splendid force in public life. All over the United States he is looked to to maintain a dignity of scholarship and information in the Senate. The American likes to know that his representative bodies contain thinkers and writers who can be doers, too, and one—probably the first of these—is Henry Cabot Lodge.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH



REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati, is an example of a rich young man who, instead of electing to become a snob, a spendthrift, a useless citizen, and an idler, chose to devote himself to public duties with as much assiduity as a book-keeper must apply to his ledger. He was content to begin humbly as school trustee in Cincinnati, thence to the State legislature and to Congress, where for the first few years of his service he was looked upon with more good-humor than appreciation.

But Longworth, who had applied himself industriously to public problems in Ohio, was determined to make of himself a Congressman who could lead his party, and he studied his new place. In the midst of his service, he made one of the famous Taft party to the Philippines. On this trip he met and afterward married Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the then President. His wife spurred his ambitions even further, and Longworth ever since then has been making himself felt in Congress.

Longworth likes Washington, as does Mrs. Longworth, and it is his hope to remain in Congress until he has reached the acme of his powers. At this writing, persistent plugging and an indifference to a public disposition to think of him as "Mr. Alice Roosevelt," or "Roosevelt's son-in-law," have made Longworth an expert of no mean rank on a question as important as that of the tariff. He is a member—and a useful one—of the greatest House committee, that on Ways and Means, and he is able to take part with an authoritative standing in any tariff debate. This ~~ability~~ in itself is vainly

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sought by Congressmen who have spent more years in Congress and on the planet than has Longworth. Moreover, there is every indication that his future will be increasingly bright, and that when he has taken his final place in national affairs, he will be known entirely for his own personal ability and attainments and with decreasing remembrance of his relations by marriage, the Roosevelts.

Longworth has a most likable disposition and personality. No man in public life is more popular with the newspaper men of Washington and with the official personnel of the Capital. Whatever may be the type of the gathering, Longworth agrees with it perfectly, and smoothly adjusts himself to its demands. - His presence at the National Press Club is one of the most welcome in Washington, and his wit and capacity for entertaining make him a necessary member of all merry gatherings in the Capital.

Get up in the House gallery and pick out the three baldest men on the floor. One will be Ollie James, of Kentucky; another Denby, of Michigan; the third, Longworth. You can tell him from Denby and James because he is about one-third the size of either. Longworth is well-groomed, always one of the best-dressed men in Washington. He is of middle height; his complexion is bright and clear; his address extremely courteous and graceful, and he is the possessor of a pleasingly manly and muscular figure.

He is one of the best-known men in the United States, and when women in the galleries begin pointing him out too noticeably and whisper about him audibly as—you cannot break them off—"Alice Roosevelt's husband," he is capable of flushing the most imperial purple of any man in the nation.

WILLIAM A. McADOO



BUILDER of the Hudson tunnels. To be more explicit, it was Mr. McAdoo who carried into execution the great undertaking of constructing tunnels under the Hudson River from the New Jersey side to New York. After the completion of one set of tunnels, he proceeded to build another set. He did not stop, however, at merely digging two beneath the river, but he continued the tubes on under the city until he reached the very center of that great municipality. He has perfected so complete a system of underground tubes that he has practically changed the map of New York City and a part of New Jersey. He has made it possible to pass from Jersey City to Twenty-third Street and Broadway, New York, in less than ten minutes. Previous to the accomplishment of Mr. McAdoo's enterprise, it required oftentimes more than a half-hour. Mr. McAdoo is a new factor in affairs in and about the city of New York. He has accomplished in five years what other men, so-called captains of industry, had been talking about doing for twenty-five years. For a third of a century, or more, one of the great problems incident to quick transit from the great center of population to the more rural districts of New Jersey occupied the minds of many of New York's most enterprising citizens. The question of tunneling the river was often discussed, but some of the "wise ones" said it could not be done, although similar feats of engineering had been performed in other countries, especially the construction of tunnels under the river Thames, at London. For more than twenty years, it was the plan of some enterprising New Yorkers to construct bridges across the Hudson River. In fact, Congress passed a bill in the early nineties providing

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for this very thing. But the water transportation interests made so vigorous a protest the scheme was abandoned. It remained for Mr. McAdoo to be the real force in carrying to completion the idea of the construction of tunnels.

Mr. McAdoo is not a native of the city of New York. He had never been in that metropolitan community until about ten years before he began putting into effect his tunnel plans. He hails from the State of Georgia. He was born at Athens, in that commonwealth, where is located the State university. It was there that he received his higher education, though completing his course as a civil engineer in more technical schools. He had not been long in New York, where he had become a resident to practice his profession, before he began a systematic study of the needs of new, more modern, and better transit facilities in every way. The tunnel idea was not original with him, but he was the one who, by his force and energy, organized a company and went to work. For a time he found it up-hill business to interest capital. More than half he approached on the subject, and they were New York business men, said it was impracticable, and could not be done. This did not daunt young McAdoo. He said it could be done, and it would be done. He now has four tubes under the river, two extending from Jersey City to Hoboken, with a system of tubes on the New York side to Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. It will not be long until this line will be completed to Thirty-fourth Street, and from there he proposes building two more tubes from the point where Broadway crosses Sixth Avenue to the Grand Central Station in Forty-second Street. This will make, when completed, a combined system, including all parallel tubes, of almost twenty miles. This, in fact, covers a greater distance than was originally intended by the city of New York when it began building its first subway. Mr. McAdoo has built separate tubes to accommodate trains passing in opposite directions. He adopted the system which prevailed in London, when the

construction of new underground railways was taken up in that city some twelve or fifteen years ago. They are almost noiseless, and operated upon a plan far superior to that of any other transit corporation in the United States. Mr. McAdoo's acts testify to his enterprise. If there is, or ever has been, a public benefactor of the city of New York and its surroundings, it is this young Georgian. He has asked no municipal aid. All he did ask for was the right to carry his plans into execution. He did the rest.

Mr. McAdoo has more the appearance of a great big boy than one would think of finding in a man who had accomplished so much in so little time. The majority of the real big, brainy men of the world are, as a general thing, modest. But it is not believed it would be possible to find one who is more so than this builder of the Hudson tunnels. He is so modest that he is actually bashful. When his first tunnels were completed, there was much printed about it in the New York newspapers. Many of the writers persisted in referring to them as the "McAdoo tunnels." This was not pleasing to him. He called before him several of the controlling editors and made a personal request that his name be not mentioned in connection with the matter, but that they be known always as the "Hudson tunnels." Mr. McAdoo does not appear to be more than thirty-five years of age, although he is probably forty-two. He is known to have a most equable temper. He seldom, if ever, is known to show any particular anger. He has a pleasing smile for everybody, friend or stranger. Naturally he is a busy man, but never too much engaged to see a friend from Georgia, no matter what may be the occasion of the visit. He finds time for recreation. Work, with him, is seemingly a pastime, so easily does he accomplish it and so well equipped is he for anything he undertakes. He cares very little for dress. Mr. McAdoo is certainly one of the young men of the country who has done things. New Yorkers owe him more than they will ever be willing to pay.

JAMES McCREA



RESIDENT of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Few men have begun lower down on the ladder and climbed to a higher altitude in the affairs of the country than has Mr. McCrea. He is a native of Philadelphia, and when quite young took service with the surveying corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which at that period was not so formidable a highway of steel as it has since become. He carried the chain and rod for the surveyors. During some four or five years of service in this department, he became quite proficient as a manipulator of the compass. This was his introduction into the affairs of railways. It was not long until he became attached to the operating department, reaching the highest position on the road in the movement of trains. For a long time he was superintendent of the division between New York and Philadelphia. At an early point in his career he attracted the attention of such giants as George B. Roberts and Frank Thomson, both of whom, in time, became president of that great system. After having served with distinction and fidelity in the operating branch of the service, he was promoted by being made manager of the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg, comprising then some two or three thousand miles of road. His brilliant administration of affairs in the Middle West gave him distinction second to none in that section. He at once became a power in railway circles. It was eminently fitting that upon the death of Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the entire Pennsylvania system, Mr. McCrea should be elected by the board of directors as his successor. It was a difficult task, requiring unusual ability, to become the successor

of so eminent a man as Mr. Cassatt, who, without doubt, was the ablest railroad manager America has ever known. It will be a long time before his like will be seen again. Mr. McCrea has, it would seem, come up to every expectation of those who had confidence in his ability when he was chosen to preside over the destinies of the entire system.

At the time Mr. McCrea became the head of the corporation, he was compelled to take up the unfinished work of Mr. Cassatt, which was colossal in its scope, embracing the construction of great tunnels under the Hudson River, the city of New York, and under the East River to Long Island, including the finishing of the great new Union Station in New York, which, when finished, it is believed, will be the most complete and the most costly railway station in either America or Europe. These great improvements, however, were by no means all that Mr. Cassatt had in contemplation and in progress at the time of his death. So quickly has Mr. McCrea not only grasped but mastered the intricacies of the situation, that he ranks to-day, probably, next to Mr. Cassatt as a railway manager, not alone of gigantic intellect, but of great powers of execution.

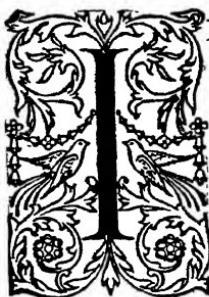
Mr. McCrea is in the full vigor of active manhood, though having passed his sixtieth milestone but a few years ago. His life has been one of the finest illustrations of energy that can be cited. He is proud of the fact that he has made himself what he is by his indomitable will power and limitless ambition. It is said of him that when a stripling of a lad, carrying the surveyor's rod in the mountains of western Pennsylvania, he always had in mind that nothing short of the presidency of the road would satisfy him. This seemed to be the goal of his ambition, and it would appear he had reached it without any particular effort. After once getting the swing of affairs, he fitted into every place he was asked to occupy. It is not believed that Mr. McCrea has been absent from any of his duties during a long service of more than forty years for a

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period greater than three years out of all that time. He has never found much time for recreation. Mr. McCrea spends much of his time in traveling over the entire system from New York to Chicago and St. Louis. His private car is likely to be found in any station at any time. In this way, he keeps himself in personal touch with everything that is going on. What time he has been able to take from business he has spent mostly in travel through Europe. In his early manhood he was ~~at~~ school for a while in Germany, giving most of his time to the study of civil engineering. This served him well later in life. There is nothing about the managing of a railway from finance to mechanism with which he is not familiar. He knows every branch of the service. He has been one of the pioneers in the adoption of all good appliances for the protection of human life, both to the employés of the system and the patrons of the road.

When taking charge of the Lines West of Pittsburg, Mr. McCrea was between thirty-five and forty years of age. He has generally worn a full beard, which was usually trimmed in attractive style, something on the Vandyck fashion. He has, the most of his life, worn heavy gold-rimmed glasses. His hair and beard are now streaked with gray, but Mr. McCrea looks ten years younger than he really is. He is a large, forceful-appearing man, who would attract attention in any gathering. His home in the suburbs of Philadelphia is one of the finest in that city. Mr. McCrea is one of the few really great men of the country who leave business affairs at the office. He is not a man for show. He seldom has much to say except when occasion requires. He is always well dressed. He believes that the apparel proclaimeth the man, though he does not dress flashily or gaudily with the hope of attracting attention, but apparently he likes to dress well because he can afford it. He is particularly fond of music. It can be said of him that he is a man among men.

JAMES B. McCREARY



N THE United States Senate there are some members who could not receive the vote of their own fellow-townersmen for mayor. In the various States, there are many governors who could not secure their party's nomination for the United States Senate. The House of Representatives contains many men who in their present place have exhausted their political possibilities.

But when a man's own Congressional district honors him as often as he seeks it with election to the House, when his State makes him Governor and then United States Senator, that man is either uncommonly able, uncommonly just, or uncommonly fine of character. It is so with James B. McCreary, once Governor, several times Congressman, and once United States Senator in his native State of Kentucky. To select for Major McCreary the single quality of ability, justice, or character, would be to eliminate the two others, and nobody in Kentucky would approve of it. He will therefore have to stand in this book as possessing all three.

There are no false poses or false titles about McCreary. His "Major" was won in the Confederate army. Elected Governor of his home State in 1875, he did not scorn to go to the lesser place of a Congressman when he was called to it, twelve years later. And it was probably as a Congressman that McCreary's clearest title to real leadership and fame will rest.

He was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. It had been nearly seventy years since the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine. This doctrine was that peace must be preserved in the Western hemisphere by force, if necessary,

JAMES B. McCREARY

but that it must be preserved. McCreary had another idea. He believed that the nations could select a court of arbitration so distinguished as to make possible the peaceful settlement of international disputes. He entered into this movement with all the energy and enthusiasm of his character, and he brought to it all the experience and the earnestness of a man who had been a soldier, an executive, and a maker of laws.

From the movement begun in Congress in a speech by McCreary have grown the court of The Hague, the arbitration commissions and the greater plan for world peace by disarmament, a method for obtaining the same result quite different from the martial utterance of President Monroe. But the world was seventy years older; the United States had become a world power that need not fear any other; and the bloody massacres of the Mexican and Civil Wars, the Franco-Prussian and the Austro-Italian Wars had taught the planet many bitter lessons.

McCreary's distinguished service in this movement did not end when he was sent to the United States Senate. He became active president of the association to secure international peace by arbitration, of which organization the President of the United States is honorary executive.

After seventy years of his stirring life had passed, it would seem that McCreary might have found time to rest. He had shown himself a thinker, a lover of the fine things in the world, and it would have been an ideal realized had he retired to his beautiful county of Madison for an old age passed in reflection and in writing. But the helpmate of a long and beautiful domestic life had passed from the Major, and so he turned to his peace league to occupy his mind and to work out, as he hoped, something of real good for the world. He devoted himself to this, and to what law practice he cared to assume in New York, until from out the stirring political lists of Kentucky, in 1910, there came to him a call to offer himself to the Democrats as a candidate for Governor. After much

deliberation and assurances, according to McCreary's own announcement, from 85 per cent of the party in the State that he could unite the Bluegrass Democracy, McCreary at the age of seventy-two entered the field. Whether or not Kentucky will elect as Governor in 1911 a distinguished citizen who similarly served the State in 1876 remains to be witnessed.

Gentle, courtly, sweet-natured, and kind, Major McCreary is one of Kentucky's really fine contributions to the American public gallery. His features are of the celebrated ante-bellum cast, cleanly cut and virile. He is smooth-shaven, as were Clay and Webster; his forehead is broad and high, like theirs; his mouth is thin and firm; and his hair, like theirs, is lank and sparse. He is of a trifle less than middle height, of sturdy stature, and all about the man there is a fine simplicity and a preferential reserve that entitles him a gentleman.

JOHN R. McLEAN



ALTHOUGH John R. McLean is identified with finance, public utilities, and politics, his name is most associated with the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and that newspaper is the apple of his eye. It is virtually his own creation, and its power to-day is maintained by his constant watchfulness. It is unique among American newspapers. Its peculiarity is the reflection of the newspaper enterprise of Mr. McLean, and its great success is sufficient proof of his ability as a journalist.

Mr. McLean was born in Cincinnati, in 1848. He was an athlete in his younger days, a musician of fine ability, and a linguist. He received his education in Cincinnati, at Harvard, and in Germany. Residence in France permitted him to acquire mastery of the French language, after he had become a good German scholar.

Mr. McLean's prominence in newspaper life goes back to the early seventies. Upon quitting college he secured control of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, one among the varied interests of his father, the late Washington McLean, and the Democratic Warwick of his time. As editor and publisher of *The Enquirer*, the success of McLean the younger was instantaneous. It is doubtful whether newspaperdom has seen a parallel to the brilliant stroke he, as a mere youth, achieved. Others have followed in the path he blazed, but none has met with as signal success as was earned by the youngest newspaper chief in the business, forty years ago.

Seeing that the reading public was ready for a revolution in journalism, Mr. McLean discarded the antique methods

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back to which the profession had drifted after the chronicling of the stirring events of the Civil War, and set to work to develop a new system of gathering and handling the news, and the distribution of it, as well. "Get the news," the familiar daily injunction, now took on a new meaning. For one thing, it meant that for several years every dollar that came in went out again on a new quest for news. Assembling a staff adequate to his purpose, and establishing a special wire service that tapped every source of information, leaving his competitors far behind in quantity, quality, and quickness of news service, Mr. McLean was able to give *The Enquirer* a lead which it was vain for his competitors to try to cut down.

Mr. McLean promoted and popularized every forward step proposed in the interest of the large community comprised in what might be called *The Enquirer's* confederacy, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia. It was the formative age of the Middle West, and the people and the paper grew and prospered together.

Mr. McLean had the knack of anticipating the wants of all shades of the reading public, and thus was able to meet their special desires. Wartime issues had drawn party lines so taut that it was a rare thing for Democrat or Republican to read the opposition paper. But *The Enquirer's* innovation of having a news story carry with it an intelligent presentation of its significance, shorn of partisan coloring, broke down the barriers, and it came to be said that as many Republicans as Democrats had got to taking *The Enquirer*. In effect, the public got the editorial along with the news, with a spicy coloring which still left enough to the imagination for independent judgment. It was a welcome change from the old way of printing blind and colorless reports of events, leaving the public in doubt as to the real significance of things until the editorial page, in its leisurely way, came along with the key to the mystery, and at that usually steeped in partisan brine.

JOHN R. McLEAN

The new way worked a revolution that still revolves. One after another editorial page features gave way before the encroachments of news and advertising, until one Sunday the readers found but two lines of editorial comment to read and digest. The lone paragraph ran as follows: "*The Enquirer* presents the news. You must skirmish for opinions."

Mr. McLean's activities, however, were not confined to *The Enquirer*. He was conspicuous and influential in finance, politics, theatricals, sports, and kindred interests. Among other things, he looks back with prideful recollection to the days when his ability to hit and run with the best saw him on the line-up of the far-famed Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Democratic in his friendships as in other ways, employés in every department of the plant counted Mr. McLean among their familiars. The "front room," where "John R." held forth, stood open to all.

Removing to Washington about 1885 where his father had preceded him, Mr. McLean engaged in banking and large real estate operations, but exercised a close supervision over *The Enquirer* by wire. This is the policy he still pursues.

A later venture in journalism, prompted by an attack of the "fever," saw Mr. McLean in the New York field. Here he secured an option on the *New York Journal*, but shortly sold to Mr. Hearst, who had come East bent on finding an opening in the metropolis. Still later, Mr. McLean purchased into the *Washington Post*. He had not had enough to do to occupy all of his time. His manifold interests kept him busy during the day, to be sure, but he was lonesome at night. So as editor-in-chief and managing editor he whiled away the hours, in his earlier *Enquirer* way, until the stroke of two admonished him that it was time to go home for forty winks before showing up at his downtown office at 9 A.M. With Mr. McLean newspaper work will ever be a labor of love.

The life of John R. McLean in Washington has been well spent in every way. He has been the gentleman at all times

and under all circumstances. He has been the head and front of all business enterprises looking to the beauty and progress of the city. He has also been the leader of all legitimate sports and amusements for the recreation, pastime, and pleasure of the people. He is a liberal man with his alms and a charitable man with sense and discretion. As a matter of fact, Mr. McLean and his most estimable wife are good angels to many of the poor in Washington, which speaks volumes for each of them. They have always extended a helping hand to those worthy of assistance. Without rich men like Mr. McLean in a great city much would be lost.

Mr. McLean has been prominent in Democratic politics for years. He has attended national conventions as delegate at large from Ohio, and is a member of the Democratic national committee, representing his State. In 1885, he was the Democratic candidate for United States Senator, and received a flattering vote. In 1899, his party put him forward as the candidate for Governor of Ohio. The campaign was one of the most spirited in the history of the State. His associates and supporters were bitterly disappointed when he failed of election, but Mr. McLean himself was not disappointed in the least. His taste is for business and private life. If the truth were known, it would be found that he was pleased that public prominence was not required of him.

In late years Mr. McLean has made his home in Washington, where he has heavy banking, corporate, and newspaper interests. His summers are spent usually in Paris or at Bar Harbor. His home life is singularly happy, and no public honors could afford any attraction that would draw him from his family and social friends. Mrs. McLean, who was the daughter of Gen. Edward F. Beale, is a woman of rare social graces, and is very popular in Washington. The McLean summer home, Friendship, an old estate in the suburbs of the Capital, is the scene of much gayety during the season, while the city home, at 1500 I Street, Northwest, is one of the finest

JOHN R. McLEAN

in Washington. During the winter season the guests at the McLean home constitute a register of society.

Mr. McLean's only child, Edward B. McLean, has followed in his father's footsteps as a newspaper man. He is the publisher of the *Washington Post*, and is steadily fitting himself for the task of handling the great fortune to which he is heir. His wife, who was the daughter of the late Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado, is possessed of beauty and grace, and the happy young couple rejoice in their baby son, Vinson Walsh McLean, who in his turn will fall heir to the combined fortunes of the McLean and Walsh families.

NORMAN E. MACK



ROPRIETOR and editor of the Buffalo *Evening Times* and Sunday *Times*. It was Mr. Mack who directed the destinies of the Democratic party in the Presidential campaign of 1908, as chairman of the National Committee. Mr. Mack did not come into the world with a golden spoon in his mouth. He was born under the British flag in the Dominion of Canada. He came to the United States when a bit of a youngster, and in due course of time made his permanent residence in Buffalo. His career as an editor and owner of a newspaper has not been exactly a bed of roses. Buffalo, it was thought by a great many, was supporting more papers than it really needed, when Mr. Mack established the *Times*. He, however, had a different opinion, and the success he has made emphasizes the wisdom of his judgment. Mr. Mack is comparatively a young man, certainly in appearance. He has probably had more than his share of the real hard struggles of life, but one would not be so impressed upon seeing him. He has a jovial disposition, always ready to do a friend a favor, and never too busy or too selfish to extend a helping hand to those who need it; but woe unto the man who deceives him. This is an offense he does not forget. Nature apparently cut him out for a career in politics, though he has never asked to hold office. He loves the game of politics. He is not the kind of man who would willingly get into the political mire, but if the candidate whose cause he is championing were to get down into the mud and beckon Mr. Mack to follow him, the chances are the Buffalo editor would get in the mud with him. Mr. Mack might seem, from his brisk and ener-

NORMAN E. MACK

getic movements, to be a man inclined to jump at conclusions. This, however, is not the case. He thinks well before he acts. He is a quick talker, but doesn't waste words.

Mr. Mack has for several years been an important factor in the politics of western New York, so much so, in fact, that Mr. Bryan selected him as the chairman of the National Committee. He is a good money-maker, knows full well the value of a dollar, though he is quite free in the expenditure of it. In stature Mr. Mack is not a large man, nor is he a small man. He is what women would call a handsome man, though it is not believed he would himself admit it. He is always neatly dressed, sufficiently so to carry the impression that he has made no mistake in the selection of his tailor. His clothes invariably bear the mark of being in accordance with the latest and most prevailing fashion. This includes all, from the tip of his toes to the top of his head. Mr. Mack has been fortunate in many ways, but probably the greatest fortune that ever came to him was the selection of a wife. He married Miss Taggart, of Buffalo, noted for her beauty and splendid intellectuality.

Mr. Mack is a man who likes planning big things. He is not essentially a man to look after details. This is particularly true in the management of his paper. He writes comparatively little. He directs what he wants written and in what manner the subjects are treated. His one great ambition in connection with the publication of his papers is to know the trend of public thought—especially on lines of political and kindred topics. It is his best aim to print a clean, respectable paper, without resorting to sensationalism, unless the matter to be printed is sensational. The question was once asked Mr. Mack as to the secret of his success; the community in which he lives recognizing him as a successful man. He replied by saying that he attributed his ability to get on in the world to the fact that for about eighteen years he had worked eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. When viewed from the social side of

life, Mr. Mack is in his element. He is a Chesterfield in his manners while mingling with the public, never abrupt with friends, usually considerate of all. There are times, however, when he "raises the roof," if things do not go right, especially on the inside of his newspaper office. Every one who knows anything about the work of making a newspaper cannot be unmindful of the fact that there are oftentimes internal eruptions that do not get into print. These "raising roofs" uprisings are carefully suppressed.

One of Mr. Mack's unusually strong qualities is his memory. He can tell, almost to the day, of great events of the country or of the world, offhand. He is a kind of encyclopedia when his editors are in doubt as to when any particular event transpired. It is a common saying of his assistants in his office: "Go see Mr. Mack; he'll remember." And so he does. Since automobiling has become faddish, Mr. Mack is well up in the procession of enthusiasts. Previous to the introduction of the new method of transit, he appeared behind as fine a pair of horses as was driven in Buffalo. He has a fondness for horses, and would, no doubt, continue riding behind them, were it possible for them to acquire the speed of a motor car. It is the fast riding that pleases Mr. Mack. Many of his political friends believe the time is not far distant when the party should show its appreciation of his services by rewarding him with a high office, probably that of Governor of New York. He would not object to this, but he is not going to take chances in accepting a candidacy until he is pretty sure that times are ripe for a Democratic victory.

MARTIN B. MADDEN



HEN Martin Barnaby Madden came to Washington, early in the winter of 1905, to take a seat in the House of Representatives as Congressman from the First District of Chicago, he was accorded the unusual honor of being assigned to membership upon the Committee on Appropriations. Places upon that committee are usually reserved for tried members, old in service. His peculiar qualifications to help hold the purse strings of Uncle Sam were not appreciated by his colleagues. Criticism was freely expressed, and the wisdom of Speaker Cannon was seriously questioned, especially by those members who had served several terms, and coveted a place upon the committee, the most important in the House. Madden calmly took a seat at the great table over which the revenues of the Government are annually distributed through supply bills. He exhibited no nervousness, he shirked no responsibility, but from the beginning demonstrated that he possessed an accurate comprehension of the needs of the Government. Disinterested Congressmen and Government officials were at once impressed with the selection, and agreed that no favoritism had dictated his selection, but that in him the Speaker had given the committee one of its best members.

Mr. Madden entered upon the discharge of his duties with complete confidence in himself. He became one of the most active members of the great committee, participating in all its deliberations. By his independence and sound business judgment he became conspicuous, especially upon the floor of the House, where he did not hesitate to express disapproval of appropriations which seemed to him to be extravagant or

unwarranted. From the outset, frequently, he was found in opposition to Chairman Tawney. Upon his own side he quickly builded a potent following among Republicans, who accepted his judgment in matters which they could not personally investigate in detail, and on the Democratic side his fights for economy won instant support.

Madden is not given to oratory, and never attempts to carry his colleagues by flowery flights of words. He is an easy, fluent speaker, always sincere and earnest, and in simple, direct language presents the business questions involved in their strongest form. He is quick at repartee, and is a dangerous opponent in colloquies.

For two Congresses he served upon the Appropriations Committee, constantly increasing in strength as a factor in its deliberations and as an influence in shaping legislation upon the floor of the House. Unquestionably his experience in the Chicago city council, where he served from 1889 to 1897, gave him a decided advantage over other new members when he entered Congress. He presided over the city council from 1891 to 1893, and was chairman of the finance committee from 1892 to 1897.

Those were exciting times in Chicago. The gray wolves were stalking by day as well as by night, according to the newspaper reports, and cries of boodle filled the air. Madden as chairman of the finance committee was the most conspicuous man in the council, and upon him fell criticism and denunciation. The city was rapidly growing; large outlying districts were being annexed; large public improvement contracts were being awarded, and the city street car franchises were expiring. Opportunities for graft were daily arising. Through it all, Madden faced turbulent arraignment and accusation. Under bitter criticism he remained steadfast at his post, personally aware of the utter lack of foundation for the charges against him, and confident that developments would silence his detractors. He has lived to see his thorough and complete

MARTIN B. MADDEN

vindication. Among his most ardent supporters now are numbered those who in those days of excitement assailed him. The newspapers which then pilloried him now give him unrestricted and hearty endorsement.

The rise of Martin Madden has been remarkable. From water boy he has, by merited promotion, become president of the largest stone company in the United States. By burning midnight oil he acquired an education which, for diversity and thoroughness, is notable. He was born in Darlington, England, March 20, 1855. His father, John Madden, a scholar of classics, had been professor of ancient languages in a Dublin University, and his mother, Elisa O'Neil, possessed uncommon mental gifts and strength of character. Persuaded by relatives who had preceded them, the Maddens emigrated, reaching Boston in 1860. They at once located upon a farm at Lemont, near Chicago. When six years of age, Martin was sent to the public school, and attended until ten. Convincing his mother that he could make better progress at a night school which had just been opened, and which was better equipped than the day school, he secured permission to seek work. Underlying Lemont was limestone, now celebrated, which was being quarried by the Lemont Stone Company, and young Martin asked the superintendent for employment. He told him he had been watching the men, and had noticed each one, several times a day, go for water. This imposed upon the company a loss of considerable time which could be avoided by having the water brought to the men, and he wanted the job. He got it, and his career began. From water boy he rapidly rose until he became president of the company. When eighteen years of age he studied law, and when twenty-two was admitted to the bar. On May 16, 1878, he married Miss Josephine Smart, of Downer's Corner, Du Page County, Ill.

At the beginning of the Sixty-first Congress Mr. Madden requested the Speaker to relieve him from further service upon

the Appropriations Committee. He knew that a new river and harbor policy was to be formulated, and as member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee he wanted to participate in the work. He also wanted to be where he could effectively promote the project for a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. He could not remain upon Appropriations and also serve on Rivers and Harbors, so he chose the latter. Many may claim credit for the legislation carried in the last river and harbor act, committing the Government to the deep waterway project, but those familiar with the facts will tell you that no man in Congress was more instrumental in bringing it about than Martin B. Madden.

He is a most indefatigable worker, is a master in handling conflicting interests, has a genius for harmonizing differences, and when he undertakes a task he will carry it to success, if success be possible. Such is his reputation among his colleagues. To him is intrusted the management of many difficult legislative problems. During the heat of the fight over the railroad rate bill in the last session of Congress, when the parties were torn asunder, he became the natural leader of the more progressive element. He took a prominent part in framing the legislation, and his leadership was particularly valuable in the contest over physical valuation. He drafted a comprehensive section which commanded the support of the different factions, and produced an amendment which was voted into the bill when the differences seemed to be beyond compromise. It would be difficult to explain his methods, but, as in the case of the deep waterway project and other important legislative victories, he had the votes present when needed. His good work in the physical valuation fight was undone by the Senate, when the bill was in conference, but his marks remain upon the new law, and he proposes to secure legislation requiring physical valuation.

As chairman of the Illinois Republican State Convention, in 1896, he persuaded the convention to take up his fight to

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have the word "gold" written into the financial platform of the Republican party, and it was largely through the efforts of the Illinois delegates to the national convention, Madden being one of them, that the Republican party was uncompromisingly committed to the gold standard.

He saved his party from a grievous blunder in the following Presidential campaign. He was at the 1900 convention as a delegate, and wrote the plank in the platform pledging his party to the construction of an isthmian canal. The far-sighted wisdom of Madden was quickly demonstrated. Public sentiment at the time was in favor of the Nicaraguan route, but the Chicago alderman, gifted with rare judgment, saw that the Republican party should not be delivered over to any particular route, and happily he conceived the idea of using the word isthmian. He has since entering Congress been conspicuous in canal legislation, and takes a deep interest in the construction of the interoceanic waterway.

It would require more space than is available to detail the measures of national importance which owe, in a large degree, their existence to his support. He has proven upon every test a friend of civil-service reform, of school-teachers, railroad and telegraph employés, and working people generally. He took a prominent part in the debate upon the last tariff bill, and has labored to provide properly for the welfare of aged Government clerks. He has not lost his interest in municipal affairs, and is fighting for cheaper gas and universal street-car transfers in the District. He was among the first of the men in Congress to introduce a postal savings-bank bill, and consistently worked for the measure until its passage was secured. Well informed upon financial matters, he takes the position of an expert when bills relating to monetary affairs are under consideration. He is at present president of the Western Stone Company of Chicago, and is a director of the Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank, of that city. He is a most genial gentleman and has thousands of good and true friends.

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER



HEN the story of the early months of President Taft's service as Chief Executive of the nation comes to be written, one long and interesting chapter of that work probably will appear under the caption: "George von Lengerke Meyer—A Surprise."

Washington is a cynical city. It is half village, half watering-place, the seat of the Government without being the dominant city of the country. It is not to America what London is to England, Paris to France, Vienna to Austria, Berlin to Germany.

Nothing is enjoyed by Washingtonians so much as a new administration. There are few regrets for the passing of a President. Washington grows accustomed to a President, then tires of him. It is always the severest critic of the head of the nation. Rarely is a President wholly popular in Washington. The viewpoint is too close.

Consequently Washington is always agog for a failure. If a man comes in with a new administration bearing a great reputation, and then fails, Washington laughs—and enjoys its cruel laughter.

Late in the Roosevelt régime there came to Washington, as Postmaster General, a Bostonian. His name was George von Lengerke Meyer. Washingtonians had heard of him in the diplomatic corps. They knew he was a man of great wealth, and that he had been ambassador to Italy and afterward ambassador to Russia. Social Washington learned soon after his arrival that he had an attractive wife and two attractive daughters. Social Washington was delighted, since that augured well for entertainments and social activity about the Meyer mansion.

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Having learned this much, Washington picked up the threads of information and bound them together into a theory that Meyer was a dilettante Back Bay Bostonian, with lots of money, good clothes, and an experience in foreign capitals which assisted in rendering him unfit for a man's-sized job. That was where Washington made a frightful blunder.

Cortelyou had just left the Post-office Department when Meyer took hold. Everybody looked upon Frank Hitchcock, then First Assistant Postmaster General, as the real boss of Uncle Sam's postal service. But lurking back in the Meyer brain was a purpose. For years Meyer had conducted big business concerns in Boston. He was a bank director, had been speaker of the Massachusetts house of delegates, and understood business methods. Therefore he wanted to see a postal savings-bank system inaugurated.

Later, when that question became a burning one in Congress and when President Taft made it an "administration measure," and fought for it until it was passed, people forgot its real author. It was Meyer. He started the movement and deserves the credit.

Another public boon the people owe to Meyer is the law which permits one to put ten cents' worth of stamps of any denomination on a letter in addition to the regular two-cent stamp, mark it "special delivery," and have it handled as such. Meyer had this done because he had learned, in his business experience, the value of prompt postal service.

But it was not until Taft came into the White House and Meyer became Secretary of the Navy that Washington awoke to a realization that the man amounted to something, after all. While he was in the Post-office Department Meyer did nothing to attract wide attention. He became well known socially, and he and his family were popular.

Gazing upon him with its patronizing stare, Washington saw a tall, good-looking man, about fifty years old. He had dark hair and dark eyes. He was particularly well-dressed,

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a man of culture and a gentleman throughout. The word "gentleman" is used advisedly in its application to Meyer. Washington began to be pleased with him, and was sorry, so sorry, when it heard that he had announced a plan of reform for the Navy Department.

Now a reform in the Navy Department is one of the stock jokes of Washington. To accomplish such a thing one must hit the famous bureaucracy of the Navy Department. Many Secretaries of the Navy before Meyer had tried reforms. They had all hit the nest of bureau chiefs, all naval officers, and had bounced off. So when Meyer announced his intentions Washington smiled a sweet, sad smile and sat back to watch the gentleman from Boston "get his," to use a slang expression.

But then and there was where Meyer furnished the surprise. Instead of being a social ornament, he turned out to be one of the neatest little fighters the autocrats of the "bounding blue" had ever had to go against. To begin with, Meyer, when he went to the Navy Department, began a course of study. He worked night and day during the spring and summer of 1909, the first year of the Taft administration. By fall he knew the naval game inside and out. When Congress convened in December, Meyer was on hand with his programme.

When a Secretary of the Navy appears before the Senate and House Committees on Naval Affairs, he usually takes a naval officer along to do the talking on technical affairs. Not so Meyer. He learned the technical business himself; learned it in the summer, when everybody thought he was loafing. And he talked to the committees as one having authority. The committees were highly pleased with Meyer. They gave him a year's try-out for his scheme. That was a big victory.

All the time the chiefs of the various bureaus, most of whom were rear admirals, at least, had fought Meyer with marked

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER

activity. Finally, Meyer called them in, one by one, and talked to them soothingly. He was gentleness personified, but he talked straight. Some of the admirals were good judges of human nature. They knew Meyer meant what he said when he suggested that certain changes be made. Those men remained at the head of their respective bureaus.

Others guessed wrong. Meyer was so soft-voiced, they thought him weak. So they opposed him. They were not in the department long. Some went to sea. Others were transferred to navy yards, where they would have fewer responsibilities, easier lives, and no Secretary Meyer to misunderstand.

The main source of Meyer's strength is his common sense. For all his world-wide experience, for all his money and his aristocratic lineage, Meyer is loaded to the brim with that original and homely American quality—common sense.

It leads him to be careful and slow to make up his mind. It causes him to hear all sides of a question before deciding it. Above all, it gives him that faculty so necessary in a leader of men or the head of a big concern, the faculty of surrounding himself with good advisers.

Add to this an unexpected tenacity of purpose in a man of Meyer's personal appearance and general manner, and you have the reasons why he gave Washington such a surprise. After he had been in the Taft Cabinet a year and a half he came to be looked upon as one of Taft's strongest men.

Foreigners liked Meyer so well they decorated him several times. He wears the Grand Cordons of SS. Maurice and Lazare, which he received from the King of Italy; the Order of Alexander Nevsky, from the Czar of Russia, and the Order of the Rising Sun, from the Emperor of Japan.

Although he has little time for outdoor sports, Meyer is a crack polo player, and the best fancy ice-skater in Washington.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES



INCE the close of the Civil War, one of the more conspicuous officers of the United States Army. The career of General Miles is an illustration of what one can accomplish without a military education. General Miles, at the breaking out of the Civil War, was in business in Boston. He was among the first to enlist and march to the front. As time progressed he was advanced from one rank to a higher one, and at the close of the hostilities was wearing the honors of a brigadier general of volunteers. General Miles liked the business of soldiering. Though opposed to war for the mere sake of fighting, he knows wars are a necessity sometimes. Through influential friends then in Congress, he was transferred to the regular service, first being placed in command of a colored regiment as colonel. The advancement of General Miles, from his first station in the regular service to the close of his brilliant career as Lieutenant General, holding the highest rank in the American army, should be glory enough for any man. General Miles had never seen inside of the West Point Military Academy until after he had been in the service of his country for five or six years.

Those of the West Point element in the service seem inclined to look down upon those who come up from the ranks, and this was the case with General Miles, because he was, as they said, "not educated at the war college." It made no difference to him. He had learned the art of war and knew how military campaigns should be carried on. He proved equal to every emergency, and filled with honor every assignment given him. As an Indian fighter it is believed he had but

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one equal, that being General Crook. His campaigns in the West, Northwest, and Southwest, against the Indians, are part of the best history of the American army in the conduct of its internal affairs. It was General Miles who took the old warrior, Geronimo, into custody, which brought about peace in Arizona and New Mexico, where lay the scenes of depredation committed by this warrior bold and his bands of Apaches. Whatever may be said of General Miles, it is conceded that he is as manly a man as any who have ever upheld the integrity of the American flag. He has carried it aloft on numerous occasions. It was never tarnished while in his keeping.

General Miles is positive in character. He has his opinions and has never been afraid to express them, though he may differ with others more powerful than himself. He is not quick to arrive at conclusions. It has been the practice of his life to see both sides of every question. General Miles represents a type of Americans closely allied to those who carved out the future of the republic. There is solidity to it. He is methodical. He never loses his head. It is said to his credit, that he never disobeyed an order, nor failed in any undertaking given him by his superiors.

At one time he had political ambitions. He would have gladly accepted the nomination for Presidency of the United States. Indeed, he was in a receptive mood. He was, however, without any particularly strong party affiliations, thereby not having a "machine" to work with. The part he took in the war against Spain, was not as conspicuous as it would have been had he not been subjected to more or less humiliation upon the part of those in control of the political branch of the war office; the service he rendered to his country in giving information concerning the quality of meat furnished by the Government to the soldiers, took courage, in the face of the political pull of meat contractors. He bore the brunt of this affair with fortitude, and made good his charge. That he established the truth of his original assertion that decayed

meats were furnished the soldiers by Government contractors, there was never a doubt; yet the commission investigating the matter wielded the whitewash brush with unusual dexterity, though it was not able to make a total eclipse of the high officer in charge of the commissary department, who was supposed to profit thereby.

General Miles had the courage of his convictions in expressing his opinion on the findings by the court of inquiry, made up of admirals, sitting in judgment as to whether Admiral Schley did or did not fight the battle of Santiago. The opinion expressed by General Miles, favorable to Admiral Schley, was the honest opinion of 95 per cent of the American people. For this he was publicly humiliated by President Roosevelt in the presence of a room full of gentlemen, when he was a visitor at the White House. This was an unprecedented affair and, as viewed by the public, extreme in its coarseness. General Miles' gentlemanly conduct on this occasion did not fail to command the respect and admiration of all the people throughout the country. He knew something of the hardship of war, and knew a fighter by his record; and he knew Admiral Schley.

General Miles is not bigoted. He is a broad-minded man. Now that he is on the retired list, he is devoting his time to that leisure he so richly deserves. He has been solicited by thousands of friends to write his memoirs, and it is not improbable that he may do so. There are few men identified with the affairs of the United States who could contribute more interesting and entertaining matter than he. He is never without a good word for those he knows. He is as loyal in his friendships as he has always been faithful to his duty. He takes much delight in riding horseback, and, by the way, he is one of the best equestrians in Washington. He has gone through many battles, and has never received a scar, though he has had some close shaves. Though reaching the sundown of a brilliant and successful career, he moves about with remark-

GEN. NELSON A. MILES

able agility for one of his years. As a soldier, he was a strict disciplinarian. As a commanding officer, he was adamant in his demands for performance of duty, but never unkind or ungenerous to those under him. As a man, General Miles deserves to be classified with the best that America has produced. He is an honor and a credit to his country.

HERNANDO D. MONEY

THIS man is the last of the old South left in either branch of the legislative council of the republic, and when he bids farewell to public life, next March, so far as Congress is concerned, the old South will be a history. He is a typical Southerner, tall, slender, wiry, graceful, frank, open, manly, and brave. He is also a man of superior intellect and exceptional culture. Not so scholarly as Mr. Lodge, it is doubtless true that he is more familiar with the Latin and Greek classics than even the Senator from Massachusetts, and it is certainly true that he has delved deeper into the lore and the polities of many of the Asiatic tribes—mysterious folk—than any other man in public life.

Senator Money was born the year the late Thomas B. Reed first saw the light of this world we live in, and was only twenty-two when the big war between the States was precipitated by fierce quarrels between the Hotspurs of the South and the stern Balfours of the North in twoscore sessions of Congress. After a gallant career in the army, young Money, now a captain, resigned in 1864 because of injury to sight, and he is become almost totally blind. The Confederate authorities offered him a place in a “bombproof,” but he rejected it, and preferred to produce bread and meat for the army; and thus the last months of the war he spent on a Mississippi plantation, the cotton fields of which he made corn fields and the forest of which he made swine ranges.

Soon after the war Captain Money became the editor of a county newspaper, that he conducted so ably and fearlessly as to attract wide attention. He fiercely arraigned the carpetbag

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governments that are now universally held to be the most odious and the most infamous ever instituted by one Christian people for the humiliation and the enslavement of another. Nine years after the surrender at Appomattox, Captain Money was elected a member of the Forty-fourth Congress by a Mississippi constituency. It was the first denominative Congress that had sat in Washington in sixteen years, and it was an exceptionally able Congress, having for Speaker Michael C. Kerr, and William R. Morrison and Samuel J. Randall for leaders of the majority on the floor. Perhaps it is well enough to say that Ben Hill and Lamar were on the majority side and James G. Blaine and Garfield on the minority side. After serving ten years Money voluntarily retired, and remained in private life until 1893, when he was again returned to Congress, where he served until 1897, when, upon the death of James Z. George, he was elected to the Senate, of which body he has since been a distinguished member.

It is a singular coincidence that among the leading Senators two of the most brilliant are blind, and yet they are very busy men, performing a great deal of legislative labor and discovering splendid capacity for legislative business. Both are formidable debaters, and nothing escapes the vigilant scrutiny of either. Indeed, it would seem that blindness is not an unmixed evil. The minds of the blind are concentrated on a given problem. Their thoughts are not so frequently diverted from the matter in hand. Unable to read themselves, their memories are necessarily disciplined to retain what is read to them. In forensic discussion it is as much genius to be able to mass thoughts on a given subject as in military combat it is inspiration to concentrate an overwhelming force upon a given point.

Both the blind Senators are fine conversationalists, and they are the more entertaining because of the rich stores of acquired knowledge laid away in their capacious minds. Daily having friends read to them from books, newspapers,

and magazines, their blindness affords them the better facility to digest and assimilate what they thus learn.

Senator Money is the Democratic leader of the Senate, a compliment deserved for his capacity as a legislative gladiator as well as for the integrity of his character. Not since Thurman's day has the Democracy in that chamber had a greater leader; but then Thurman was not only the first jurist of the Senate, but one of the greatest forensic debaters of our entire history.

Senator Money is as "sweet as summer to his friends," and his personal friends on the majority side number practically the Republican membership of the body.

And, as observed, when Money leaves the old South will be known there no more forever.

J. HAMPTON MOORE



EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from one of the Philadelphia districts. Mr. Moore, though serving his third term in the House of Representatives, has advanced in position and influence so prominently that he is listed among the leading members of the lower House of Congress. Mr. Moore began his business career as a newspaper reporter on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, when that publication was owned and controlled by the philanthropic George W. Childs. Many of Mr. Moore's duties as a reporter were in and about the courts.

He had previously read law, which provided him with good equipment for newspaper work in that line. Later, he became an editor and a publisher in his home city. He was once Secretary to Mayor Ashbridge. Shortly after the department of commerce and labor was made a co-ordinate branch of the Government, Mr. Moore was made chief of the bureau of manufactures. He resigned this position to become president of a trust company, of which he was later the receiver. Mr. Moore took to politics with ease and elegance. He was president of the Republican State League of Pennsylvania for two years, and was afterward elected president of the National League for a like period. Mr. Moore had not long been in Congress until he achieved a high place in his advocacy of needed legislation relative to establishing deep inland waterways. He is president of the association organized for the purpose of furthering this project, and has done more, probably, than any other one man to bring the subject so prominently before the people that it is now made almost a political issue. It was through Mr. Moore's energy and in-

fluence that both President Roosevelt and President Taft journeyed down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers for the purpose of making personal observations of the need of these two great waterways. Mr. Moore has thoroughly aroused public sentiment throughout the entire country on this question, and it is within the scope of early future probabilities that Government action will be taken providing for the deepening of the larger rivers, thereby restoring them to their natural functions in the movement of the country's products. It is one of the most important questions that have been brought to the attention of the people for a long time—a question which means so much to producers and consumers alike.

Mr. Moore possesses so many admirable traits of character that it would be quite impossible to enumerate all of them. He has reached his present position through his own individual efforts. He made a place for himself in the affairs of Philadelphia, and every position with which he has been honored and trusted has been filled acceptably to his friends and to the public in general. Mr. Moore came into being only a few months before General Lee yielded to the supremacy of General Grant. He was not born with a golden spoon, nor was it even silver. When he reached man's estate, he went forth into the world to do things, and he has done them. He is tall, and a bit slim, bearing in some respects a likeness, in stature at least, to Wayne MacVeagh when that gentleman was about Mr. Moore's age. He is a man of easy manners, graceful in everything he does. He is likewise moderate in all things, and personally modest to an extreme. He doesn't go around making a noise, nor does he wear rubber boots. He is able to look squarely in the face every man he meets, which may be taken as good evidence that he is an enemy of hypocrisy and sham. What he has to say, he says in the broad, open field of publicity. He has made, and is making, one of the most useful representatives in Congress that the city of Philadelphia has ever honored with a seat in that body. His constituents

J. HAMPTON MOORE

think so much of him that they show a disposition to return him as long as he possesses a desire to serve them. It is not at all improbable that he will soon be in line for the governorship, should his political ambitions lead him in that direction.

Mr. Moore has been successful as a money-maker, having been wise enough to keep step with the industrial progress of the country. He is a most generous host, and it seems nothing gives him greater pleasure than entertaining his friends. He has acquired some reputation in Washington, while a member of Congress, as a good after-dinner speaker, but only upon occasions when he is guest and not host. In the latter capacity, he has figured on numerous occasions. He has the happy qualification of bringing about his board congenial men—those fitting in with each other—thereby establishing harmony both in thought and speech. Mr. Moore likes music. He is a frequent patron of the theaters, caring only for the higher-class drama. When it comes to private conversation, he speaks with a charm that is pleasing. He has convincing methods, also. He is more inclined to persuade than to drive. He is not a trouble-maker. If he could have his way about it, all the people in the world would be friends. His bump of humor is highly developed. He sees the comedy side of life as well as the serious. Mr. Moore has a most remarkable memory. This he no doubt acquired when a newspaper reporter. Good reporters never take notes, and some of them seldom carry pencils. In his newspaper days he acquired this habit of relying on his memory, which he still retains; therefore he remembers even to the smallest detail a matter of business that might have transpired a long time since. He is as proficient in remembering names and faces, which, without doubt, constitutes a large part of his political franchise. In the matter of dress, Mr. Moore is always modestly but elegantly attired. He is familiar with the new fashion as soon as it makes its appearance in Chestnut Street. His preference for quiet colors is noticeable. Mr. Moore is one of the country's best citizens.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

THE LEADING financier of the United States. Much has been said of Mr. Morgan, both by word of mouth and by the public prints. He has been much in the public eye for the past twenty-five years, and that he will retain his present position of eminence in the world of finance is evident, so long as he may wish it so, or until the end of his life. Mr. Morgan is a man who is not known personally by many people, although his ways are not dark, nor are his tricks vain. Mr. Morgan is made the subject of more than his share of adverse criticism. He is probably held responsible for many acts he does not commit. Because he has spent most of his business career in Wall Street, the yeomanry may not have a very good opinion of him. This may have had its origin in the fact that those living in the remote sections are not up-to-date in the methods of carrying on business in the financial center of the country. Mr. Morgan is a man who has the confidence of all the leading financiers of the country. He is also a man who controls vast sums of money. He has come to be known as the man who can produce the coin when industrial combinations become financially involved. When it becomes necessary to rehabilitate railroads, managers desiring his help journey to Wall Street, with the hope of getting his aid in bringing about a reorganization. The word "Reorganize," in these instances, has been changed to "Morganize." The "Morganizing" of railroads has had a most beneficial effect upon several badly managed lines. This would indicate that Mr. Morgan is a public benefactor to the railway world. It is well to understand, however, that when Mr. Morgan be-

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

comes identified with the financial affairs of a railway, he is not working in the interests of unadulterated philanthropy. He is not without having his eye set in the direction of good financial returns to the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. He can see a dollar as far down the street as the next man; in fact, he sees millions of dollars where other men might see but thousands.

Mr. Morgan was brought up in an atmosphere of finance. There has been money on both sides of him, front and back. No matter which way he may turn, he comes in direct contact with money. He is sometimes called, in Wall Street parlance, "Ready Money Morgan." He is ever ready to finance any kind of a corporation, if there is money in it. It was Mr. Morgan who coined the phrase "undigested securities," presumably referring to stock issues by corporations not possessing dividend-paying powers. Mr. Morgan has taken a hand in helping finance the United States on two or three occasions. When there is a bond issue going on, Mr. Morgan is usually in the neighborhood. He has financed some of the South American republics, much to their joy and likewise to the proper ledger side of his banking house. Mr. Morgan deals in gigantic undertakings. There are thousands of business propositions submitted to him, which he dismisses in a few minutes. He, apparently, intuitively knows what will make money and what will not. He is probably the keenest observer of the financial affairs of the world that can be found in the United States. He is the intimate associate of all the leading financiers of Europe. The Rothschilds of England, France, and Germany are to those countries what Mr. Morgan is to the United States. In his younger days, he was taught the science of finance by his father, who in his day was not as great as the son has become, but withal, a man engaged in large financial affairs. Mr. Morgan was born in the State of Connecticut, the home of the wooden nutmeg. Therefore, he is in every sense a Yankee, and the world knows the native

shrewdness of the Yankees when the question of money-getting is under consideration. He is a man of gigantic financial intellect. He is an honor and credit to his country. He has averted several panics, precipitated by irresponsible financial jugglers. He has come to the rescue of the financial and industrial world when the wisdom of a big-brained man was needed.

Mr. Morgan is recognized as the most progressive man in the United States in the advancement of art. His annual contributions to deserving charity will run into the thousands. He has always been public-spirited. He has searched the best art galleries of Europe for the most meritorious products of the leading artists. His influence in building the Metropolitan Gallery of Art in New York is commendable. There are few things of a public nature in and about the city of New York that do not find Mr. Morgan listed as one of the leading promoters. His contributions to the Episcopal Church probably aggregate more than those of any ten other persons in the country. Mr. Morgan is a man who makes great sums of money every year. He may hoard a great deal of it, but it is known that he is exceedingly liberal in the distribution of a large amount of it. He spends about one half of every year in the United States, and the other half in Europe. His firm has large financial interests in London, Paris, and Berlin, where branch banking houses are in existence. With all his vast wealth and his interest in a multitude of great undertakings, he is a plain and simple man. He is a great conservator of time. He does not believe in wasting anything. He will transact more business in twelve hours than most men will do in three days.

PAUL MORTON



RESIDENT of the Equitable Assurance Society. Mr. Morton represents the higher attainments in the world of progress at the present period. He is another of the strong men who have come out of the West to become the heads of large financial institutions in the East. Mr. Morton was born in Michigan. He is the son of the late J. Sterling Morton, for more than a quarter of a century the leading Democrat in Nebraska; so prominent was he in national affairs, that President Cleveland selected him for his Secretary of Agriculture during his second administration. The son inherited much of the talent of his father. After finishing his collegiate course, he was given a position in the head offices of the Chicago and Burlington Railway at Chicago. His first position was an humble one, but he was not there long until he developed unusual ability in comprehending the magnitude of railway management. He was soon advanced to higher position, finally becoming general passenger agent, although the most of his time had been devoted to freight traffic. This demonstrated the fact that, while he was conversant with the freight department, he had at the same time absorbed the knowledge necessary to make him useful at the head of the passenger service. The advancement of Mr. Morton in the railway world was rapid, but not other than it should have been, as he merited all he received. At the time of the reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé system, Mr. Morton was invited to become one of the vice-presidents in charge of traffic. He had no sooner taken this position than it seemed, as if by magic, the earnings of the system expanded by leaps

and bounds. Mr. Morton was considered, at the time he was active in railway management, as having one of the most resourceful minds among railway managers in the Western country.

In politics, Mr. Morton had always been a Democrat, the same as his father, until 1896. He possessed the mental equipment, in the opinion of President Roosevelt, which fitted him for the position of Secretary of the Navy. He was asked to take a seat as a member of President Roosevelt's official family, which he willingly accepted, no doubt making a great financial sacrifice, as he had to resign his connection with the Santa Fé Railway. His record as Secretary of the Navy is too well known to necessitate any extended notice here. Mr. Morton's services were again called into use by the directors of the Equitable Assurance Society, who made him president of that organization. When Mr. Morton had retired as Secretary of the Navy it was the purpose to make him president of the entire transportation system of the city of New York, which included the elevated, the surface, and the underground railway. Thomas F. Ryan was then a controlling force in this transportation system, and through him the office of president was tendered Mr. Morton. At about this time, Mr. Ryan also became the dominant factor in the Equitable Assurance Society, following the upheaval caused by a quarrel between the president, James W. Alexander, and vice-president James Hazen Hyde. Mr. Ryan thought it best to have Mr. Morton become the president of the Equitable, instead of taking charge of the transportation company. This was Mr. Morton's introduction into the insurance world. The record he has made as the head of this institution has given him a high place in financial circles. His administration has met with the approval of everybody concerned, whether directors or policy-holders. Mr. Morton is entitled to be classed with the progressive business men of the country. His career as a railway manager, his administration of affairs as the head of

PAUL MORTON

the Navy Department, and his control of the largest insurance society in the United States have been of so high a character that he is in a class quite to himself.

In a personal sense, Mr. Morton is an agreeable and pleasing man. His wants seem few, and his ways are comparatively simple. He is democratic in the good, old-fashioned way, yet he is a member of what may be considered the ultra-fashionable contingent in New York. He is strong in his likes and dislikes, although never refusing to accord, even to his enemies, courteous treatment. When Secretary of the Navy, he was frank enough to admit that as vice-president and traffic manager of the Santa Fé Railway he had indulged in paying rebates to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which was a violation of law. Because of his integrity in frankly admitting the same, he was repeatedly commended, in private letters and public utterances, by President Roosevelt. Mr. Morton is a fine specimen of vigorous, healthful manhood. One of his most notable characteristics is his modesty. He is probably near fifty years of age. His hair is light in color and thin.

He began getting bald when quite young. He wears a light brown mustache, in which there is no gray. He is about six feet in height, weighing probably 180 pounds. He is particular about his dress. He is seldom, if ever, seen in other than a frock-coat, and generally wears a silk hat. He is a good entertainer, and delights in having his friends about him. He believes in practicing, at all times, economy, acting on the principle that a penny saved is a penny made. He is fond of country life, and no doubt would if he could get away from his business cares, live the simple life, far removed from the hustle and bustle of a great city.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PROPRIETOR and publisher of about half a dozen magazines and four daily newspapers. Mr. Munsey is distinctively a self-made man. He came into being in a remote section of the State of Maine. There was no railroad in the near-by vicinity of the birthplace of young Munsey. About the first thing he did in the way of becoming attached to any particular vocation was to learn the trade of setting type in the office of a country newspaper. This proved to be the place where young Munsey began opening his eyes. He saw the world from afar. He looked into the mystic future, and made up his mind he was going to conquer at least part of it. He rode, walked, and glided, by easy stages, south along the coast of the Atlantic from Maine in the direction of Boston. Boston was a big and busy city in the eyes of young Munsey. His beacon light, however, was not in Boston Bay, but in the city of New York. There is where he said he would go and begin the struggle. He had no money of any consequence. He began the publication of a small and inconsequential paper, which by degrees was developed, until it began attracting some attention. What is known to-day as *The Munsey* in the magazine world was at its origin *Munsey's Monthly*. In time he accumulated some money, from which he soon separated himself, however, by purchasing the *New York Daily Star*. This he renamed *The Continent*, the first tabloid paper in America. He showed an adaptability for making a newspaper, and no doubt would have succeeded 'hen had he possessed more cash. He quit the paper, not being able to meet all the payments necessary, having lost about \$40,000 in

FRANK A. MUNSEY

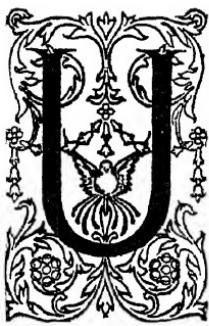
the enterprise—all he had. He was defeated, but his courage had not left him. Back into Warren Street he went, with his *Munsey's Monthly*, and his story paper, *The Argosy*, the proprietorship of which he had retained all the while of his daily newspaper experience. All this transpired in 1891-92. Ten years after his reverses, he had a net income from his publications of seven hundred thousand dollars a year. This, in a way, shows the kind of stuff of which Mr. Munsey is made.

He was the first man in the United States to put a higher-class magazine on the market at ten cents a copy. Previous to this, the lowest price for any similar publication was twenty-five cents. Upon reducing the price of his magazine from twenty-five to ten, the volume of advertising increased, in six months, almost 1,000 per cent. The news companies refused to handle his magazine at the reduced price, unless he would furnish it to them at their price, which he would not do. He announced to the public the cost of his magazine to readers should be but ten cents. As the news companies would not handle it, he established his individual agencies in nearly every town and city in the United States. In less than three years all of the news companies were glad to accept his terms. He had whipped them good and hard. Having made so great a success of his magazines, he began the purchase of daily newspapers, being now the proprietor of one each in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. Mr. Munsey is a character quite to himself. It is not believed he has a prototype in the publishing business. In disposition he is exceedingly changeable. Because a thing suits him to-day is no reason why it should please him to-morrow. What he builds on Tuesday, he sometimes tears down on Wednesday, but to rebuild better and in a different place or in another way on Thursday. Sometimes he is unusually hard to please. He is peculiar in his selection of men about him. One man may please him particularly well on Sunday, while on Monday he sees him from an entirely different viewpoint, and out

he has to go. He sometimes is given to changing the policy, form, and make-up of a newspaper over night. Upon one occasion, he transformed an evening publication into a morning edition after giving his readers six hours' notice. In a few days he changed it back again. Within three weeks he announced that he would sell the whole outfit at auction, and if no one would buy it he would give it away. This was a time when Mr. Munsey was moody, and he does have moody spells, although he is not one who is particularly given to being "up in the skies" to-day and "down in his boots" to-morrow.

Mr. Munsey is an aggressive thinker and an industrious doer. His light is never hid under a bushel. He lets the world know what he is doing every day of his life through his many publications. He is fertile in imagination, and usually productive of excellent business ideas. He is not a man who ever becomes effusive about anything. He is a bit cold-blooded and consistently methodical. He desires seeing the brightest side of everything, and he usually does. He is not a profusive talker, though an entertaining one. He is capable of making a good speech. He is clear in his ideas, knows what he wants to say, and how to say it. He is a forceful, vigorous writer. He goes much in society, although caring little for it. He is unmarried and rich. He is popular with ladies, knows how to entertain them, and is not unwilling to be gracious in the expenditure of money for their pleasure. He is always well-dressed, a good observer of the prevailing fashions of the day. He was born when Franklin Pierce was President. He is a man of good physique, inclined to be a little stoop-shouldered. Has a clear, penetrating eye, and is able to look the world squarely in the face, as if telling it he "owes it nothing." He is growing a trifle bald. In his younger days his hair was red. His mustache is now gray, and trimmed short. He never relates his secrets to other men.

VICTOR MURDOCK



PSTAIRS over the dais of the Speaker of the House of Representatives there is a gallery. It is designed for the use of the newspaper men of Washington. From the eminence, the proceedings and utterances of the House are watched by over two hundred more or less keen-eyed and clear-headed men. They represent the important newspapers and magazines of the United States.

Sometimes these men grow so weary of seeing the public business carried on in a manner which they disapprove that they write articles in their papers telling how it should be done. Sometimes one of them, or his brother worker in the home newspaper office itself, is elected to Congress to put his ideas into practice. With exceedingly few exceptions, these newspaper men make vigorous, honest, and able legislators. And Victor Murdock is one of them.

That name has been striding into public hearing of late. Murdock hails from Wichita, and he represents in Congress the Eighth Kansas district and the "Kansas Idea." This Kansas idea seemed to Speaker Cannon and his lieutenants in the Sixtieth and Sixty-first Congresses to be a disposition to make as difficult as possible the life of Mr. Cannon and his followers. To the Kansans and to Murdock it was the theory of Progressive Republicanism—and they declared that it aimed to bring back into practice the rights of individual representatives. Murdock asserted that he was not willing to obey blindly the orders of the House organization that he might secure favors for his district and committee places of importance. So he revolted, along with two or three other Republicans back

in the Fifty-ninth Congress, and from that time on he was anathema with the Speaker.

Murdock is a sturdy, red-headed brother of considerable vehemence and a great deal of consistency, and in sun and rain, opportunely and at most embarrassing times, he insisted upon being what was then called an "insurgent." The revolt did not make much headway, however, until the Sixtieth Congress, and Murdock was not an especially popular Congressman among those of his colleagues who belonged to the organization wing.

In the Sixtieth Congress, an attempt to reform the House rules, which was the object of the fight Murdock and the other progressives had been making, was blocked by an insurgent movement on the part of certain Democrats who voted with the Cannon forces.

The special session of the Sixty-first Congress, however, permitted the making of plans which were destined to take away from the Speaker much of the power granted him by the rules. During this session was framed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and against certain schedules of this, Murdock, now reinforced by nearly a score of Congressmen, led a fierce attack. The bill was passed, and the regular session of the Sixty-first Congress opened with forebodings.

Here Murdock reached his pinnacle. He was one of the three Republican progressive leaders who made possible the stormy victory of March 19, 1910, when Cannon was ousted from the Rules Committee and the membership of that body enlarged. He was one of the nine Republicans who attempted to vote Cannon out of the chair. He carried progressivism to the point where he could always be counted upon to vote against the Cannon organization, because, to Murdock's way of thinking, the organization did not stand for popular government. After a set of victories, hear him:

"The time has passed when a Representative must go to the Speaker, hat in hand, to secure the rights to which the

VICTOR MURDOCK

Constitution entitles him. . . . Cannon and his followers represent the outworn and the unfair systems in government. They are not only standpatters. They are standstills."

Murdock fights fiercely always. He popularized his movement, there is no doubt of that, and the summer following the long session of 1909-1910 he went to Kansas, and, speaking for the progressive cause, he was partly responsible for the refusal of the Kansas people to renominate Representatives Scott, Miller, Calderhead, and Reeder, all standpatters. For these Cannon made a tour of the State. It was a continuation of the House fight between Murdock and that old gentleman who seems to be his natural enemy, Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. And Murdock, in every fight, has lived up to the prophetic promise of his name, Victor.

Florid as to hair and complexion, Murdock has the type of stature which would be termed "stocky," were it not above the middle height, and "husky," were he not growing a trifle stout. He is smooth shaven, and there is more fight in his eyes and in the cut of his features than even his warlike name would indicate. On his visage there sits a wholesome, hearty evidence that Murdock possesses a brotherly sense of humor.

What did the press gallery have to do with him? Oh, Murdock was managing editor of the Wichita *Daily Eagle* when he was elected to Congress. He was a printer's devil as a lad, a reporter at fifteen, and then on until he was well into his twenties. So the press gallery claims him.

Murdock's profession makes it almost unnecessary to state that he is blunt and democratic, and likes nothing better than to meet, talk to, and be talked to by his fellow-man.

WILLIAM R. NELSON



DITOR and proprietor of the Kansas City *Star*. It is the opinion of many of those who located in and about Kansas City twenty-five or thirty years ago, that had it not been for Colonel Nelson, there might not have been a greater Kansas City. This, of course, is no doubt an exaggeration, but it goes to show what Colonel Nelson's neighbors think of him.

He became a citizen of Kansas City when it was young, and so was he. There were not many business houses, or even residences, on the bluffs or in the ravines when he established *The Evening Star* newspaper. Colonel Nelson went to the farther side of Missouri from Fort Wayne, Indiana. His father was one of the leading men in his section of the Hoosier State. It was in Fort Wayne that young Nelson gained his first newspaper experience. When a mere boy, he had the faculty of thinking and acting for himself. This characteristic was apparently developed to an unusual degree for one of his years. He had become inoculated with the western fever some four or five years before leaving the banks of the Wabash for the banks of the Kaw. Some thought he was going on a foolish mission, and that he might have to walk back. He was of quite a different opinion. He realized that Kansas City, then a growing but small place, was destined to become a large city, as it was geographically well located. When launching *The Star*, he had several fixed purposes in view. The principal one was to make the best newspaper possible, to give it at the very beginning a reputation for truthfulness and fairness. He wanted his readers to understand that if they read it in *The Star*, it was the truth, and if it

WILLIAM R. NELSON

was not printed in *The Star*, it had never transpired. That was the policy in its infancy, and is its policy to-day. Colonel Nelson has had his ups and downs, however. He is now one of the richest newspaper owners in the West. This, no doubt, is because he is more enterprising and has more newspaper-common sense than many of his rivals. He had to fight, however, for much that he has got. As editor of *The Star*, he has wielded an influence throughout Missouri and Kansas that stands for an individuality quite out of the common.

One of Colonel Nelson's hobbies, if it can be classified as such, is his persistent desire for honest, high-class, municipal government. He gave several years of his busy life to this one subject, and in attempting to build up the kind of local government which would reflect credit upon the better class of citizens, he was compelled to resort to desperate means, often-times, in ridding the community of some undesirable citizens. The metropolis on the banks of the Kaw is not unlike other similar communities, in being the possessor of some men of more or less grafting proclivities, particularly those who are members of the city council and board of aldermen. Colonel Nelson at one time made it plain to this objectionable contingent that, unless there was more honesty in the administration of municipal affairs, he would be compelled to make the matter so public through his paper that the courts would have to take cognizance thereof, and if this were once done, it would mean an increase in the numerical strength of the population inside the State penitentiary. The offenders seemed to know the same thing, and at the same time. These affairs, however, have been mere incidents in the editorial life of Colonel Nelson in Kansas City. He has done what he could to advance the fortunes of his city and State and his section of the Republic. He has seen the city grow from a small town to a center of population, which in a few years is destined to number close on to one million. It is not the city, however, that has done the only progressing. Colonel Nelson

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has done his share also. As he has grown strong in power and influence, he has likewise expanded as the owner of valuable property, and a great deal of it. He has one of the finest residences in the Central West. If it were located on the Rhine, in Germany, it would no doubt be pointed out as one of the greatest castles of that historic valley.

Colonel Nelson is not only large in ideas and in the consummation of huge projects, but he is large in stature. He wears about an eighteen-inch collar. His hair is quite gray, inclined to be a little longer than custom prescribes, but it is nevertheless becoming to him. The forelock is usually a bit unruly, and insists on falling over his forehead, sometimes obscuring his right eye. This, to some, may give him a ferocious look, likening him, in appearance, to the lion. But it is only in appearance. He is one of the best-natured men in the country. He never gets excited. He is never known to enter into any kind of a controversy, no matter what may be the subject which calls forth treatment by his paper, when he has not studied the strong points, as well as the weak ones, of the common enemy. That is where his superiority in generalship has made him successful. He has never thought Kansas City would be the artistic center of the United States during his lifetime, but he has hoped that in the not too far distant future there will be as much display, public and private, of the high arts as is to be seen in any other section of the country. In laying out the grounds surrounding his beautiful place, he had in view the artistic. Colonel Nelson is imposing in appearance. It requires but a glance in his direction to recognize in him a man of unusual force. A few years ago, he bought the Kansas City *Times*, a morning paper. He is a master hand at printing two papers a day, *The Times* in the morning, and *The Star* in the evening. Colonel Nelson is one of the giants of that section of the country lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains.

FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS



SENATOR in Congress from Nevada. It can be said of Mr. Newlands that he is one of the most indefatigable workers in public life. It is rarely that he is absent from the Senate chamber when important legislation is pending. Mr. Newlands was for several years a Representative in Congress before he was elected to the Senate. When he first became a member of the lower House, or rather a short time thereafter, he invested largely in suburban real estate in Washington, which he has developed into a valuable property. This, however, has not affected the value of his services as a legislator in representing his constituency. Mr. Newlands is a Southerner by birth, having been born near Natchez, Mississippi, going West when comparatively a young man. He was educated, however, at the Capital of the Nation before taking up his residence on the Pacific Coast. He adopted the profession of law, and when in active practice, young as he was, gave promise of becoming one of the leading lawyers of his State. Mr. Newlands attracted probably more attention on the occasion of his marriage than falls to the lot of most young men who are not blessed with large fortunes. He had not been long in his new home until he married a daughter of William Sharon, then one of the richest men on the Pacific Coast. He had large banking and mining interests in both California and Nevada. Mr. Sharon later became a United States Senator. The marriage of Mr. Newlands and Miss Sharon was one of the most pretentious, so far as the expenditure of money was concerned, that had been known in that section up to that time. Mr. Sharon was lavish in giving his daughter

a wedding that might have eclipsed in splendor anything ever attempted by the Feudal Lords. What seems to have been considered unusual extravagance upon the part of Mr. Sharon received much comment from the Eastern press. It is more than probable that social circles of the effete East were envious of the wealth being earned and displayed by the pioneers of the then new though productive West.

Following the death of Senator Sharon, Mr. Newlands became the manager of the estate, which was large. In this capacity he proved himself to be a business man of high order. He has been able to increase its value several times over. Mr. Newlands is a conspicuous leader in the Democratic party, though by no means an unreasonable partisan. He is liberal in all things, particularly in his political convictions. The people of Nevada have faith in his ability and his integrity. They admire him in terms stronger than mere words can express. If he so desires and Nevada should remain Democratic, it would seem that Senator Newlands may remain in his present position as long as he lives. He is doubtless the most enthusiastic Senator in behalf of making Washington one of the beautiful cities of the world. His artistic tastes find favor with artists of recognized standing everywhere. He has given years of study to the best methods of so beautifying Washington that it will compare favorably with any of the capitals of the Old World. He has also ever been a loyal supporter of everything that was, or is, of interest to the people along the Pacific, or, in fact, any part of the interior West. Few men who have served any particular term in Congress are better informed than he as to the needs of the country, so far as Congress is able to act. He is strong in debate. His early training in the school of politeness, so characteristic of the Southern people, made a lasting impression upon him. There is no man in the Senate more courteous than he.

Those who have the pleasure of Senator Newlands' intimate acquaintance bear testimony to his many admirable qualities.

FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

He is of average height, of light complexion, and of suave, graceful manners. He is a man of wonderful activity, and appears to be at least ten or fifteen years younger than he really is; and still, he is comparatively a young man. His life has been a busy one. He was but little more than twenty-two years of age when he went West, and from that time to the present, he has been listed along with those who have been bending their best energies in the direction of better government. Senator Newlands may be, in a sense, an idealist. He is too practical to be a mere theorist. He is not one of those who think that if a thing has not been done, it cannot be done. He goes upon the plan that when a thing is to be done, it must be done. There is no better-dressed man in the Senate than Senator Newlands. His preference for colors seems to run to light gray. He has a fondness for frock-coats, silk hats, and white vests. Thus it will be seen that in dress, as well as in mental qualities, Senator Newlands is conspicuous; although in the matter of clothes he does not go beyond what is considered prevailing style, which, after all, may be considered as within the pale of requisite modesty. One of Senator Newlands' diversions is riding horseback. He has several blooded animals in his stables, and he takes much pride in their possession. He is an excellent equestrian, far better, it is believed, than former President Roosevelt. If Senator Newlands had been permitted to follow his artistic inclinations, he would, no doubt, have been a painter. He never tires of passing through the great galleries of Europe, when traveling on the Continent which he does frequently.

FRANK B. NOYES



TILL three years short of the age of fifty, Frank B. Noyes, president of the Associated Press and president of the *Evening and Sunday Star*, of Washington, D. C., has achieved high distinction among the great newspaper publishers of America. Inherent genius, natural adaptability, and persistent hard work have placed him among those at the head of one of the honored avocations of men of affairs in this country. His life has been a busy one since he became seventeen years of age, marked by persistent application to, and study of, his chosen calling, with but brief interludes of travel and recreation.

The result is shown in the development of the greatest news-gathering organization in the world, and the expansion of one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the United States, to both of which his efforts have contributed in large degree.

He is a son of one of the great editors of the country, Crosby S. Noyes, now deceased, whose editorial writings, covering a range of fifty years, fixed his status among the editorial advocates of liberty, justice, and expansion in America. Frank B. Noyes elected to enter the business department of *The Evening Star*, after securing his education at Columbian University and in commercial schools. This was when he was seventeen years of age, and in a very brief time he found himself holding a position of great responsibility under S. H. Kauffmann, then the president of the Evening Star Company, who devolved wide powers of discretion upon his assistant.

The problem which confronted Frank B. Noyes, and which successfully worked out, was to keep *The Evening Star* abreast of the times, and yet preserve the conservative character of the

FRANK B. NOYES

newspaper, in so far as business methods affected it. Washington is a conservative city, and a newspaper catering to a population drawn from every section of the country, comprising men of every shade of political, religious, and personal opinion, must, if truly representative, be conservative.

Mr. Noyes protected and encouraged the small advertisers. *The Star* is essentially the organ of the small advertiser, the individual advertiser, and carries more advertising of this character than newspapers of infinitely larger circulation in the big cities. The advertising columns were maintained in harmony with the character which Crosby S. Noyes impressed upon the editorial and news columns. Frank B. Noyes soon became treasurer in title and active business head in fact of *The Star*.

In 1894, he was made one of the board of directors and a member of the executive committee of the old Associated Press, at that time incorporated under the laws of Illinois. A decision of the court in that State made news-gathering associations common carriers, and it became advisable to reorganize. In 1899, Mr. Noyes and his associates worked out the new organization, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, of the Associated Press.

This organization is unique in character under its new charter, and represents a revolution in the organization of news-gathering concerns. The form of the charter and the method of operation under it are largely the products of the business genius of Mr. Noyes. In 1900, Mr. Noyes was elected president of the Associated Press, and has been recurrently re-elected, having held the office of president longer than any other man in preceding or similar organizations of this kind.

While Mr. Noyes would disclaim more than his due share of credit for the expansion of the Associated Press during his incumbency as president, it is a fact that the association has developed marvelously, until now it has no peer among the news-gathering associations of the world. From being depend-

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ent on foreign news-gathering associations for foreign news, it has become a world news-gathering organization. Instead of taking news from foreign news agencies, the Associated Press now dispenses news to them.

It maintains agencies in China, India, the Philippines, Japan, Australia, and South America, with staff correspondents and bureaus in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Rome, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, London, Brussels, The Hague, Cairo, and Capetown.

In 1901, Mr. Noyes acquired an interest in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, and while retaining his holdings in *The Evening Star*, went to Chicago to conduct the new paper created by the merging of *The Times-Herald* and *The Record*. He was made the publisher of *The Record-Herald*, and the following year became editor as well, with complete charge of the property.

Under his management that newspaper became a power in municipal affairs in Chicago and in the larger affairs of the State. Its influence with voters was recognized, standing as it did for progress, reform, good government, and State and civic betterment.

Mr. Noyes remained a director in *The Star*, and early in 1910 returned to Washington, the home of his youth, and took the business management of the enlarged *Evening* and *Sunday Star*, instituting changes which resulted in increased circulation, and prestige for the paper.

In personality Mr. Noyes is affable but earnest and business-like. He shows his business training by discountenancing trivialities. He is approachable, but at the same time dignified and punctilious in manner. He is fond of politics, books, and travel—when he can get time for the latter. His part in politics has been that of counselor and adviser, and he is the friend and confidant of men high in the Republican party. He has a charming family and a beautiful home in Washington, and moves in the more exclusive social circles of the National Capital, as well as in the official life.

ROBERT L. OWEN

SENATOR in Congress from Oklahoma. Senator Owen is one of the new men in the political life of the nation. He has blazed his own path from boyhood to his present position. Senator Owen was born in Virginia. His father, a native of Virginia, was a railroad president. His mother was from the Cherokee Nation. Therefore, Senator Owen has in his veins the blood of the aboriginal American. He was educated at Lynchburg, Va., Baltimore, and at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., of which General Robert E. Lee was president at the time of his death. Senator Owen has been a public-school teacher, an editor, lawyer, banker, and a man of general business affairs. He took up his residence in the Territory of Oklahoma several years before statehood was obtained. He was one of the early Oklahoma "boomers." He was a pioneer in the development of that section, which is now regarded as one of the model States in the Union. He was a dominant factor in every step taken toward the establishment of statehood. He had much to do with the framing of the constitution for the new State, which, in the opinion of many of the best minds of the country, comes nearest being the ideal form of government, creating a system as nearly democratic as has ever been attempted in the United States. Senator Owen had not been long in the Territory until he was recognized as a man of unusual force and qualities. He is conservative in all things, yet possesses as determined a nature as is found in the average man. Being a man of high education, everything he has accomplished has been brought about upon an elevated plane of endeavor. During the time he has been in the Senate, now having served one-half of his term, he has developed into

one of the most formidable members on the Democratic side of the chamber. Though a banker, he is popular with the masses, which speaks volumes for Senator Owen, the popular theory being that a man who is at the head of a large financial institution cannot have interests sympathetic with those who toil. Senator Owen has disproved this proposition, and by doing so has put it away in the background. The greater portion of patrons of his banking house are farmers, and if they do not progress, Senator Owen's bank is at a standstill. He has exhibited a high order of wisdom in the management of his banking interests in the new State, to such an extent, in fact, that in the country districts he is a man of unusual popularity, commanding the respect and confidence of every reasonable thinker in the commonwealth, regardless of party predilections.

Senator Owen has been much in the public eye of late, in consequence of his efforts to have passed by Congress a bill providing for the establishment of a Department of Public Health. He has met with strong opposition by a certain element of the medical profession, but it is not probable that the hostility avowed against the measure will be of sufficient strength to prevent it ultimately becoming a law. During the debate on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, Senator Owen was a conspicuous figure in maintaining and advancing the views of the Democratic party. He opposed with all his might and main the passage of the bill, and in doing so showed to the country, by his speeches, a high order of intelligence on this absorbing economic question. Senator Owen is a man of a large fund of general information upon almost every subject entering into the useful affairs of the Government. He is a lawyer of skillful training and capable as a practitioner, though for the past few years he has been giving the most of his attention, when Congress is not in session, to his large business interests in his State. He is a man of high ideals. He views the affairs of the day in a calm, considerate manner. As a factor in the affairs of the Democratic party, Senator Owen

ROBERT L. OWEN

has taken his position as one of the real safe and sane managers of the organization. He is never unduly influenced by any of the short-lived isms of the day. He believes in the principles of Democracy as handed down by the early teachers.

Senator Owen is as straight as an arrow, with hair originally as black as a raven, though now sprinkled with gray. He has well-chiseled features and a most pleasing face, which is smoothly shaven. He has an imposing presence, carrying with it the emphatic stamp of determination. He is quick to think and quick to act. He is never idle. It would appear that he finds the greatest enjoyment of life in being busy. Though coming from the newest State, in personal appearance he might seem as hailing from New York. He has the hallmark of a man of affairs. He is a bit punctilious about his dress, which is always up to date, embracing the prevailing style. He is a Chesterfield in manners. He is never too busy to do a friend a favor. He combines, in mingling with the people, by his courtesy, the traditions of the old South and the modern busy life of the present generation. He lives methodically, observing the necessity for recreation. He is not particularly fond of fashionable society, as it exists in Washington, but he is a member of it. He is as much at home in any of the well-appointed drawing-rooms at the Capital of the country as he is among his rural friends and neighbors in the fertile fields of Oklahoma. He has a liking for outdoor recreations. He is a good horseback rider. Most men like dogs. Senator Owen is especially fond of them. Few men who have been honored with a seat in the United States Senate have given more of their time to studying matters of needed legislation than Senator Owen. He is not always looking for political advantage over his antagonist, but he believes in the wisdom of enacting legislation that will redound to the benefit of the greatest number. He realizes that it is the material development of the country that is most required.

Senator Owen represents the highest type of the new South.

ALTON B. PARKER



EMOCRATIC candidate for President in 1904. Judge Parker, as he is most generally known and called, is as splendid a representative of the highest type of manhood as is known to the American continent. Judge Parker comes from one of the old and distinguished families of the State of New York. He has been identified with the administration of public justice as a practicing lawyer and a judge upon the bench the most of his business life. His last public office was that of an associate justice of the Supreme Court of New York State, which he resigned to accept the nomination for the Presidency. Previous to being made the standard-bearer of his party, he was not much known outside of the State. He had acquired a fine reputation in the State as a lawyer of unusual ability, and as a judge whose decisions gave him rank among those possessing an unusual store of legal knowledge. Previous to going upon the bench he participated, more or less, in State politics, and was at one time chairman of the State committee, and during the time he held this position as the party's manager, David B. Hill made one of his triumphant campaigns for the governorship. His work in politics advanced his fortune in no uncertain way, so much so, in fact, that he was made the Democratic candidate and elected a justice of the Supreme Court. This office he filled with becoming dignity and high honor. He is a man of more than usual attainments, not only in the practice of law, but in the literature of the law. He is a man of high ideals. In politics, he is a worthy exponent of the old-fashioned Democratic ideas of Samuel J. Tilden. When the Sage of Gramercy

ALTON B. PARKER

Park and Graystone was the Democratic candidate for President, in 1876, Judge Parker was just entering man's estate. As young as he was at that time, he rendered fine service to his party, but did not, in any way, become conspicuous. He absorbed and adopted the theories of government laid down by Mr. Tilden, who was undoubtedly the most conspicuous Democrat in the United States during the time of his political activity. He believed in the principles of the Democratic party as brought forth by the founders of that organization. In these respects, Judge Parker may be looked upon at the present time as the ideal representative of the policies of Samuel J. Tilden.

When Judge Parker's name was brought before the country, along in 1902, as a possible candidate for the Presidency two years later, there were very few people who knew anything about him. He made occasional visits throughout some of the States, and wherever he appeared, he left behind a most excellent impression. He grew upon the people. When the time came for the nomination, he was made the unanimous choice of the party by the assembled delegates at St. Louis. The platform having been adopted before the nomination was made, he felt inclined to differ with the money plank, which brought forth a telegram from him to the chairman of the convention, that unless this part of the platform was more explicit, he would decline the nomination. This one act alone did much toward impressing upon the people that Judge Parker has a mind of his own, and that he was not the one to appear to be other than what he really was. He made as strong a campaign as any other man could have made. He was defeated, stabbed in the house of his friends; but even in this he was eminent. A few days before the election, he was bold enough to charge that the Republican party was extorting fabulous sums of corruption money from every source it could, and particularly from the great financial institutions of the country. He made the charge specific, except as to calling

names. It was the kind of an arraignment that his opponent, President Roosevelt, was compelled to take notice of, and this he did in his usual manner. He promptly denounced Judge Parker as a liar, thereby giving him a high position among the seats of the mighty in the Ananias Club. This was in 1904. Two years later, the developments incident to the investigations of the management of the insurance companies, which, by the way, was one of the most notorious scandals known to frenzied finance, brought forth the fact that three of the largest insurance companies in the country had been unwilling contributors to the corruption fund, and in sums running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It was then confirmed that Judge Parker had told the truth, and every word he uttered had been proved to the satisfaction of the country. Millions of people believed that it was then the duty of President Roosevelt to apologize to Judge Parker for his hasty and untruthful denial, which, however, he never did. Judge Parker, notwithstanding his high position as a great lawyer and his prominence in politics, is simple and democratic in manners. He is companionable to a degree. He is always approachable and ever pleasing. He is the prince of suavity and loyal in his friendships. He is of fine personal appearance and is not without a high appreciation of refined humor. No man has ever questioned his sincerity or his integrity. He is distinctively a man of the people. He believes that in administering the Government, the rights of the people are ever paramount. He is an uncompromising enemy of class legislation, and had he been elected to the Presidency, he would have given to the country an administration of public affairs that would have been noted for its simplicity and exacting honor. Judge Parker is a man of whom the American Government and people have reason to be proud.

ROBERT E. PEARY



CAPTAIN in the United States Navy. The recognized discoverer of the North Pole. A man who has, perhaps, traveled farther north than any other known to civilization. He is of indomitable energy. At no time in his career has there appeared in his lexicon the word "fail." He has buffeted the waves and conquered the ice of the frozen North. Captain Peary's work as an explorer has been upon the lines, that, "if at first you do not succeed, try, try again." For more than twenty years it was his ambition to be the discoverer of the Pole. The world already knows the reports of his achievement. He was born in the State of Pennsylvania, became attached to the Navy as an engineer, whose duties consisted mostly of the construction of docks. He is not a graduate of the Naval Academy.

The steadfastness of his purpose furnishes an excellent index to his character. His square jaws denote determination, endurance, and pugnacity. Of the last he has as much as of the two other qualities. He is as consistent a fighter for his rights as any man in the United States. Aside from being an explorer of world renown, Captain Peary is a writer of unusual force and vividness. He has contributed much to the literature of exploration, standing probably as one of the foremost authorities. He talks as well as he writes. He seldom uses other than the plainest and simplest Anglo-Saxon words. In preparing his manuscript for his numerous books, he usually dictates direct to the typist. After this is done, he gives it a thorough revision with his pen. In this respect, he is not unlike many authors. He dictates rapidly, showing

that he has thoroughly digested his subject before writing it. A large part of his writings are descriptive of his travels and personal experiences. It is believed his diaries are truthful and complete. He has left little to the imagination, and in reading his books, it is clear to the reader that he has written only of things he has seen and emotions he has felt. The captain may not be popular with people generally, but he is a man capable of making strong and lasting friendships. It is when Captain Peary is seen on his lecture tours, that he comes personally before the public. If it were not for the desire to make some money, out of which to pay his expenses on his exploring tours, he would not appear in public as lecturer at all. He says it is distasteful to him. In disposition he is retiring, but when aroused, he enforces the strength of his personality in no uncertain manner. It was quite natural that he should make a determined fight to retain his honors as the discoverer of the Pole when that honor was claimed by another. He saw that unless he asserted his own claims, in the very start, the fruits of his twenty years' labor might come to naught. As an executive officer, he is a strict disciplinarian. Some may say he is a martinet. He is a leader of men, but his methods are not always such as to make him respected or beloved. His one ambition in life has been accomplished.

In the domestic affairs of life, Captain Peary has been exceedingly fortunate. His wife has been a great help to him in all of his undertakings. She has given him encouragement which has aided him materially. She has gone on the lecture platform herself in order to raise funds to help equip his arctic outfits. He has taught his children a great deal upon the subject of the arctic region. His most intimate friends insist that the public knows but one side of the man, and that is the least lovable side. He has had to overcome many obstacles, and it is in his efforts on these lines that the public knows him. He has a gentler side, which shows that he is

ROBERT E. PEARY

not always the overbearing man some people consider him. He is particularly fond of music, and that usually indicates an even temperament. He is a student, but there are times when he insists that he must be amused. He does not go to the theater often, but when he does, it is usually for the purpose of being entertained in such a manner that he can find something at which to laugh. He is a nervous, restless kind of man. Some of his nervousness is of a nature that has taught him to look at his watch every few minutes, and yet not be able to tell what the hour was were he asked. If in a hotel lobby where there is a stock ticker, he will read the tape giving the latest market quotations, but it is not believed he could repeat the price of a single stock that had been recorded. Captain Peary is fully six feet tall, probably an inch in advance of it, with clear-cut features. He wears a drooping brown mustache, which covers a rather large and firm mouth. He looks one squarely in the eye, as if to say: "I don't care a d—— what you think of me; I know my business." If he was ever given any instructions regarding the established rule of conventional dressing, he has not retained it. He is likely to be seen wearing a long frock-coat extending below his knees, with a broad-brimmed, crushed, soft white hat of the Alpine style, giving him the appearance of a rancher dressed in his Sunday best. He shakes hands with vigor, giving his visitor the impression that his sincerity is not to be questioned. He grips the proffered hand so strongly, sometimes, that it makes his victim wince. He believes the Esquimaux dogs are the best dogs in the world. He owns several of them, and they all love him.

SAMUEL H. PILES



SENIOR Senator from the State of Washington. Senator Piles is a Republican, though born and reared in "Old Kentucky." When young Piles came into being, about three years before the Civil War, there was going on a political upheaval in the "Dark and Bloody Ground," by which name Kentucky is sometimes known. Senator Piles sprang from Whig ancestry. His elders were opposed to secession. From this, it might appear, he inherits his love for the principles advocated by the Republican party. He was educated in his native State. He was one of the bright young men in his community. His parents concluded to make a lawyer of him, though he, at first, thought he would rather be something else. Being obedient to parental direction, he pursued Blackstone, Chitty, and other great law authorities, with unexcelled industry. He was admitted to the bar in due course of time, and after receiving his license to practice law, he packed up, bag and baggage, and struck out for the West. He went about as far as he could without getting into the waters of the Pacific or crossing the frontier into British Columbia. He set his stakes in the Territory of Washington. That was about 1882. The Territory had not yet taken on statehood, but it had hopes. He opened a law office in one of the smaller towns, but later moved to Spokane, which its citizens are pleased to call the real Metropolis of the "Inland Empire," meaning, of course, that as they look at it, it is the busiest mart of industry in the State of Washington, though the real capital, Olympia, is a thousand miles or more to the westward. Spokane flourished, and so did Piles. He wanted to get nearer the rolling seas

SAMUEL H. PILES

of the Pacific, at least, where the water is salt. His next stopping-place was Seattle, the sure-enough center of population in the Puget Sound country. The locating of Mr. Piles at Seattle was a good thing for the town, as well as beneficial to himself. It was here that Mr. Piles began taking on affairs of importance. He was elected city attorney of Seattle. Previous to this, he had been assistant prosecuting attorney in one of the judicial circuits of the State. These were the only two offices he ever held or asked for until he was elected to the United States Senate. About a year before Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan made their historic campaigns for President, when the question of silver and gold was the one great political issue, Mr. Piles was appointed general counsel of the Oregon Improvement Company, which office he continued to hold until his election to the Senate.

Senator Piles became active in politics a short time after taking up his residence in Washington, continuing for a period of over twenty years. He had achieved a State reputation as a high-class lawyer. His practice, however, was mostly confined to large corporation business, from which he received liberal fees. His reputation as a lawyer, quite naturally, brought him into political prominence. As he acquired fame, he likewise put away a few dollars for a rainy day; in fact, for several rainy days, although he is by no means a rich man. He has simply made good money and saved it, which carries with it the full understanding that he is a man of sound business qualifications. His career in the Senate has been honorable to himself and to his State. It is certain that he must possess no little popularity among his brother Senators. He has asked the Senate to do a great many things for the State of Washington. He has not been backward in making known his desires. Let it be proclaimed that he has not asked the Senate to do anything for his State that it has not done. Some one once said that if he were to ask the Senate to move Mt. Ranier, the highest snow-capped mountain in the State, from

where it has stood for centuries, out into the middle of Puget Sound, there would not be a voice raised against it. This shows how he stands with those who know him best in his official capacity. He has not made much noise in the Senate, nor has he hid his light under a bushel. It required a year or so for him to get on to the game, but it was not long after the expiration of that period that he knew what to do and how to do it. He is satisfied with one term as a Senator. He wants to go back to his law and make some more money.

Senator Piles is not effusive about people or things. He is a reserved, silent, though effective kind of a man. Whatever he knows, he knows well, and his fund of information covers a long list of important subjects. He makes a good appearance wherever he is seen. He is polite and affable, not forgetting his Kentucky days, where courtesy has high standing. He is a good talker, in private conversation or on the stump. He doesn't use high-sounding phrases, but he can nail an argument on one side and clinch it on the other as well as the next man. Senator Piles has done many good things in his comparatively short life, and it is not recorded of him that any of them were done badly. He likes to see a good horse race, and he might bet on it if he thought he would win. This would indicate that he is not of a particularly speculative turn of mind. He is inclined to look for sure things, which symbolizes conservatism. He is not ashamed to dress well. He believes that "the apparel doth oft proclaim the man." He is as sensible in his dress as he is about everything else. Senator Piles has a well-shaped head, black hair, and a face that indicates strength of character. He wears a black mustache, and appears a few years younger than he really is. His success in life has not changed him from his youthful ways of simplicity. He is a big man in his own State, and that is where he is best known.

GIFFORD PINCHOT



ORMER Chief Forester of the United States. This title may be a bit confusing as to what were the duties of Mr. Pinchot when in the service of the Government. In brief, it may be summarized about as follows: A few years after the advent of Mr. Pinchot into the service of the Government, he developed a plan for the conservation of the forests.

He had devoted much of his time to the study of this and kindred subjects; therefore, he was well equipped to be placed at the head of so important, though a new, governmental bureau. No doubt other men had long since thought of the importance of this question, but it would seem that none had the courage to put it in force. Mr. Pinchot had observed that, year by year, millions upon millions of acres of the forests belonging to the public domain were being destroyed by contracting lumbermen who were engaging in a business for gold. Mr. Pinchot was filled with patriotic pride, believing it was the duty of the Government to put a stop to the ruthless destruction of the timber lands. He sounded the tocsin of conservation.

He preached it everywhere. He found a willing follower in Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. On this question the two men thought alike. Mr. Pinchot's theory of conservation became almost a household word. Some may not have understood what it meant at all, while others may have believed that it was a new kind of breakfast food. At any rate, Mr. Pinchot had struck a popular chord. There is something innate in mankind that revolts at the cutting-down of trees, particularly at this period of our

national existence, when the public demands that more trees shall be planted and that none shall yield to the attacks of the axman. Mr. Pinchot went further than the conservation of the forests, and stood as a protector in behalf of the people for water rights. He seemed to believe that many of the large corporations of the country, particularly the syndicate of power producers, proposed getting possession, where they could, of the most desirable streams, thereby converting them to their own use and at the same time reaping immense profits. To permit this to be done was, in Mr. Pinchot's mind, depriving the people of what was, by right, theirs. He proposed keeping the water rights in the hands of the people and out of the greedy control of the corporations. He was vehemently attacked upon this issue by the head of the Interior Department of the Government, which has under its jurisdiction most of the water rights, particularly in the West. This same agency opposed his method of conservation of the forests. This led to a quarrel between the former Chief Forester and the Secretary of the Interior. When Mr. Pinchot was in the zenith of his official career as the protector of the forests and of the water rights in the name of the people, President Taft asked for his resignation.

This brought forth strained relations between Mr. Pinchot, the President, Secretary Ballinger, and all the friends of the latter in the Interior Department. Congress took a hand in the matter also, ordering an investigation, which lasted for several months. The result of this investigation may be made known some time before January, 1911. Mr. Pinchot is not a theorist, but a man of practical ideas. He believes that it is the duty of the Government to protect its forests for the benefit of future generations. He points to the danger signal in the acts of Congress putting an excessively high tariff on lumber, levying it chiefly against Canada, where the forests have been conserved. He knows that the United States, today, has to get a large percentage of its lumber from across

GIFFORD PINCHOT

the Canadian frontier, or from Norway or Sweden. He claims to see the handwriting on the wall, and in consequence of his honest enthusiasm, he has convinced the general public that he is right and his opponents are wrong. The lumber thieves and the water-power robbers are, of course, his enemies; but he cares not for that. He is fighting a great battle, representing the people's rights. His power and usefulness at the present time are not so great as when he was in the service of the Government, but his ardor is just as intense. There may come a time when Mr. Pinchot will be reinstated, but it is not believed that it will be until after Mr. Taft ceases to be the Executive. Mr. Pinchot is a man of large means, who does not have to work for the Government or anything else, so far as making a living is concerned. During the time he was Chief Forester, he used his salary every month for the advancement of the service. With him, it is a matter of national pride. He likes the work, and it is a lucky thing for the Government that he does. He has aroused the people to a consciousness they never before experienced upon the questions coming under his domain.

Mr. Pinchot has one steadfast, loyal friend in Theodore Roosevelt. He is a man of high education. He is a native of Connecticut, but lived much of his earlier life in Pennsylvania. When Mr. Roosevelt was President, he was one of his most intimate personal friends—one of his boon companions in the game of tennis. There are few men more graceful in manners than Mr. Pinchot. He is college bred, and a man of unusual mental attainments. He participates much in fashionable Washington society, not because he has a fondness for it, but more for the purpose of coming in contact with clever people. Being unmarried and wealthy and an entertaining talker, he is always a welcome guest in any fashionable drawing-room or at any gathering of intellectual persons.

JOSEPH PULITZER



O GREAT a journalist is he that no one in that profession, which is full of jealousies, is jealous of Joseph Pulitzer. Even his bitterest rivals do not hesitate to proclaim him a genius. However, to say that as a journalist he is a great genius goes far astray of doing Mr. Pulitzer full justice. When this remarkable man was robbed of his eyesight and his nervous system wrecked, from overwork, his countrymen were deprived of a great constructive statesman.

As a manifestation of his greatness as proof against jealousies, I will give an incident which happened at Chamberlin's, in Washington. Col. John A. Cockerill, himself a truly great newspaper man, had just retired from Mr. Pulitzer's employ, and it was generally known that at the time there was not a very cordial feeling existing between the two men. A prominent citizen of St. Louis came up to the table where Colonel Cockerill was dining and began to say severe things about Mr. Pulitzer. Cockerill's manner indicated appreciation, and the St. Louis man continued his abuse.

"Everybody in St. Louis," said the distinguished gentleman from that city, "knows perfectly well, Colonel Cockerill, that it was you, and not Pulitzer, who made the New York *World*."

"Stop right there, my friend," said Colonel Cockerill, dropping his knife and fork. "Say what you like about Pulitzer, but understand that he alone built up the New York *World*, as well as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He is the greatest journalist the world has ever known."

An intimate knowledge of Mr. Pulitzer was acquired

JOSEPH PULITZER

by the writer when that great man had just secured control of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and months before Colonel Cockerill became connected with it. During this period Mr. Pulitzer was performing every service on the paper. I remember one day he rushed into the editorial rooms, just as excited as a cub reporter, with an account of a runaway which he had written himself. The runaway horse had only damaged a cheap buggy, but the Pulitzer account obscured that fact for the last line.

At this time the editorial rooms were all thrown together, and Mr. Pulitzer mixed freely with the reporters and sub-editors, just as if he was one of them. If he wrote something he particularly fancied, he would read it aloud for the benefit of his staff. If a new reporter wrote a good story, Pulitzer, in his intensely enthusiastic way, would compliment the young fellow. He was just as free to point out mistakes.

For instance, a particularly smart reporter was sitting with a group of his fellows in the editorial rooms, swapping stories, after the paper had gone to press, when Mr. Pulitzer joined them.

Putting his hand on the reporter's shoulder, he said in a loud and enthusiastic voice: "Jennings, my dear fellow, do you know I think you very clever?"

While he was very proud of his editorial page, which was nearly all his own work, it always seemed to the writer that what Mr. Pulitzer most enjoyed was to join in selling papers to the newsboys. These picturesque youths were great favorites of the editor, and he knew them nearly all by their nicknames. When *The Post-Dispatch* went to press a little after three o'clock each week-day afternoon, he would leave his editorial desk and repair to the counting-room. He would take his place at a counter where the boys were furnished with papers. In those days street-car tickets passed for currency, and some of the boys were not above trying to palm off bogus tickets. Finally, Pulitzer vetoed car tickets

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as currency, and there was a riot. The boys refused to take out papers. Mr. Pulitzer made a speech to them. They did not want to hear him, but he persisted. He said his action was for the benefit of the boys, for they were frequently victims of the ticket system—receiving many counterfeits. He called them street merchants, and said they should favor sound business methods. The greenback craze was then at its height, and Mr. Pulitzer, who was always for gold, expounded his views on this subject to his youthful listeners. He converted them, and that was the beginning of the end of car tickets as currency in St. Louis. I have heard it said that Mr. Pulitzer was prouder of this speech than any he had ever made.

In this connection it should be remembered that at that time the St. Louis editor was considered one of the most effective stump speakers in the country. Although not much more than a youth, he was selected in 1876 by Samuel J. Tilden to travel in all the doubtful States to answer the speeches of Carl Schurz, considered the most polished and logical orator of that period. Mr. Pulitzer's first speech, in answer to Schurz, was delivered at Buffalo, N. Y., and was pronounced a masterpiece by the Democratic leaders.

The writer never thinks of Mr. Pulitzer without remembering his own first plunge into politics. He was only eighteen years of age, but his part in the Missouri Democratic State convention of 1880, which selected delegates to the national convention, which was to meet in the Ohio metropolis, resulted in Mr. Pulitzer's selection as a delegate to Cincinnati. The fight between the Tilden and anti-Tilden forces promised to be close. The green country boy, just learning to be a reporter, said to a fellow-worker that he could secure proxies from delegates elected in the Ozark mountain region of the State. The information was conveyed to Mr. Pulitzer. He jumped at the idea, and when the editor encouraged the green reporter to go after the proxies that reporter felt him-

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self more important than he has before or since the event. The proxies were secured, and by their use, as suggested by Mr. Pulitzer, two members of the committee on contested seats were obtained who were friends of the editor. By a majority of one the Pulitzer delegates from St. Louis were admitted to the convention, and in this way Mr. Pulitzer was made a delegate to the Cincinnati convention. In his happiness Mr. Pulitzer told the green reporter he was a born politician, and the reporter was green enough to believe it. William Hyde, the Tilden leader, was so mad that he made life miserable for the green reporter for several years afterward.

Mr. Pulitzer has no license ever to chide William Jennings Bryan for his always-eager desire to make a speech. At the convention mentioned above no man showed himself more eager to talk. The Tilden managers had the galleries packed with St. Louis toughs, in order to howl Mr. Pulitzer down. They hurled all sorts of offensive language at the editor. For nearly an hour Pulitzer defiantly held his place on the platform. At times he seemed really to enjoy the turbulent scene. Finally, the toughs exhausted themselves, and Mr. Pulitzer made his speech. It was an intellectual treat.

Looking back after all these years, what seems most remarkable about Mr. Pulitzer was his wonderful capacity for work. He seemed equally at ease when writing and talking at the same time. In this he was also very like Bryan. After spending an hour directing affairs in his business office, he began his editorial work. He would hardly be seated when political leaders would come in. Instead of being put out, he was pleased to see them. Where another editor would furnish a brick, he had a mental banquet. "My dear fellow, how well you are looking," or, "My dear fellow, I am glad to see you," would be the greeting. From prince to pauper, every one was "my dear fellow" with Mr. Pulitzer in those days. He would continue to dash off editorials and pun-

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gent paragraphs while discussing politics with his visitors. He seemed to be as much immersed in politics as he was in building up his newspaper.

Mrs. Pulitzer, a remarkable beauty, called at the office with her firstborn nearly every evening. Although having done the work of seven men, he would freshen up at seeing his wife and child and be as joyous as if they had just returned from a trip to Europe. He would cast everything aside to play with his little son, and would have as many compliments for Mrs. Pulitzer as would a young lover. In such an atmosphere, those were happy days for every one. Even the green reporter would welcome back his Ozark mountain unsophisticated ways to have those times return and see Mr. Pulitzer permit his enthusiastic nature to run rampant.

Mr. Pulitzer has been credited with being the father of sensational (yellow) journalism. That is not true. When he started in St. Louis as an editor and proprietor of *The Post-Dispatch*, the two leading morning papers devoted much valuable editorial space to boasting about the number of special dispatches each contained from all parts of the world, telling of hangings and terrible crimes. The local columns of these papers were inoffensive and hence stupid.

The Post-Dispatch's telegraph news, aside from the Associated press dispatches, was largely about political and commercial events, but the local columns were startling by comparison with those of their contemporaries. The routine way of reporting was discarded. Mr. Pulitzer was always holding back his city editor for being too sensational. Time and again he killed stories of social sensations after they were in type.

Before Mr. Pulitzer had owned *The Post-Dispatch* a year, it had the largest circulation of any paper in the country except *The Daily News*, of New York, and with that single exception was making the greatest amount of money. Even with the success of *The Post-Dispatch*, Joseph B. McCullagh,

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who was second only to Wilbur F. Storey, of Chicago, as a sensational journalist, dominated St. Louis journalism and had trained most of Mr. Pulitzer's men to his idea, so that Mr. Pulitzer's environments were toward sensationalism. He could not have helped being affected by his growing circulation. Even then Mr. Pulitzer's idea of a newspaper was what the New York *World* is to-day.

The success of *The World* is in many ways a huge repetition of the building-up of *The Post-Dispatch*. Some of the most trusted lieutenants on *The World* were first with Mr. Pulitzer in St. Louis.

A great New York editor (now dead) strove to give the impression that the owner of *The World* is lacking in physical courage. It would be as absurd to charge Theodore Roosevelt with physical cowardice. The writer, on at least six occasions, has seen Pulitzer put to the test, and each time he proved fearless. One instance will do for all.

Jake Usher, who ran a dive and cheap variety show, had sworn he would "do up Pulitzer." He invited several cronies as tough as himself to accompany him to *The Post-Dispatch*, that they might witness Usher's performance. Pulitzer happened to be standing in front of his business office and the green reporter from the Ozarks was looking out of the window just above, as the burly dive-keeper began his vocal attack. But his burst of indignation was as a summer breeze competing with a Kansas cyclone. Mr. Pulitzer had the loudest voice on the Mississippi, and his flow of words came like Niagara. After describing the disgrace Usher was to St. Louis, he started for Usher, who was armed. Usher lost no time in getting away, but promised to see Pulitzer again. He never did.

Nowadays Mr. Pulitzer spends much time on his yacht in foreign waters, and in summer he is at his beautiful home at Bar Harbor. But no matter where he is, he keeps in close touch with his great newspaper.

ISIDOR RAYNER



IFTY years ago the first orator of the United States Senate was a Jew from Louisiana, Judah P. Benjamin, and Stephen A. Douglas held him to be the most powerful debater with whom he had ever clashed. To-day the first orator of the Senate, and one of its ablest members, is another Jew, Isidor Rayner, of Maryland. What a wonderful race it is! Abraham, Moses, David—what other blood can match them? A Jew wrote the book of Job; Jews wrote the book of Isaiah; the book of Ruth is a love story that no profane poet or romanticist has improved upon; the Psalms came from a Jewish pen, and one can cordially subscribe to the eloquence of Zebulon B. Vance, as follows:

“The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of the world—past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human race. His history is the history of civilization and progress in the world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven.”

When the Fiftieth Congress first assembled in December, 1887, Mr. Rayner was a member from Maryland. His was a new face, his a strange voice in that chamber. It was a Congress famous for exceptionally able men and brilliant orators; it was the Congress that received Cleveland’s famous

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tariff message; the Congress that enacted in the House of Representatives the Mills tariff bill, and when Rayner was delivered of his maiden effort on that measure he became a national figure, one of the best-equipped, most formidable forensic gladiators in America.

After Cleveland's second inauguration, the question of the annexation of Hawaii became acute. Harrison had already deposed the Queen of that country and conquered her subjects. There was a deal of rot about taking down the flag, and the air was full of blatherskite demagogery. A set of as precious knaves as ever coveted a vineyard had put up the flag and stolen the realm. Cleveland ordered the wrong redressed, and a Mr. Sewall, who had superintended the outrage, was recalled. He wrote a letter on the subject at which Pecksniff would have stood aghast. Rayner made a speech on that letter and he took an illustration from that set of rogues who sat in conclave in the ecstatic hope that old Martin Chuzzlewit was dying at the Blue Dragon inn. In the midst of one of the villainies old Anthony Chuzzlewit interrupted and said: "Pecksniff, don't you be a hypocrite."

"A what, my good sir?" demanded Pecksniff.

"A hypocrite."

"Charity, my dear," said Mr. Pecksniff. "When I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

When Rayner quoted that passage with fine scorn on his lips and fine indignation in his tone, the effect was prodigious.

Rayner retired from Congress in 1895, and four years later he was elected Attorney-General of Maryland and then it was that he attained to the place he was made for. While he was counsel for Admiral Schley when that grand hero was pursued by the envy and malice of a precious set, who assumed that nobody should wear a laurel, however gallantly won, without their permission—in that court-martial Rayner dis-

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covered an aptitude for the nisi prius practice that stamps him as one of the great trial lawyers in the country. Had he had "twelve men in a box" before him his victory would have been as complete as it deserved to be. However, some four-score and more millions of American citizens were his jury, and they gave him the verdict he pleaded for.

Mr. Rayner entered the Senate in 1905, and has been re-elected. His speeches on the rate bill were exceptional for logic, learning, and eloquence, and to-day he ranks as the first orator of that body. He is fluent, ornate, and dramatic, and he stands as perhaps the chief exponent of the Democracy of Cleveland and Carlisle left in public life.

WHITELAW REID



MERICAN ambassador to Great Britain. There are few more capable men in the United States than Mr. Reid. His career, private and public, might well be emulated by the young men of the present and future generations. Mr. Reid has carved out his own destiny. As a young man, he entered upon life's struggle unaided, except by the good teachings of his father and mother. They were plain country folk, whose ways were simple and whose wants were few. He was born not far from Xenia, Ohio. He chose journalism as a profession, and has risen to high distinction. His first experience in newspaper work was on the *Xenia Gazette*, which, in those days, was a weekly publication, later being issued daily. Young Reid made *The Gazette* the most talked-about local paper in his section of the State. He was editor, reporter, and almost everything else connected with the establishment, even to typesetter, and at times lent a willing hand in working the old hand press, which has long since become obsolete even in the most primitive offices. Editor Reid had opinions. He put them on paper, and they were printed. He entered upon his work when the all-absorbing political topic of the day was slavery and anti-slavery. He was not only opposed to the extension of slavery into the Territories, but was in favor of its ultimate abolition. Mr. Reid was comparatively a young man when the Civil War came on. Xenia became too small a place to harmonize with young Reid's ambitions. He was determined to become not only a newspaper writer, but to advance to the head of the profession, if it were possible. He enlarged his oppor-

tunities by becoming associated with the Cincinnati *Gazette*, at that time the stalwart organ of the anti-slavery faction in the Ohio valley. This paper had supported Fremont, the first Republican candidate for President, in 1856, and when Abraham Lincoln became the second candidate of the new party, it was the chief molder of public thought on the lines of the new party organization throughout a number of States. At the beginning of the war, Mr. Reid was sent to the front as the correspondent of *The Gazette*. He served in this capacity until the close of hostilities, having achieved the reputation of being one of the leading war correspondents of the American press, of whom there were several others who had gained national reputations.

Following the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, Mr. Reid was transferred from the Army to Washington, where he became correspondent of *The Gazette* for several years. There were few things transpiring from 1861 till 1870 in connection with the war and the reconstruction of the Southern States with which Mr. Reid had not more or less familiarity. The leading generals of the Army were his friends, as were those in public office at Washington. Mr. Reid's letters to *The Gazette* during the war and for four or five years thereafter were among the more important contributions to the literature of those historic periods. As such, he achieved national fame, which served as a stepping-stone to higher journalistic honors. Horace Greeley, then editor of the New York *Tribune*, had observed the writings of Mr. Reid. The great New York editor invited him to become associated with his paper. This he did, and in 1872, when Mr. Greeley became the candidate of the Liberal Republican party and indorsed by the Democratic party for the Presidency, Mr. Reid stepped into the shoes of Mr. Greeley as editor of *The Tribune*. This, however, was at the time temporary, pending the Presidential campaign. The sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Greeley, so soon after his defeat

WHITE LAW REID

for the Presidency, made it possible for Mr. Reid to become the permanent head of the paper. From November, 1872, until 1889, when President Harrison appointed him minister to France, Mr. Reid was the controlling force in the *Tribune* office. He followed well in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. He put into the paper his high ideals of journalism. About this time the *Tribune* company constructed a new building twelve or more stories high, with a tower extending some few stories higher. This gave the facetious writers of other papers throughout the country the opportunity of referring to Mr. Reid as "the young man in the tall tower."

Mr. Reid never sought to make *The Tribune* progressive, if progress meant sensationalism. The paper never did anything foolish while under his control. It was sane in its expressions of public opinion, and safe in the dissemination of its news. Its editorial page reflected the best opinions of the day upon all public questions. While the paper had wandered astray somewhat in opposing the regular Republican organization in 1872, Mr. Reid wheeled it into line in 1876 in behalf of Rutherford B. Hayes. From that time to the present *The Tribune* has been, and is, one of the most consistent Republican papers in the United States, and a publication that is invariably cast upon high lines. In 1889, when Benjamin Harrison became President, among his first appointments was that of Mr. Reid as minister to France, the post then not having been elevated to that of ambassador. As the representative of the United States at the French Capital, Minister Reid advanced the good name of the North American Republic before the French people. In 1892, he was selected by the National Convention at Minneapolis as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Benjamin Harrison, in the place of Levi P. Morton. The Republican party, however, was defeated, after which Mr. Reid returned to *The Tribune*, where he resumed his duties as chief editor and general director. This position he continued to hold until

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he was appointed ambassador to Great Britain by President Roosevelt. His career as ambassador at the Court of St. James is honorable in the highest degree. President Taft is satisfied with him, and the chances are he will continue to serve in this high position until the termination of the present administration. Mr. Reid was honored by President McKinley in the appointment of special ambassador to England at the time of Queen Victoria's celebration of the sixtieth year of her reign.

Ambassador Reid has set a high standard as the American representative at London. His home, Dorchester House, in Park Lane, is the scene of many of the most brilliant social gatherings that transpire in London. He is conceded to be one of the best ambassadors at that post that this country has ever sent there. Mr. Reid was fortunate in his marriage in selecting for his wife Miss Mills, daughter of the late D. O. Mills, who brought him great wealth. This he has utilized, not alone for his personal pleasures and those of his family, but in giving to the American embassy at the English capital a position in the social and political world that was never before attempted. There are few Americans journeying to London, when calling, who do not find a welcome reception at Dorchester House. Mr. Reid is a man of plain and simple habits. He was born a gentleman in his relation with others, and has so marked his life that he has worn that high title during his entire career. He is easy and graceful in manner, and always well attired. He is a man of engaging qualities, and as a private conversationalist there are few men his superiors. For a great many years, he was a striking character, with his coal-black hair, which at times he wore a trifle long. In his younger days he usually wore a mustache. Of late years, he has worn a full beard, which is now quite gray, as is his hair. He is over six feet tall, and though upward of seventy years of age, is as erect and nimble as when a man of thirty.

HERMAN RIDDER



COMMON belief appears to have it that business and politics do not mix. And in the mind of many the theory has taken root that a man who is guardian of large business interests cannot afford to take an active part in politics, even as, vice versa, a politician hardened to his profession is deemed unfit forevermore for the pursuit of legitimate business affairs. If such be the accepted view, projected perhaps upon a large number of individual cases, there certainly are obvious and wholesome exceptions.

Take the case of a man known nearly all over the country, whose name is to-day as familiar to the Democratic workers and voters in every State as it is to financial and business circles of New York and other centers—Herman Ridder, proprietor of the largest German daily newspaper published in this country, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*. He is one of those for whom the theory that politics and business do not mix has no meaning. Careful, circumspect, and conservative in business matters, which include the management of a great newspaper, but extended far beyond this limited sphere in many directions, Herman Ridder has found it quite compatible with his private business to take the keenest interest in public affairs, even to the point of participating most prominently in the management of a Presidential campaign as treasurer of the National Democratic Committee. Perhaps he is an exception to the rule: his mind more expansive, his vitality stronger, his will-power more aggressive than that of the average man, but for a certainty his activity in, and his influence upon, politics have been important and

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wholesome, and his great business interests, far from suffering, have meanwhile continued to flourish and to increase.

In many ways, undoubtedly, Herman Ridder is an unusual personality. Self-made man, in the best acceptation of the term, he started as a poor boy selling newspapers in the street, and, aided by natural aptitude for business affairs, intense ambition, and indomitable energy, he attained, step by step, through his own sturdy endeavor, to the prominent position in the community he occupies to-day. Personally, Herman Ridder is a lovable man. Straightforward in his actions, blunt and unvarnished in his talk, guarding his own interests with keen prudence without deceitfully taking advantage of the misfortune of others, fighting in the open and with blows from the shoulder when fight it must be, he presents the picture of an aggressive, manly man; loyal, warm-hearted, and open-handed as a friend, but an uncompromising foe.

None know better than Speaker Cannon and his standpat satraps what kind of a fighter Herman Ridder is when the lines are drawn sharply. For years he has been a thorn in their side, since as president of the "American Newspaper Publishers' Association" he urged the abandonment of the duty on wood pulp and a reasonable reduction on print-paper in order to free the newspapers of this country from the oppressive burdens forced upon them by the monopoly of the Paper Trust. Cannon and his followers, Dalzell and Payne to the fore, balked stubbornly; the Speaker himself resorted to a double game, professing to be in sympathy with Ridder's demands, and trying to unload the responsibility for the refusal upon the shoulders of his satellites. But Ridder, unwilling to be played with, confronted them in a bunch, and a very drastic scene followed in the privacy of the Speaker's room at the Capitol. Entirely unimpressed with Dalzell's haughty incivility, undaunted by the Speaker's fusillade of characteristic sulphurous invective, Herman Ridder spoke his mind in the plainest manner possible and consequently

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made himself extremely unpopular with these mighty legislators. Then came open hostilities. After many a sharp conflict, Cannon and his followers had to appoint an investigating committee, presided over by Representative Mann, which delved into the practices of the Paper Trust and finally reported in favor of Ridder's contentions. But during the memorable period of tariff-making, in 1909, the Aldrich-Cannon-Payne combination embraced the Paper Trust lovingly in their protective schedules and smothered the propositions of the Mann committee for the relief of the publishers. Ridder lost that first great battle for lower tariff rates, but the fight is still on, and will not end until a real tariff revision downward has been accomplished.

As an employer of labor, Herman Ridder came early in contact with labor organizations. There were some skirmishes at first, but soon the labor leaders became convinced of Ridder's fair-mindedness, and the mutual understanding then reached has ripened into confidential relations. In later years he has acted as arbitrator in a number of labor disputes, and the wage scales in more than two-thirds of the newspaper offices in this country have been amicably agreed upon through his friendly mediation with the representatives of typographical unions.

More than once Herman Ridder has been approached by the temptation to aspire for high political preferment, and at one time he had a close call indeed. That was two years ago, at Denver, where William J. Bryan secured his third nomination for the Presidency. Ridder had toured the Southern States in the spring of that year, opposing Bryan's candidacy in numberless speeches, but the Nebraskan's nomination was practically a foregone conclusion, which no argument could alter. A few days before the convention met at Denver Ridder visited the prospective Presidential candidate at his country seat, Fairview, near Lincoln. Bryan, fully informed as to Ridder's previous "pernicious" activity

in the South, received him with marked reserve. But the New Yorker went at him in the most unconventional manner. The conversation which ensued was something like this:

"Mr. Bryan," said Ridder, after a formal handshake, "I have done all I could to stop your nomination, because I believe it will lead to Democratic defeat. Now I have come to you to urge that you do not allow your name to go before the convention, in the interest of the whole party."

"Mr. Ridder, I shall not withdraw," answered Mr. Bryan, calmly, but very positively.

"Then I shall go on to Denver and try to argue the delegates into defeating your nomination, if that is still possible," said Mr. Ridder, with equal positiveness.

"You cannot prevent it," replied Mr. Bryan. "I am going to be nominated."

Ridder stood silent for a few moments. Then he said: "In that case, I want to say to you that the nominee of the Denver convention will have my loyal support and that of my paper."

Bryan's face lit up with broadest sunshine as he grasped the New Yorker's hand and pressed it warmly. And for the next half-hour the two men exchanged their views on important questions of party policy with utmost frankness on both sides. When Ridder turned to go, Bryan laid a hand on his shoulder: "Mr. Ridder," he said, "I should like to have a man of your type with me on the ticket!" Ridder remonstrated, saying it was quite impossible for him to accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. But Bryan replied with a quiet smile: "Let that be settled at Denver, Mr. Ridder."

Naturally, the news of this interview flashed over to Denver, and almost instantly a boom was started for Herman Ridder among a number of Southern delegations—Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana, West Virginia, and others. But Ridder left Denver on the day the convention opened, to escape the importunities of his many friends, and three days later Kern, of Indiana, was nominated.

EDDIE E. RIGGS



ND NOW, the author desires to introduce to you the doyen of all the political writers of the United States, Edward G. Riggs, of the New York *Sun*. For twenty-five years the political correspondent of *The Sun*, attendant upon all national conventions, and principal State conventions, Mr. Riggs has an acquaintance among public men of America and a knowledge of State and national politics to be envied. He has been the confidant of Presidents, counselor of political campaign managers, and the valued friend of men in high place. The expression should not be used in the past tense, for he is all those things still, and actively in the harness.

The result of an experience such as he has enjoyed is that he can drop into St. Paul, or San Francisco, or Chicago, or St. Louis, or Columbus, and at once be in touch with the men who do things in politics and finance in those cities—for Mr. Riggs has been a writer on financial as well as political topics.

In disposition he is admirably equipped to make and hold acquaintances of lasting character. Public men love him for his personal qualities and esteem him for his ability. He is a charming companion, a shrewd observer, a good judge of men, and so thoroughly in touch with the big affairs of the nation and the world as to make his opinion not only interesting, but valuable.

One who knows him would say that the dominating characteristic of his nature, and which has sounded loud and clear through his newspaper career as a major chord, is a passionate scorn and hatred for all that is mean, low, and false.

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He was reared in journalism under Charles A. Dana, and his influence served to develop the inherent characteristic of high-minded devotion to a high standard of ethics, personal and professional.

His natural bent for journalism was inherited from his father and grandfather, both of whom were financial and political writers. He was born in New York City, and has always lived there, holding that intense love for his city which all natives entertain. After receiving his education, he began as a financial writer on *The Sun*, soon developing into the leading political correspondent. In recent years he has contributed constantly to the editorial page.

The aggressive spirit of the famous newspaper for which he writes is properly reflected in his nature. He is never so ready to grab his pot of ink and a pen as when a fight is to be made for a principle, and when he says things he says them in a way not to be misunderstood. His style of writing is both facile and fluent, marked with constant flashes of humor. He is a very human being, and understands his human brother while he loves him. He hates a sneak and a coward almost as much as he does a liar.

For twenty-five years a hard worker, not knowing what it was to spare himself, he is a great reader. In all those years he has made it a practice to close the hardest day's work, though it may have been extended far into the night, with a nibble at books. He loves Thackeray as he does a dish of bouillabisse, which Thackeray celebrated in an epic.

He numbered among his closest friends such men as Gov. Roswell P. Flower, William C. Whitney, Thomas C. Platt, David B. Hill, Matthew S. Quay, Mark Hanna, Benjamin Harrison, H. H. Rogers, William McKinley, and Grover Cleveland. He enjoys the esteem of such men as Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, William J. Bryan, and J. Pierpont Morgan. He knows personally every big man in the United

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States Senate and House of Representatives well enough to stick his knees under their mahogany, and be welcome.

Mr. Riggs' attitude toward politics is that of a kindly cynic. Professing a scorn of politics, the game is to him as the breath of his nostrils—but it must be played fairly, with the cards above the table, or somebody will hear from him.

It would be hard to say whether he is a Democrat or Republican, since he does not hesitate to take a shy at the politicians of both parties when necessary. But he is trusted by leaders in both parties, and his advice is valued. With a smile of indulgence for the weak, but a brow of scorn for the meanly wicked, he goes through life enjoying the bubbles, and bearing, as a good sportsman should, the ills that may befall. I regard Eddie Riggs as the best-informed, all-around political newspaper man in the United States.

EDWARD P. RIPLEY



RESIDENT of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. There are few men identified with the management of the great railway properties of the United States possessing stronger characteristics than Mr. Ripley. His business career started in Boston. He was born at Dorchester, in Massachusetts, and tradition has it, in and about his native place, that, as a boy, he was not unlike others of corresponding age, unless it may be that he was a bit more mischievous. He was a rollicking kind of a youngster, who was inclined to observe the humorous side of life, although he had moments of seriousness. In the matter of general information, he was probably quite in advance of boys of his age. This, it would seem, may have been the result of excellent home influence. As an observer of people and events, he exhibited as much, if not more, good, sound reasoning powers at fifteen years of age than most young men are capable of showing at twenty-one. He was sufficiently inquisitive to create the impression that he wanted to know things. He did not exactly have to be "shown." The reason for this may have been that he was a native of Massachusetts, and not of Missouri. His first railroad experience was in Boston, and his start was in a position that paid a small salary. In time he advanced, and it was not long until he became the authorized freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Boston. Mr. Ripley later went West, becoming connected with the freight service of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, with headquarters at Milwaukee. It cannot be said that Mr. Ripley made Milwaukee famous, but while he was a resi-

EDWARD P. RIPLEY

dent of that city he took on fame as one of the leading freight men connected with any of the Western roads. His first high position was that of general freight agent of the system. He held this for a long term of years, during which time he made it possible for his road to carry into Milwaukee thousands upon thousands of car-loads of barley and malt, and later ship out many more thousand car-loads of beer. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Ripley was almost an eyewitness to the phenomenal development of the brewing industry in the great German-like city.

Mr. Ripley's achievements as general freight agent so impressed the directors of the road with his ability that he was made one of its vice-presidents. In this position, he proved to be one of the real potent forces in making the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road one of the leading highways from Chicago to the Northwest. About fifteen years ago, Mr. Ripley was unanimously chosen by the board of directors of the Santa Fé system to become its president. It was at about this period that the Santa Fé built its East and West extensions, giving it a through line from Chicago to San Francisco. The road had had many reverses, and a strong man was needed at the helm. Mr. Ripley proved to be the right man in the right place, and his selection was at the right time. He put new life, new energy, new ideas, and new results into the organization. He has men about him of high intelligence, who are able to carry into execution the many original plans he has in contemplation. In less than a year, he made the Santa Fé known throughout the country as one of the most popular of the trans-continental lines. He had been at the head of the Santa Fé system but a few years until he had as his rival the late Edward H. Harriman. Mr. Harriman quickly gained the reputation of being a railroad wizard—or, at least, was popularly so supposed to be, and he no doubt was. Mr. Ripley, however, was his match in every particular. He proved to be as resourceful

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as was Mr. Harriman, though not indulging in as many pyrotechnics. He was willing to admit that he found a strong antagonist in Mr. Harriman, but the friends of the latter did not conceal the fact that Mr. Harriman was in full possession of the knowledge that Mr. Ripley was a foe in the railway world to be reckoned with. Mr. Ripley has had to fight his way inch by inch. Mr. Harriman had two competing lines, one the Union Pacific, via Omaha, and the other the Southern Pacific via New Orleans, San Francisco being the common destination. James J. Hill, another giant, controlled the destinies of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. It was a contest for supremacy between these three men. Mr. Ripley did not vanquish his foes, nor did he expect to, but he has made the Santa Fé a commanding road from every point of view.

Mr. Ripley is a plain, blunt man. He assumes to be nothing more than what he really is. He can hold his own with any man in the country on almost any question. At one time he had a tilt with no less an adversary than Col. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. He stood his ground and fought the battle to the finish. He was not to be daunted by any governmental authority in what he believed to be his inalienable rights. Mr. Ripley is a man who is noted for strict attention to his own business. He knows all about operating a great railway system in every detail. He is a student of conditions and is probably as well informed on the industrial matters of the country as any man in it. Physically, he is large and forceful. He is not in the least particular about fashionable dressing. He leaves the selection of his clothes exclusively to his tailor, in whom, it would appear, he has great confidence. He is as big in brain as he is big in frame. He spends a large portion of his time on the lines of the road. He is not a president in name, but a president in fact.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



HIEFLY known as the organizer and head of the Standard Oil Company, and richest man in America. These may be proud titles to wear as viewed by the general public, but the indications are that Mr. Rockefeller has found inside of his crown a good many thorns. He has had his share of abuse, which he seems to have borne with fortitude and silence. There are, no doubt, moments, and probably days and hours, when deep down in his heart he feels the intensity of the sting. He has had a somewhat remarkable career. Nature apparently equipped him with a well-developed power for making money. The first forty years of his business life would indicate that all of the seven days out of a week were devoted to the accumulation of power and wealth. Later on, he dropped the seventh day from business, and gave it up to religious thought. That he has done good in the world, all must admit. Mr. Rockefeller was among the first to see the possibility of the development of the oil industry. When Providence made it spout from the ground and all man had to do was to harvest it, Mr. Rockefeller and his associates were in the vanguard of the husbandry, carrying the largest buckets. His one great object in life was to succeed. He was never particularly thoughtful of the weaker persons who, unable to cope with stronger powers, were forced to take a back seat, as it were. It mattered little to him what befell others, so long as he was undisturbed in approaching the goal of his ambition. Few men identified with the industrial progress of the United States gave evidence of greater industry than has been shown by Mr. Rockefeller in his busy and

varied career. It is true that through his energy the country has increased in wealth. And it is likewise true that Mr. Rockefeller's riches have grown in greater proportion. If all reports be true, he is worth, in his individual right, more than one hundred million dollars. When he began his pursuit of wealth, a man who owned one million dollars was far richer than it was generally believed he should be. A man with that much money was one of the men to be gazed at wherever he might go. For one man to possess one hundred million dollars demonstrates the fact that business conditions are such that some men are entitled to greater privileges than others.

Mr. Rockefeller may have been happy in the acquirement of his millions. He will, no doubt, consider conditions responsible for his accumulation of great riches, and assert that he did nothing more or less than to take advantage of the opportunities incident to these conditions. It would be unfair to hold this against a man. It serves to show that he was wise in his observations. He knows he cannot take his wealth with him when the final summons is served, consequently he is now showing a highly commendable philanthropic nature. In the matter of the distribution of his wealth, it is doing, and going to do, a great deal of good for a great many people. He believes in higher education, though he had few opportunities for securing an education himself. The money he has given for the Chicago University is a monument to his good deeds. He performed a noble charity in founding a hospital for the cure of children, in New York, and for the elimination, as far as possible, of diseases so fatal among children, particularly cerebro-spinal meningitis. Mr. Rockefeller, during the past fifteen years, has shown a breadth of thought on philanthropic lines that must command the admiration of every one. It would seem that he finds it more difficult properly to distribute much of his wealth on wholesome lines than it was to acquire it. He has reached almost

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

the full measure of life, and has done much to cause people to think more kindly of him than prevailed a decade or so ago. He is not popular on any golf links. He is close in the matter of giving tips to the caddies. They are all against him.

It is not recorded of Mr. Rockefeller that he has ever in his life had many intimate associates, though he may have had a large number of acquaintances. He has lived much to himself. His business associates know him best as a man of business. He has been rather secretive all his life. He believes himself to be a much misunderstood man, and no doubt he is. He was brought up in a rural section among those whose wants were few and whose ways were simple. Notwithstanding his immense wealth and power, he has lived the simplest kind of a life. He has never done anything for show. For a great many years he preferred that the public should know little, if anything, about him or his business affairs. Few men have a more perfect home life than he. He is particularly pleased when members of his family circle are with him. This does not mean his sons and daughters only, but his sisters, brothers, and their families, or, at least, most of them. He is not one who believes in spending money because he may have it. He likes plain, simple food, which was the case even in the days when he was able to eat heartily. He does not spend two hundred dollars a year for his clothes. Some may consider Mr. Rockefeller of a philosophical turn of mind. He has been the master workman in one of the largest industrial enterprises the United States has ever known. It is not fair that for this he should be condemned.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT



THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the liveliest of live men.

As political Bosses with a big B, Tom Platt, Mark Hanna, and Matt Quay were mere figureheads. If they were alive, in their prime, and in politics to-day, they would be beaten to a *frazzle*.

He is the most skilled and the most practical politician ever seen. He can capture the East on one platform and the West on another entirely divergent. He takes them in going and coming and whipsaws the turn with the greatest of ease.

Therefore he is a wonder and a most extraordinary man.

There is not anything so big or so little that Mr. Roosevelt will not tackle it.

He has the courage of his convictions, right or wrong, if they go his way.

If one can judge from his sayings, he is, perhaps, the only honest man in the world.

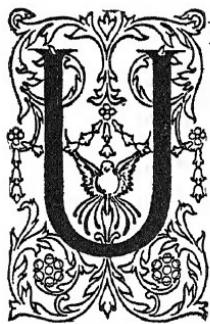
If he ever has the chance, and he may, he will abolish the Supreme Court and establish one of his own.

Like many other men of his kind, he is not silly enough to practice what he preaches.

In a word, Theodore Roosevelt is for Theodore Roosevelt, first, last, and all the time. You can bet your sweet life on this, and not lose it.

Just keep your eye on him for the next two years if his man Stimson is elected Governor of New York.

ELIHU ROOT



NLESS he dies or is elected to the Presidency, Elihu Root, of New York, will be a member of the United States Senate until March 3, 1915, when his present term of office expires. After that, he is apt to be re-elected, unless the New York legislature happens to be Democratic. For New Yorkers are proud of Root. He is looked upon by many as being the ablest man, *per se*, in America.

And yet historians will not be apt to deal at length with Root's career in the Senate. Nor will they lay particular stress upon his remarkable achievements as a corporation lawyer. But they will write much of Root as a statesman, as a diplomatist of the first rank among Americans, as the man who, up to date, has done more to bring into harmony the peoples of North, Central, and South America than any other man. For it was as Secretary of State under President Roosevelt that Root carved out his place in his country's history.

Everything that this remarkable man has accomplished, and he has accomplished enough to satisfy the ambitions of a dozen men, has been accomplished by sheer intellect. He has no magnetism to speak of. From the standpoint of the orator he is a poor speaker. He knows nothing of flowery elocution, or, if he does, scorns to use it. He has never shouldered his way into the hurly-burly of political strife. He has never run for office, except before the New York legislature, and has never had to resort to stump speeches to gain his ends.

Trained in the law courts, Root's efforts in the speech-

making line have been confined to saying something that intellectual judges would understand and appreciate and intellectual opposing attorneys would find difficult to answer. And at that sort of speaking Root is past master.

Like many other successful Americans, Root is the son of a college professor. His father was Oren Root, professor of mathematics at Hamilton College, New York. Elihu Root was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1845. In 1864, he graduated from Hamilton College, and then taught school at Rome Academy for a year. Thence he went to the law school of the University of New York, from which he was graduated in 1867. He immediately began the practice of law in New York City. From 1883 to 1885 he served as United States attorney for the Southern District of New York, to which position he was appointed by President Arthur.

That was his only Government position until 1899, when President McKinley made him Secretary of War. While he had been known far and wide as one of America's leading corporation lawyers, it was not until Root entered the McKinley Cabinet that he attained a national reputation as a public man.

He had had no experience in military affairs, but he looked upon the machinery of the War Department as he would upon a legal or mathematical problem. He simply turned the full force of his intellect on it. Whereupon things began to happen.

The Spanish War had just ended. The War Department was in turmoil. Many of the bureau chiefs, men who had spent years amid the red tape of the Army, had become unusually military. Most of them had received good promotions as a result of the war. They hung over their respective desks signs that read: "If you want to know who is boss around here, start something." It would have taken a day's chopping of an expert ax-wielder to cut enough chips to furnish the shoulders of the war chiefs in those days. Then came Root.

ELIHU ROOT

Some one has said somewhere that Root's mind works like a diamond drill; that whatever it strikes it bores through. For reliable testimony on that point, go to any of the army officers who were on duty at the War Department during the three years that Root was the head of that Department.

With his logical, orderly, and legally trained mind, Root soon saw that there was too much of many things wrong with the War Department. One of the worst of the troubles was the fine collection of officers of high rank who headed the various bureaus. They had all reached that period of life and military rank where it suited them much better to give orders than to take them. So they were running about wild, butting each other like a herd of angry rams.

The new Secretary worked out his plan of reorganization and then called the Army officers into consultation. He told them mildly what he wanted, and politely waited for them to do it. As Root and everybody else familiar with conditions in the United States Army at that time fully expected, trouble followed. A brigadier general at the head of a bureau saw a colonel at the head of another bureau getting too much power. He raised a row. Then Root started something. He knocked the heads of the belligerent officers together until they had calmed down. Those who would not calm down returned to their commands. In an incredibly short space of time Root had things about the Department running like well-oiled machine.

But he did not accomplish what he did without many fights. The Army officers battled valiantly, but every time they hit Root they bounced off. The cold, limpid Root brain and the Root reserve chilled them to the marrow. Also, President McKinley and, later, President Roosevelt backed Root up in everything he did. The officers took the signs off their desks and wiped the reflection off their faces. Root had shown who was boss.

Toward the close of the year 1903, Root found himself

running short of funds. While he was in the Cabinet he could earn nothing but the \$8,000 salary he received from the Government. In the meantime, he was living at the rate of at least \$30,000 a year. So he told his troubles to President Roosevelt, and asked to be let off. He had done all he could with the War Department, he told his chief, and wanted to go back to the practice of law and earn some money before he got too old. Roosevelt laughed at the "too old" idea, for Root was then a young man of fifty-nine years of age. But he reluctantly parted with Root.

Root quit the Cabinet January 1, 1904, and returned to New York. There he practiced law with due diligence until July 7, 1905. In that time he is said to have earned more than \$200,000 in fees.

But the call of the nation came to him again when Secretary Hay died. The man whom Europeans consider the greatest diplomatist ever produced by America was in failing health a year before he died. John Hay was loved by many Presidents, but by none more than Roosevelt. When he died, the President, with all who had served in the Cabinet with Hay, went to his funeral in Ohio. Root was summoned by Roosevelt to go on the same train with the President. On the way to Ohio, Roosevelt took Root into a private stateroom.

"Elihu," he said, "you have got to come back in my Cabinet. Hay is dead. There is no man living who can fill his shoes as well as you can. I need you."

Root remained silent a few minutes. He is a great man to deliberate a question in absolute silence while the questioner awaits the answer. At last he looked at Roosevelt and told him he would come back.

During the time he was Secretary of War Root always became acting Secretary of State in Hay's absence. He was familiar with the work. He lacked that wonderful knowledge of foreign affairs that Hay had gained by many years' service abroad, but he had handled numerous big international law

ELIHU ROOT

cases. He came to the State Department July 7, 1905, fully equipped.

As Secretary of State he made no blunders. He accomplished a great deal. But above all, his work among the Latin-American Republics was of inestimable value. He showed our "brothers to the south of us" a consideration never before shown them. In 1906, he went in person to attend the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro. On the way to Rio and back he visited every country, winding up in Mexico. It was a tour of triumph from start to finish.

In Rio he delivered a speech that the South and Central American statesmen and newspapers are quoting to this day. He told his hearers that the United States wanted no sovereignty or territory in South America. Its policy was the Americas for the Americans, the Western hemisphere for the dwellers therein.

That speech was remarkable for another reason. Root read from manuscript in English. He would read a couple of sentences and the interpreter would translate. The South Americans love fiery oratory. They are unaccustomed to the cold, analytical sentences that fit well in the higher law courts of English-speaking people. But Root held them spellbound. They sat in rapt attention throughout his speech, and then cheered him until the walls rocked.

For in his speech Root forever dispelled thought of the German peril. He made it clear that the United States of America would play older brother to the weaker Republics to the south. They must work out their own salvation. The United States would see that they were unmolested by European powers. He left a feeling of friendship such as had never before existed. Years from now his work in that direction will be remembered.

When Thomas Collier Platt left the Senate to die, the New York legislature had a lucid moment and sent Root to the Senate in his place. So the State Department lost a great

head and New York gained the greatest Senator she has had in many years.

In the Senate Root has not shown as yet. He entered that august body, not as a novitiate, but as a full-fledged member. The Administration halo was about his head, and he got as good committee assignments as if he had been in the Senate a decade. His work is quiet and forceful. He has made two or three big speeches, but most of his efforts are confined to committee work, wherein he is as brilliant as he was before the law courts and at the head of two departments.

Root has the reputation of being cold. He is so, intellectually. Tall, erect, rather slender, he is almost a handsome man. His hair, slightly gray, drops down over his forehead, giving him a boyish look at times. Ever and anon Root is humorous. He used to have lots of fun with the newspaper correspondents. Once, while he was acting Secretary of State, in Hay's absence, the Japanese situation was acute. A Washington newspaper was howling lustily for war. We will call the paper *The Blade*, there being no Washington *Blade*.

In the midst of the delicate Japanese situation there was an uprising in Honduras. Official telegrams came to Root. He received the newspaper men.

"Are we going to war with Honduras?" one of them asked.

"I do not know," said Root, solemnly. "Maybe so. If we do, do you think *The Blade* would be willing to call off the war with Japan?"

Again Root was asked a pointed question. He did not care to answer it. So he mumbled his reply. One of the younger correspondents, who did not know his ways, took the bait.

"I did not quite catch your reply, Mr. Secretary," he said.
"I did not intend you should," replied Root.

ELIHU ROOT

Root's greatest quip came when President Taft was governor of the Philippines and Root was Secretary of War. Taft had been ill, and Root had ordered him to take a vacation. Taft did so. Upon his return to Manila he sent Root the following cablegram:

"Just rode a mule a hundred miles over the mountains.
Feeling fine."

To which Root replied, also by cable:

"Glad to hear you are well; but how is the mule?"



THOMAS F. RYAN

ONE OF the conspicuous financiers in the United States. Mr. Ryan has made his own way in the world, starting life without either money or influential relatives. He is distinctively a man of commercial turn of mind, with a liking for finance rather than industrial pursuits. It would seem from knowing something of Mr. Ryan's career, that at the very beginning he had a fixed purpose in view—that was to acquire wealth and such power as wealth would give him. He is a native of Virginia, reared in the rural districts. He acquired as good an education as was offered him in the community where he spent his boyhood. His first business connection was in Baltimore, in a banking house. Mr. Ryan prospered and progressed from the start. He was never a laggard. He had original ideas, but it was not always possible to get others to adopt them. He could not then adopt them himself, because he was without funds. He saved money from his first month's salary. This he continued doing, until he ceased working for other people and went into business on his own account. It was then that he was in position to follow his inclinations and put some of his own ideas into execution. Baltimore, being a conservative financial center, did not offer, in Mr. Ryan's opinion, the necessary opportunities for a person of his trend of mind. He wanted to locate where there was more activity. The knowledge he had gained while in the employ of the Baltimore bank whetted his appetite for a more expanded field of operation. He readily saw that the financial center of the country was in New York, and that if once established there, he could make

THOMAS F. RYAN

himself a factor in affairs of the country, which he could not do in Baltimore. It was then that Mr. Ryan made a survey of the New York situation. In the meantime, he had accumulated money, with which he was able to embark on enterprises of his own. Mr. Ryan's career as one of the kings in finance forms a large part of the history of the Wall Street district for the past twenty years.

Mr. Ryan is by nature a shrewd trader. He is as good a judge of collateral value, probably, as any other man in New York. There is no particular sentiment in Mr. Ryan, when it comes to business. He counts his millions in dollars and cents, and it is well to bear in mind that he has always been of the impression that if one takes care of the pennies, the dollars will take care of themselves. This has been one of his characteristics as a successful operator. He has been beholden to no one. He has directed the course of his own destiny, and when measured by an accumulation of the world's goods, he has directed it wisely. He is not a man to have many confidants. He acts upon the principle that by keeping close mouth, he is best able to husband his own resources. He has never been without some consideration for, even, those who would crush him, if they could. He has led the van in several hotly contested financial and commercial engagements. He has met men as brainy and as resourceful as himself. Mr. Ryan cannot say of himself, nor will those who know him say of him, that he acquired any part of his vast fortune without working for it. He may be a hard master at times, but it is recorded of him that he is invariably a fair one. The action he took in saving the Equitable Life Assurance Society from probable deterioration and possible disintegration stamped him as a benefactor to the large army of policy-holders, though what he did redounded to his own pecuniary benefit as well as theirs. At any rate, Mr. Ryan stepped in at the psychological moment and saved the organization from passing into the control of some well-known Wall

Street buccaneers. If he did profit by it, and the chances are he did, the stockholders and policy-holders nevertheless owe him a debt of gratitude for which, if they are honest with themselves, they will render due acknowledgment. Probably some, if not all, have or will.

In viewing Mr. Ryan outside the gateway of his money-changing temple, he has a bigger heart than most people realize. He has contributed, probably, as much to charity as any of the really rich men of the country. He has never sought to have these or kindred acts advertised, being content with the knowledge that he has tried to perform his duty to mankind in a manner that would do good to those who were the recipients. His prominence in the financial world brought him much into public notice in many of the more important moves incident to new developments in his sphere of action. Through a business life of more than forty years he has had time, occasionally, to stop on his wealth-procuring journey to turn aside from the sordid things of life wherein he might become companionable with his fellow-man. This he can do, and often does. Mr. Ryan's ways are as simple as when he was a boy of fifteen in Virginia. He doesn't need the money he possesses, at least not all of it. The excitement attending the accumulation of great wealth is probably his best excuse for having engaged in the many contests he has waged. In his home life, Mr. Ryan is likened unto a prince, when it comes to dispensing hospitality. He is a good talker and likes talking to a good listener. At times he may appear dogmatic, but, if so, it is because he is sure of the justness of his own position in the argument, whatever that may be. Illustrations of himself have appeared in so many public prints that his face is familiar to millions of readers. If Mr. Ryan had chosen to adopt agricultural pursuits, he would have been the best and the most progressive farmer in his county.

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY



EAR ADMIRAL of the United States Navy, retired. The name of Admiral Schley is about as well known throughout the United States as that of any man in it. He is a native of Maryland, and since he was seventeen years of age he has been connected with the Navy, first as a student at the Naval Academy, and after his graduation his career has furnished a large part of the history of that fighting adjunct to the Government. He was with Farragut during the Civil War, and his conduct as a young officer was honorable alike to himself and to his country. Admiral Schley has accomplished much in his life, but no one would ever know it if it were necessary to wait for him to tell it. That is one of his strongest characteristics. He refuses to talk about himself. When comparatively a young man, he volunteered to take charge of an expedition for the relief of Adolphus W. Greely, who had gone in search of the North Pole. Admiral Schley, in charge of the relief expedition, arrived at the critical moment. Had he been two days later, General (then Lieutenant) Greely and his comrades would undoubtedly have died from starvation. For more than ten days, Admiral Schley stationed himself in the crow's nest of the vessel and with great glasses surveyed the horizon. It was a hazardous task, but he did it courageously and cheerfully. At the end of the ten days he was rewarded by observing evidences of life on the surface of the snow and ice—the mere flapping of one of the folds of Lieutenant Greely's tent. The condition of the men, when found by Admiral Schley, has been graphically told, so that it is not necessary to go into details here. It furnishes

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a large part of the history of the Navy Department. Admiral Schley has been for the past twenty years one of the leading men identified with the Navy. He never shirked a duty, nor disobeyed an order. There never was a time, when his services were in demand, that he was not within calling distance of his superior.

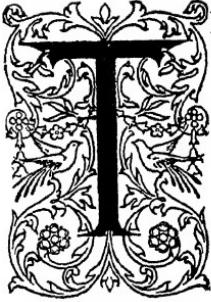
When the United States went to war with Spain, Admiral Schley took his accustomed position at the front. His presence was needed, and he was on hand to comply with every direction. It was Admiral Schley who fought the naval battle of Santiago on the 4th of July, 1898. He pursued and destroyed the Spanish fleet in its attempt to escape from the harbor of Santiago to the open sea. It was the decisive and final battle of the conflict, and as he fired the last gun the war was over. His flagship, the *Brooklyn*, received the greater number of shots from the enemy, but that did not seem to deter the courageous Schley. He not only took punishment, but he delivered punishment, as history has recorded. He performed his duty with the same modesty that has characterized his every official act. He asked for no praise, more than the grateful tributes of a thankful people. He had detractors, envious and jealous of his triumphs. This made no difference to him. He knew that the people knew who fought the battle and who was responsible for the victory. He made no charges against any one. He bore in silence the barkings of the inconsequential herd. He maintained his full dignity of manhood. He preferred that his acts should speak for him, rather than that he should raise his voice in defense of himself. He had done things, while others had done nothing. He was never a party to the political jugglery going on inside of the Navy Department. He ever showed a hostility to bureau autocracy. He was a naval fighter, not afraid of powder or shell. Many of those who said the most against him had never smelled or seen either. He was not a strategist, but a man schooled in war and not

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

afraid to meet the enemy face to face, which he has done on more than one occasion.

Admiral Schley is well known to the American people, particularly as regards his personal appearance. His prominence in the war with Spain as the victorious commander in the waters of the Caribbean Sea brought him into such renown that his photographs were in great demand by all the magazines and newspapers of the country. For the past few years he has been on the retired list, having reached the age limit, but is still one of the most active men in the city of Washington, where he resides. He is as quick in pace and agile in step as when he was twenty-five years old. He doesn't look to be a day over fifty. He is getting a trifle bald, but hundreds of men are bald at thirty. He is jovial in disposition. His extreme modesty adds to his popularity. He is never too busy to see his friends. He likes having them about him. There is hardly a port in the world which he has not at some time visited. He is conceded to be one of the best-posted men in the United States on the naval conditions of the world. He has made a study of this question. So conversant is he upon this matter, that he can tell, at any time, how many naval vessels any of the Great Powers have had at any period of their existence. Admiral Schley is a most likable man. The people who live near him are his neighbors in neighborly ways. His success in life never has turned his head. He is the same Winfield S. Schley to-day that he was before receiving the encomiums of his fellow-citizens when he put the last Spanish ship out of commission. As he remarked at the time: "There is glory enough for every one." This shows his magnanimity. Admiral Schley is an honor and credit to the greatness of the achievements of the American Navy.

SWAGAR SHERLEY

HE STORY of Swagar Sherley is that of a man with a foundation. Ornaments of speech and mind came afterward, as the battlements and turrets are set upon the basework of a castle. But to the fact that Sherley, during much of his boyhood, was bedfast he owes a course of reading, a liking for the fine intellectual things of life, and a grounding in the principles of mental discipline that few men can equal.

At present Sherley is a member of Congress from Kentucky, and he is a prominent member. Much of his work is done in committee. This means that the unseen, unrecorded pruning of appropriations to fit the Government purse, that the studious investigation which leaves only meritorious claims for settlement, is his chief work in the Congress. On the floor he receives careful attention, because he usually arises to debate the parliamentary tangles and to unravel them, to expound abstruse legal situations into which the business of the House has carried it. So much, to Sherley's alert mind, seems obvious that he is rarely heard on measures of which he has been able to form an instant opinion. He finds himself thinking that to all the House the measure must be as patent, the reasons pro or con as clear. So Sherley has the work of quarrying and refining, and from his committees the stuff to make into legislation comes pure and glittering. Feeling that every one can tell dross from precious metal, Sherley has not the fault of gilding over gold.

What is aristocratic in this country, Sherley is. His family is a Southern one whose memories are of generations and silver. His father, Capt. Thomas H. Sherley, was a

SWAGAR SHERLEY

distinguished Kentuckian and Democrat, once member of the Democratic National Committee. It is a part of the record of the tricks fate plays that Captain Sherley always coveted the seat in Congress from the Fifth Kentucky District now held by his son.

Swagar Sherley was reared in the atmosphere of social Louisville, a stratum of humanity that is witty, cultured, and altogether distinctive and patrician. Frequently, in the United States, aristocracy of the intellect is received gladly by aristocracy of birth, and from this mingling springs such an aristocracy as that of Kentucky. Sherley was reared among these people. Barred by illness from many of the outdoor sports of a boy, he devoted himself to mental culture. By the time, therefore, that he had gone to the University of Virginia and begun the study of law, he was well founded in the best information of the world.

Then Sherley began to balance himself. He took up boxing, and, although he has been lame for years, he became a rangy fist man. His shoulders are broad and his chest is deep, and with the gloves the Kentucky youth managed to become a dangerous opponent.

The law found Sherley a devoted pupil. It seemed that his mind was formed, his faculties trained, for fine legal weaving or unweaving, and that his tongue bore conviction to bench and to jury. It is but a step from the law to politics, and Sherley, believing that he would become famous as a prosecutor, entered into a race for commonwealth's attorney. He lost.

The night that Sherley was defeated for this place, he found himself badly in debt. He was facing a turning-point of his life. But he took a path over the hill instead of around it; he chose to scramble across the rocks rather than to walk through peaceful pastures and along the banks of pleasant streams. Sherley, defeated for a small office, set out to demand a greater one. He was ashamed that he had asked

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so little, this man whom his party had refused to nominate for commonwealth's attorney. He resolved to go to Congress, and this he realized. Nomination and a first election came after Sherley had shown the mettle that was in him. Then came renomination and a second election, and others followed, sometimes against party and Republican opposition (he is a Democrat) and sometimes against Republican opposition only. The people of his district found that their young Representative was becoming a forceful man in the national House, and they showed their appreciation by keeping him there.

As this book is off to press, Sherley is one of the chief of the nation's legislators. A bill reforming the abuses of the old bankruptcy provisions and enacted into law bears his name in the United States statutes. He is one of the recognized great lawyers in public life. His career lies before him in its greatest breadth, and his district and his State expect much of him.

Sherley is featured like a Roman: Large nose, broad forehead, thin lips, and uptilting chin. He has the pale complexion of those whose blood supply is meager, but his eyes are frank and clear, and they redeem this pallor. As his admirers say:

“Swagar Sherley looks like a statesman, and is one.”

THEODORE P. SHONTS

HEAD of the Rapid Transit system of the city of New York, which embraces all the surface, elevated, and subway roads. Mr. Shonts has done so many things in his busy life that it would require much space to enumerate them all. He spent most of his business life in Iowa, but that need not give the idea that he was born there, although he would not object to that honor, had it so transpired. He is a native of Western Pennsylvania. His free and easy—probably breezy—style would stamp him as a man from the big-hearted West. He is universally considerate of everybody, and as courteous as an old-time Southern colonel. Young Shonts was brought up in the atmosphere of surgery and medicine. That was because his father was a practicing physician. The sire desired that the son should follow in his footsteps, but the latter took a different view of the future. He preferred being a lawyer, and a lawyer he became. He went West to Illinois and Iowa. Being of good address and indomitable push, he made his own way, and made it well. He was fortunate in his love affair. He married the daughter of Gen. Francis M. Drake, a man of great force in the State, and at one time governor. General Drake was one of the real upbuilders of industrial affairs in his section of the country, being in control of one or more railways. This proved to be a good thing for Mr. Shonts. General Drake had come to know Mr. Shonts well, recognizing his fine ability as a worker and organizer. Mr. Shonts gave up the practice of law and became permanently identified with the management of railways. He has had many triumphs in his business career, but the one

that advanced him the highest as a railway president was when he took possession of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railway, extending from Toledo to St. Louis. When he became the head of this road, it consisted of little more than the right of way and two streaks of rust. It was in a deplorable condition. It had been transformed from a narrow to a standard gauge. It had always been poor though it penetrated for forty miles on either side a country as fertile as any in the West. He built up this road, in comparatively a short time, to such a position that it was able to purchase and take possession of the Chicago and Alton system, one of the best-paying railways in the country.

Mr. Shonts was not much known to the general public until after his appointment by President Roosevelt as the head of the Isthmian Canal Commission. President Roosevelt wanted a man who was capable of doing things to take charge of affairs in Panama and direct the construction of the great canal. He cast about for some time before finding the man he wanted. He knew of Mr. Shonts' record as one whose "hobby" was hard work. That suited President Roosevelt to a nicety. He sent for Mr. Shonts to come to Washington, not stating why he wished it. He might have thought the President "had it in" for him, as the head of several railways, and might want to classify him as among the "malefactors of great wealth," or the "criminal rich." Much to the surprise of Mr. Shonts, the President desired to confer upon him a high title—that of a man who was capable of managing a great undertaking. That President Roosevelt exhibited excellent judgment in the selection of Mr. Shonts no one has ever controverted. It is the big things of life that interest Mr. Shonts most. He has fine executive ability, and is a leader of men. When Thomas F. Ryan and other owners and directors of the transit companies of New York went in search of a man who could bring order out of chaos, and give to the people of that city some kind of decent service,

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and at the same time protect the revenues of the company, they offered the position to Mr. Shonts.

He has encountered obstacles in his present position that he had probably not anticipated, but at any rate, it would appear that he is again striking his gait, and will have these New York roads in as good financial condition, and the service as acceptable to the public, as are the Toledo, St. Louis and Western and Chicago and Alton systems, of both of which he is president. Mr. Shonts is coming in for his share of newspaper criticism in New York, but he has shown his philosophic turn of mind by smiling and not losing his temper.

He shines in every sphere of life in which he is placed. When he casts aside the cares of business, he is quite another man. With him business is business, recreation is recreation. He cannot engage in the two at the same time, although he never permits pleasure to interfere with his business. Mr. Shonts is pleasing to look upon. He greets every one with a smile and a good, hearty shake of the hand. When meeting friends of long standing, he sometimes slaps them on the shoulder, calling them by their first names. This is a time when he may, with consistency, cast aside his usual dignity. If he does, it is simply because he is permitting his good nature to take possession of him. Mr. Shonts is always an agreeable host. He is a member of ten or fifteen of the most prominent clubs of the United States. He mingles much, with his interesting wife and daughters, in fashionable circles in New York, and also in London and Paris. He is too busy a man to find many opportunities for pleasures. He is a director of more than twenty-five large corporations in many parts of the country. He is a director who directs, not a "dummy."

HOKE SMITH



FORMER Secretary of the Interior, former Governor of Georgia, and soon to be Governor again. Governor Smith is one of the unique characters in American politics. He has achieved a great deal in his comparatively short business career. He has had to fight, and fight hard, for everything he has acquired. It would seem that he has met a contestant at every corner of the road in life's endeavor. He has never been known to run away from any of his encounters. He has fought them out squarely in the middle of the road, and in full view of the public. When he first entered upon a business career in Atlanta, he was a struggling lawyer. He is an observing citizen. He quickly realized the slowness with which courts conducted their business when railroads were defendants. According to his way of thinking, the railroads were all too powerful over the State judiciary. Nearly all of the judges were traveling on railroad passes, which meant that railroads were not without their "friends" on the State bench. He was not the enemy of railroads because they were railroads, but because, as he viewed it, of their unfair treatment of the public. He soon came to be known as the one lawyer in the State who could successfully contest with the railroads in some of the courts. He broke up a practice of judges granting continuance after continuance, when asked for by the attorneys for the roads. He forced the issue so strongly that it had its effect, not only in Atlanta, but throughout the entire State. Later, Mr. Smith became the proprietor of the *Atlanta Journal*, an afternoon paper that has filled, and is filling, its mission as a servant to the public's best interests. He had a fight on his hands when he took up the newspaper business, and it was a nasty fight, too. The strength of his individuality was transferred to the editorial pages of his paper. While others were

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making it a bit warm for him, he was often making it quite a bit warmer for the others. He fought his own battles in his own way, and became a victor in all of them.

When Mr. Cleveland was re-elected to the Presidency, in 1892, he desired a Southern man to take a place in his Cabinet. Hoke Smith had championed Mr. Cleveland during his first administration and was one of his most loyal supporters in the campaign of 1892, as he had been in 1884 and 1888; in the latter year, however, he was defeated. Mr. Cleveland thought well of Mr. Smith. He was then unknown outside of Georgia, and for that reason, no doubt, many Georgians thought he was not of sufficient caliber to become Cabinet timber. His chief competitor for the place was Colonel Morrison, of Illinois, who was backed by Mr. Carlisle. His political enemies in Georgia did almost everything in their power to persuade Mr. Cleveland not to select Mr. Smith. They seemingly did not know Mr. Cleveland. Anyhow, Mr. Smith was invited by Mr. Cleveland to become his Secretary of the Interior, which office he held for more than three years, and it is doubtful if ever there was a better Secretary of the Interior than he. Being a good lawyer, he was well equipped for the duties of his high office. Mr. Smith was loyal to his party after its nomination of Mr. Bryan at Chicago, in 1896. He was the only Cabinet officer who was. The party's promulgations upon this occasion were not in harmony with the Cleveland policies, whereupon Mr. Smith resigned the office of Secretary of the Interior and gave Mr. Bryan loyal support. Though personally not in sympathy with all of the Nebraskan's ideas, he was all the time a loyal Democrat. In 1906, Mr. Smith was elected Governor of Georgia. He found, at the time of his inauguration, Joseph M. Brown, son of the late United States Senator Joseph E. Brown, a member of the State railroad commission. Mr. Brown had previously been general freight and passenger agent and traffic manager of the Western and Atlantic Rail-

way, and was tinctured, no doubt, with railroad ideas and probably a trifle too favorable to the demands of railroads, which did not at all agree with the vigorous contrary opinions expressed by Governor Smith. Mr. Brown has long been known as "Little Joe," and he is quite an interesting character. His administration of his office as one of the railway commissioners was not pleasing to Governor Smith, whereupon, in rather a dramatic manner, he "fired" "Little Joe" out of office in less than no time. This raised a terrible row. "Little Joe" was not without friends and supporters. The deposed "Little Joe" announced his candidacy for the Governorship, and there were hot doings from "Atlanta to the sea." Governor Smith went down to defeat, but, in less than two years, he proved to be one of those who could "come back." He made the declaration that "Little Joe" would have to "eat dirt," and he made good his word. "Little Joe" will most unwillingly surrender the office of Governor to Mr. Smith, who will, in the near future, enter upon his duties for a second term. Governor Smith is a big-brained, forceful, progressive, and resourceful man. He is a man who has never taken a step backward. He believes in the will of the people. When the Georgia legislature passed its State-wide prohibition bill, he was not personally in favor of it, but he assisted in making it a law by giving it his signature, and in doing so, he stated that as it was the will of the people, it should likewise be his. Governor Smith is a large man, measuring probably six feet one inch, and weighs 200 pounds or more. He is smooth-faced and an all-around imposing individual. His administration of the office of Governor for two years was highly approved, and his re-election after a bitter contest further shows the high confidence of the people in him. Governor Smith is most likely to be in the United States Senate before many years. If he has a fad, it is for hard work, and he has been a hard worker all his life. In dress, Governor Smith is always within the bounds of reason as to style.

MARCUS A. SMITH



FORMERLY delegate in Congress from the Territory of Arizona. Mr. Smith was born in Kentucky quite a few years before the Civil War. While almost everybody calls him "Mark" Smith, his given name is Marcus Aurelius Smith, and in a sense he looks the part. There are few men in the United States who are more agreeable in their relationships with other men than is Mr. Smith. When he had reached the age of about thirty years, he came to the conclusion that Kentucky might be a good State to get away from. He moved to Arizona. The political germ, it would appear, took possession of him at an early period. He had been in Arizona not more than a year when he announced himself as a candidate for prosecuting attorney. It is true, he was not much known at that time, but those who did know him said he was the right kind of a man to be elected, which he was, by a good big majority. It is a part of the history of Arizona that his administration of the office of prosecuting attorney was up to a high standard. He was prosecuting attorney in fact as well as in name. He hunted down the criminals and sent the guilty ones to the penitentiary. Others who knew themselves to be guilty left the Territory for the Territory's good, knowing that if Prosecuting Attorney Smith was ever able to prove their guilt, they would be compelled to go to the Territorial Institution, where criminals are housed, the same as the others. Mr. Smith's reputation as a fearless prosecutor spread throughout the Territory. As he became known in the Territory, his popularity increased. He is as good a political mixer as one can ordinarily find. To know

Mark Smith is to like him. He quickly showed his talent as a lawyer, which brought him hosts of clients and all good-paying ones. He made money, and became one of the most progressive in the "land of sunshine and silver," as he has sometimes designated Arizona. No one disputes that it is the land of sunshine, but of recent years Arizona has become the great copper-producing section of the country.

Mr. Smith had been in Arizona but little over six years when he was elected as a Delegate to Congress. He has held aloft the banner of Arizona as no other man has. He fought for statehood with the determination that meant something. Many of his political enemies in Congress were inclined to do a great deal of jockeying incident to the admission of Arizona to statehood. He insisted that it should become a State, and upon the terms laid down by himself and the Democrats of the Territory. His efforts were at last crowned with success, yet he was not a member of the Congress which passed the measure providing for statehood. He served in the 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 55th, 57th, 59th, and 60th Congresses, completing a period of sixteen years. There were times when he declined to be a candidate; once he was defeated at the polls by his Republican antagonist. Mr. Smith holds the record for having served longer in Congress as a Territorial Delegate than any other. The people of Arizona, regardless of politics, believe Mark Smith is as square a man as ever settled in that Territory. If he has any enemies, they are purely political, and not personal. During his sixteen years as a Delegate in Congress, he was a conspicuous figure about Washington. There are not many men in the country who are better story-tellers than he. He is usually the life of any party of which he may be a member. As a public speaker, he is entertaining, graceful, and convincing. He has to a well-developed degree the oratorical qualities which seem inherent in Kentuckians. It is as easy for Mark Smith to make a good speech as it is for

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a duck to swim, although he has never been known to make a speech, except, as he saw it, for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of the occasion. He is not the man to proclaim publicly unless there is something to proclaim about and, in proclaiming, some good is to be accomplished.

Mr. Smith is not only a man who does things, but he is a man who knows things. He is probably more familiar with ancient history than any one who served with him in Congress. He is an inveterate reader and an untiring worker. As Arizona is soon to be admitted as one of the sister States of the Union, it is believed that higher political honors are in store for him. In politics Mr. Smith is a Democrat, believing in the traditions of the Democratic party, as brought into being by its fathers. It is almost a certainty that Mr. Smith will be one of the two United States Senators from that State. Much will depend, however, on whether the Republicans or Democrats control the State, but judging from the vote for delegates to the constitutional convention, the new State will be Democratic, and in this event he will, in good time, become Senator Marcus Aurelius Smith, of Arizona. If any man in the State is entitled to Senatorial honors, it is Mr. Smith, for no one has performed more service for the Territory than he. In personal appearance, Mr. Smith is ranked among those who are fine looking. His iron-gray hair gives him a distinguished appearance. He wears a mustache which is also gray. When it comes to knowing the correct styles in men's apparel, it is evident that he keeps in touch with the views of the designers. A long residence in Arizona has not lessened his knowledge of what is going on in the fashionable world. He is as much at home, however, among the wool-hat element in Arizona as he is at Washington among his colleagues in Congress. He is a man of the times, and a man for the place he has so long and honorably filled, and for the higher positions he seems destined to occupy.



JAMES SMITH, JR.

ONE OF the largest leather manufacturers in the United States. Mr. Smith is a native of New Jersey, where he has lived all his life, the city of Newark being his home. He was educated in Wilmington, Del., and at one of the higher institutions of learning in his own State. His first business venture was as a merchant. He chose to go in the drygoods business, and in this he made a fine success, laying the foundation of what has since become a large fortune. It is believed there are not many men who have given closer study to the industrial development of the country than has Mr. Smith. He was one of the pioneers in the manufacture of leather in its various new processes. The plan laid down by him originally in the treatment of leather has come to be adopted throughout the entire country, and also in some European countries. He saw the future of the leather industry as one of the largest in the country. It is believed he was the first in the United States to manufacture patent and enameled leather. He started in as a small manufacturer, but his establishment now has a larger producing power than any other of its kind. Some say he is the largest manufacturer of leather in the world, with the possible exception of a few of the great manufacturers in Russia. Mr. Smith has been a busy man all his life. He has never had much time for recreation, except an occasional journey to Europe of two or three months every two or three years. He has been prominent in politics in New Jersey. For several years he was a member of the city council of Newark, and it is said of him that he was a good councilman. He was repeatedly offered

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the unanimous nomination for mayor of the city of Newark, but he declined. He did not care to make a business of politics, because he had all the business he could attend to in the leather trade. There came a time, however, when the Democratic party, of which he has always been a member, was in position to confer upon him high and deserved political honors.

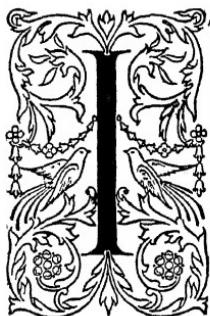
In 1893, he was elected to the United States Senate, and served in that body for six years. As a Senator he developed well. The country took his measure as a man of affairs, and was apparently satisfied that he was of the right kind. He took into the political arena the same breadth of mind which had distinguished him as a manufacturer—one of the real movers in industrial progress. He served his State and the country well while in the Senate. He was not trained in the school of oratory or in the forum of debate. He did, however, make a number of good, strong, sensible speeches in the Senate, which reflected credit upon those who had sent him there. Mr. Smith was brought up a Democrat in the school of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, Amasa J. Parker, of New Jersey, and other Democratic wheel horses of their time and period. Mr. Smith has never been attracted to the new isms that have arisen, yet concedes that no great harm has come to the country in consequence of their being injected into the political equation. He is a firm believer in the benefit derived from campaigns of education. He believes it the duty of the people so to familiarize themselves with all of the leading political issues that when it comes to voting they may be capable of exercising judgment and not be carried away by prejudices. Mr. Smith has been conspicuous at several Democratic national conventions. In the conventions of 1884, 1892, and 1896, he was the chairman of the New Jersey delegations. Mr. Smith is a gentleman who is likewise a close observer of the financial problems of the country. He is president of the Federal Trust Company of Newark and a

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director in quite a large number of financial institutions, both in the State of New Jersey and in the city of New York.

Mr. Smith is not only large of brains and large of ideas, but he is large in stature. If one may judge from his personal appearance, he lives an ideal life of simplicity. His cheeks are as rosy as a schoolboy's. He is as good-natured as any one in his community. It is rarely that he is known to be angry. This trait, however, is reputed to march hand in hand with corpulence. Mr. Smith will weigh probably more than two hundred and fifty pounds. He has hosts of friends in New Jersey. He has never permitted politics to interfere with his personal relations with either his neighbors or his business associates who may not think as he does. New Jersey is proud of Mr. Smith, and he is, no doubt, proud of New Jersey, as he well should be. The State has been good to him, and it is believed he has paid, with interest, every debt he owed the commonwealth. His acts, as a public servant of the people, have, it would seem, been of such a character as to meet their highest approval. He ranks among the rich men of his State. His fortune may run into the millions. He has accumulated the same largely through his individual industry, yet he is sufficiently sagacious to take advantage of every business opportunity. He knows the game of the leather trade as perfectly as any other man. He has studied it, and studied it thoroughly. With him, business is business. There is no sentiment, according to his standard, in the accumulation of money. He does not need all the money he has, but he finds pleasure in acquiring more of it. He is not close when it comes to spending it, although he is of an economic turn of mind. In early life he was taught how hard it was to secure money when he wanted to negotiate his first loan. This taught him a lesson which has been useful to him. Mr. Smith is a splendid representative of that class of manufacturers who have advanced American industries to the top notch.

WATSON C. SQUIRE



T HAS fallen to the lot of few men who have served a comparatively short time in Congress to reach the eminence attained by Watson Carvoosso Squire. In the annals of the public service of the Territory and State of Washington, and of the creation of the State from the Territory in 1889, no name is more prominent or more deservedly so than his. He is one of the few men from the State of Washington who became national characters in the largest sense of the word, and one who gave to the State its earliest prestige at the National Capital. Known in his home State as one of its Territorial governors, one of its first Senators, the only United States Senator from his State who has ever been re-elected, and the man who secured some of the largest Government works for the State, Senator Squire is equally well known and remembered at the National Capital as a statesman of broad abilities, the father of the principal coast defense legislation in this country, and a courteous and lovable companion, whose friendship was prized by the ablest men in national affairs. His services to the nation began before his first visit to the Far West in 1879, and the earlier years of his career are filled with interesting and stirring events, approaching in importance his later work as Governor and Senator.

Senator Squire was born in New York in 1838. His father was a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, and on both sides his family was descended from pre-Revolutionary days. The Senator was graduated from Wesleyan University,

Middletown, Conn., in 1859. He studied law, and was shortly afterward, in spite of his youth, made principal of the Moravia Institute at Moravia. Then the war broke out. Squire enlisted in the Nineteenth Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was elected a captain, but with the modesty that has always characterized him, declined to accept, believing that the place should go to an older man. He was appointed first lieutenant and made a distinguished record throughout the war, finally becoming judge advocate under General Thomas. Later he was made judge advocate of the military district of Nashville, Middle Tennessee, and Northern Alabama, on the staff of General Rousseau. He was the reviewing officer of all military courts in the district, passing upon all findings and sentences and at one period supervising the work of twenty-one separate courts. The judge advocate general especially commended him and he was finally brevetted colonel by the Secretary of War. After the war Colonel Squire went to New York and accepted a position with the Remington Arms Company, becoming successively secretary, treasurer, and manager. Through his position there he became widely known as an authority on firearms and assisted to establish a world-wide trade for his company.

In 1879, Colonel Squire was called on a business trip to San Francisco, and afterward he went through the Territory of Washington. He saw the great possibilities of that Territory, and decided that it would be his future home. He took a prominent part in the business affairs of the State, and was considered one of its foremost citizens. In 1884, President Arthur made him Governor of the Territory, which position he held for three years. Those were the days that made the West, and the tasks thereof were constantly coming before him. Upon their solution depended much of the Coast's future, and Governor Squire made good. The best proof of it is that in 1889 Washington became a State. Then there was only one thing left—Squire was chosen Senator, and he is the only

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Senator from Washington who has ever been honored by a reelection.

Much was expected of the new Senator by his constituents; little was at first conceded by his older fellow-Senators. How successful he was in meeting this condition is shown by his record of accomplishments, for not only was his period in Congress marked by immense Government improvements in Washington and Alaska, but he did not confine his efforts, like so many members of Congress, to looking after the needs of the section he represented. Senator Squire took a prominent part in all matters of national welfare, the national defenses, the tariff and currency questions, the Chinese problem, the Alaskan boundary, and other leading questions of the day. He took an active interest in the immigration question and was a member of the committee that selected Ellis Island in New York as the station to receive immigrants. He also assisted to establish the United States Marine hospital service on a firmer foundation by an amendment which he introduced. He obtained the erection of an important United States Marine Hospital at Port Townsend. He was known as a tireless committee worker, and a gifted orator on the floor of the Senate, as well as a keen impromptu debater.

With his colleague, Senator John B. Allen, who came from eastern Washington, Senator Squire agreed that they should each work for all needed improvements in the State, but should take care of the details of affairs each for his own section. Almost the first benefit which he was able to obtain for his State was the appropriation for building the naval station and dry-dock at Bremerton, which had already been recommended by two separate boards of naval officers, but not acted upon by Congress. In fact, it was Senator Squire who first obtained recognition of Puget Sound as one of the great harbors of the United States, entitled to just as much attention in respect to light-houses, coast defenses, revenue cutter and customs service, life-saving protection and aids to

navigation, as any of the other great seaports which the Government had been improving for years. In one session he secured an increase of the rivers and harbors appropriation for the State from \$103,350 to \$168,470.92, and at the following session Congress increased the amount to \$225,000.

Not all of this was spent on Puget Sound. Senator Squire was a strong friend of improvements—especially river and harbor improvements—and the Columbia, Snake, Okanogan, Chehalis, and Cowlitz rivers secured shares of the appropriations. Other funds were used to improve the harbors of Everett and Olympia as well as Grays Harbor and Willapa Harbor, in southwestern Washington.

Among other measures of greatest importance to the State first brought to the attention of Congress by Senator Squire, were these:

To provide for tests of American timbers with a view, particularly, to establish the superior qualities of the timber of his own State.

For the creation of a national park and forest reserve, including Mt. Rainier.

For a relief light-vessel for the Pacific Coast.

To regulate the time and places of holding United States courts in the State of Washington.

To grant jurisdiction in cases relating to land entries.

To ratify agreements with certain Indian tribes.

For the relief of purchasers of lands in railroad land grants.

For the erection of a statue to Gen. U. S. Grant.

For public buildings at Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, and Walla Walla.

Granting 5 per cent of public land sales to the State of Washington.

That Senator Squire did not remain longer in the Senate was due to the free-silver-Populistic wave which swept over the Northwest and carried the State of Washington, costing

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her the services of her most efficient public servant. While he was in the Senate, Squire not only obtained more accordingly for the State than any other Senator, before or after him, but did so without the usual assistance of colleagues from the State. A deadlock in the Washington legislature, continuing for about three years, left Senator Squire alone in the Senate during this entire period.

While in the Senate, Colonel Squire found the coast defense plan in a chaotic state. Members of Congress, as a rule, were unfamiliar with the coast defense needs. He took hold of the recommendations of the Army engineers and planned the legislation which resulted in the present system of defenses. In one session he increased the appropriations for coast defenses from \$600,000 to \$11,500,000, eleven million five hundred thousand dollars that is, the cash appropriation was seven million five hundred thousand dollars and contracts were authorized to the extent of four million dollars additional, thereby laying the foundation for annual appropriations which will amount in the aggregate to about \$125,000,000. He initiated the legislation for the rating of naval engineers as officers of rank, and his work for the engineers resulted in his election to honorary membership in the Society of Marine Engineers. His efforts were largely instrumental in increasing the revenue-cutter service and putting it on a useful basis.

How Senator Squire accomplished what he did, coming as a new Senator from a new State, is an interesting story of statesmanship and diplomacy. By instinct and training a man of large grasp on whatever matter claimed his attention, Senator Squire was gifted as an orator and debater, and often carried on the floor of the Senate, by his individual efforts, points which he could not win by politics or persuasion in committee. In committee he was a tireless worker, and a man who inspired confidence and secured the best of results from his co-workers.

Socially, he was one of the most popular men in Congress, and his hospitality was known from one end of the Capital to the other, not from any lavish display, but chiefly from its good taste and the personal qualities of the host and his charming wife.

His extensive travel, his interest in national and international art, and his personality all entered into this feature of his success. Among the Senators from the South he numbered a host of warm friends, and he held their support in Congress as no other Northerner did. Time and again he enlisted their aid, with that of the men from the Far West, to force upon Congress a realization of the needs of the Pacific Coast. Without indulging in any petty scheming, Senator Squire was known as a consummate politician, and his influence was felt in every section of the country. He did not hesitate to work for needed improvements in other States than his own, and often introduced bills for public buildings or other improvements in Eastern or Southern cities where he believed they were needed. So wide was his personal popularity that at the close of one session Senator Allison asserted that Senator Squire had been the greatest personal success of any man in that Congress.

It will hardly be questioned that Washington has never had, in either Hall of Congress, or in any other field of public activity, a man who so thoroughly merited the name of statesman in its largest sense as Watson C. Squire. Never sensational, he was a leader of men in large affairs, calm and firm in judgment, unflinching in matters where his mind was set, and yet a man of consummate tact in winning friends and support where to court opposition would be fatal. To mention his high principles of personal honor is unnecessary. Without them no man can attain such success. Senator Squire's personal and private life has always been one worthy of a man who naturally has been an example to thousands. The State of Washington owes no greater gratitude to any

WATSON C. SQUIRE

of her citizens who have helped her to develop into a leading commonwealth.

Since his retirement from public life Senator Squire has lived quietly in Seattle, still making his influence felt in affairs of public interest, where the welfare of the city or State are at stake, and freely lending the value of his assistance and advice to his successors in public office.

AUGUSTUS OWSLEY STANLEY



S LONG as the South remains a distinct section of the country in its manners and customs, it will continue to send to Congress such men as Augustus Owsley Stanley, of Kentucky. It is in the nature of the Southern people to believe that the power of oratory is a great and a worthy one, and that those whose tongues are forged of silver can do the work of Congress.

Also, in the South the men who love the arts are not considered unfitted for public life. The North sends to Congress, to the House, at least, its commercial captains who have made their fortunes, its civic reform lawyers, its creators of remarkable political machines. The South, on the contrary, frequently sends a young man whose only qualification is his great talent of speech and whose only fortune is his splendid fund of classical information.

Such, when he came to Congress ten years ago, was Stanley. He had been in the Second District, which elected him, only a year or two, but during that time he had established a reputation as a criminal jury lawyer, and as an orator of real splendor. The girl who afterward became his wife asked Stanley one day, at what they term in the South a "speaking," why he did not run for Congress. Stanley, then as now moved by prophetic impulses, said that he would run, and he did. He was nominated and elected, and four times more the district has done the same thing (albeit an unprecedented performance) for this man of charming parts of speech and personality, for this delver into the witcheries of literature and

AUGUSTUS OWSLEY STANLEY

art. He belongs to the rare class called geniuses, and Stanley's genius is variously displayed.

In the North Stanley would have been any one of three things: a remarkable criminal lawyer, an author of distinction, or a United States Senator. In Kentucky, or anywhere in the South, it was the most natural thing in the world to send him to Congress.

The value of such selection has been demonstrated. Stanley's indictment, in a speech in Congress, of the American Tobacco Company, known as the tobacco trust, resulted in the institution of proceedings against that company. More, every exposé made in Stanley's speech was used by the Attorney-General of the United States in his opening brief. More recently, Stanley determined to secure an investigation of the United States Steel Corporation by the same means. He forced the almost impossible result of having the Republican House call upon the Attorney-General for information about the trust. A few days afterward Stanley offered a resolution appointing a House committee to investigate the steel trust, and while he failed to get that measure out of committee before the close of the first regular session of the Sixty-first Congress, he used it as a club to kill one of the measures of President Taft, which was also lodged in committee.

Whenever the grower, the farmer, the planter, the miner, the poor of the cities, the uneducated of the land are concerned in legislation before the House, Stanley is up. His speech is usually a gem of oratory and a trove of literary and historical reference. It is never sophomoric. His rising in the House means a hasty assembling, for the Congress appreciates the eloquence and the freshness of Stanley. His wit is sparkling, and he can rarely resist interrupting a particularly solemn or a diametrically opposed speaker with some keen query that sets the House and the galleries into guffaws.

His humor is not partisan. During the long session of the

Sixty-first Congress, a Democrat was on his feet quarreling with his party because it had agreed with the Republican regulars on a measure.

"Whenever I see the regular Republicans," shouted this Democrat, "taking one direction, I take the other."

"Suppose," said Stanley, "that these old political sinners repented and were going to heaven, would the gentleman go in the other direction?"

The House did not recover its breath for some minutes after this.

Stanley, in appearance, is a stocky man under a slouch hat. His hair is thin and graying; his eyes are vivid, sparkling, and brown. His mouth and smile are as sweet as those of a woman; the shape of his head and the contour of his face are very strong. In many ways he is a reminder of that cavalier Stanley to whom the dying Marmion shouted:

"On, Stanley, on!"

For Stanley, of Kentucky, too, fights with the rapier, but it is the rapier of his tongue and of his wit.

GEORGE W. STEVENS



RESIDENT of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. Mr. Stevens began his railroad career when about fifteen years old. For nearly a year he received a monthly stipend of something like sixteen dollars, a part of which he always saved. Some may be of the impression that the "W" in Mr. Stevens' name stands for Washington, which it does not. It is Walter. George Walter Stevens can lay claim to the distinction of being responsible for his own advancement in the world of railway operations. He was born in Ohio, although he spent most of his younger life in Indiana. For several years he was identified with the old Indianapolis and Peru Railroad, with headquarters at Peru. He was superintendent of that and other lines for a number of years, then he became general superintendent, and later general manager. He is regarded as one of the best and safest railroad managers. He has never had anything to do with a road that he did not leave in better condition than when he went with it—financially, physically, and otherwise. He became the general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio when Melville E. Ingalls was its president. Mr. Ingalls, always a keen observer of men, usually succeeded in getting the best men possible about him. Mr. Stevens chanced to be one of them. He became so capable a general manager that when Mr. Ingalls retired as president, the directors, after looking round a bit, made up their minds they could not find a more competent and better equipped man for the position than Mr. Stevens. He has directed the affairs of the Chesapeake and Ohio as president for the last ten years, about. The road has pro-

gressed under his administration to the point where it is regarded as one of the best-managed trunk lines. He has equipped it with some first-class, up-to-date rolling stock and motive power, which has given it an earning capacity far surpassing the expectations of the most hungry stockholder. He has given, probably, more attention to the prompt movement of trains on his road than any other president. This is a subject to which few railway presidents seem to pay any attention. Mr. Stevens is a man who never likes being delayed in anything he undertakes. He doesn't have much use for employés who cannot get trains over the road on time. He has impressed on all of his operating men that one of the most important factors in conducting a railway is the prompt, regular, and punctual movement of its trains. He never tolerates trains being delayed when it is possible to have them depart and arrive on time, well knowing that if a road is properly managed, and by competent men, it is as easy to have trains move on time as it is to run them along in a haphazard way, without regard to the interests of the road's patrons.

When viewed as a financial manager, Mr. Stevens has demonstrated that he has excellent ability on those lines, as well as in the traffic or operating departments. He never attempts to do anything sensational; yet he is not averse to having his trains speeded at high rate when it is possible. He was once twitted about the premier train on the road bearing the title of the F. F. V. Some friends wanted to know if the initials stood for the "first fast train in Virginia." He replied by saying that it meant the "fastest fast train in Virginia." Mr. Stevens has, by increasing the earning power of the road, been able to lay a few hundred miles of double track, and it is believed, if he continues at the head of the company, will, within a few years, have the entire system double-tracked from Cincinnati to Norfolk. Mr. Stevens is not only a good railroad man, but he is handy at many other things. He has acquired a comfortable fortune, though he is by no means a rich

GEORGE W. STEVENS

man. He doesn't seem to care very much for money, except to use it moderately. He has some few extravagant tastes, but not many extravagant habits. His headquarters is at Richmond, Va.; at least, it is so stated in the official railway guide. The truth is, his headquarters is in his private car. He moves from one end of the road to the other, and on all the private branches very often, entirely too often to please some of the employés who show a disposition, when his visits are less frequent, to drop down from the high standard set by the president.

Mr. Stevens, when he became president of the road, pursued the conservative and safe policy of his predecessor. He did not make a wholesale removal of faithful employés, as so many presidents have done, are now doing, and will continue to do. He has retained the services of Harry W. Fuller at the head of the passenger department, which is high recognition of that gentleman's usefulness to the Chesapeake and Ohio system. For more than thirty years, Mr. Fuller was general passenger agent, until promoted by Mr. Stevens to the position of passenger traffic manager. Mr. Stevens is a man of solid build and excellent proportions. He is in the neighborhood of six feet in height, weighing something over two hundred pounds. He usually wears a mustache. He is always quiet and dignified. He never does anything to attract attention to himself personally. No one would know he is president of a railroad if it were left for him to tell it. He has quite a fondness for dogs and horses, which is always a good sign of a man's disposition. He likes books, too. He is not so constituted that he must constantly have excitement to be amused or entertained. He prefers leading a quiet, unobtrusive life. When he retires from railroading, he is the kind of a man who will seek the quietude of the country.

MELVILLE E. STONE



GENERAL MANAGER of the Associated Press, which collects and disseminates news throughout the world. Mr. Stone can see a piece of news on the far side of a millstone quicker than almost any one else. He has a natural genius for finding out what is going on. He began his business career as a newspaper reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*.

This was in the early seventies. He was born at Hudson, Ill., the son of a minister. He got the newspaper instinct early in life, and none of his family, nor even himself, was ever able to understand where he acquired the germ. Hudson was too small for him. Chicago was more his size. After some five or six years' service on *The Tribune*, he established the Chicago *Evening News*. His partner furnished most of the money, he contributing the greater part of the experience. Later, he bought out his partner's interest, becoming the sole proprietor and director of the afternoon print. With Victor W. Lawson, he started *The Morning News*, which was afterward christened the *Chicago Record*, now *The Record-Herald*. After selling his interest in the Chicago papers, he founded the *Globe Banking Company*. While Mr. Stone was a conservative banker, it was evident there was not enough excitement about a bank to interest him sufficiently. To conduct a bank on good lines of finance, it is in no sense a news-producing institution. It is when bankers go wrong that newspapers take any particular notice of them, other than to print the annual bank statement about the first of each January. Mr. Stone saw to it that none connected with the *Globe* bank should do anything startling; therefore, it is easily seen that from his taste there was a wide chasm between conducting a newspaper in Chicago, with an occa-

MELVILLE E. STONE

sional sensational attachment, and guiding a stable financial institution. About the middle nineties, he was selected as the one man in the United States to revive the fortunes of the declining Associated Press. This news-gathering organization had met with stubborn rivalry and needed a man of Mr. Stone's originality to make it get out and do something. He had no sooner graced his office desk than new life was instilled into the concern, from one end of the country to the other. He had a big fight on his hands in competing with his then formidable rivals, but later he got things into his own way of working, and, to a very great extent, is now the complete master of the news-gathering business, not only in the United States, but throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. In truth, there is hardly a place on the civilized globe in which Mr. Stone has not got a representative for the Associated Press.

Through his personal efforts, he was able to bring about a condition of affairs in Russia, so far as getting news is concerned, that had never before prevailed in that country. Nothing was permitted to appear in any of the Russian papers without first being censored by Government authorities. It was the same in telegraphing news out of the country. If the Russian Government didn't like the character of the news, it was destroyed. Mr. Stone made a visit to Russia, where he was received by the present Czar. That placid smile for which Mr. Stone is noted did its deadly work. Before retiring from the palace, Mr. Stone had in his possession a brief document signed by the Ruler of all the Russias, giving to the Associated Press liberties and concessions of such a character as to mean that the Association could handle all the news out of Russia without strict Government censorship. This was before the beginning of hostilities between Russia and Japan. During the progress of that war, St. Petersburg was naturally a city from which came news of almost everything pertaining to Russia and Russian-Japanese affairs. The volume of news that came from St. Petersburg was astonishing, because of its

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fullness. It was handled diplomatically, so much so that Russia never took offense at anything Mr. Stone's organization did.

Mr. Stone, during the time he has been general manager of the Associated Press, has visited almost every country on the globe. He has established friendly relations with nearly every monarch in the world. He has created the impression with foreign Governments that in all the news that is disseminated about them, his first purpose is to give them fair treatment. This, it would seem, he has religiously done. He has a faculty for making friends. He knows some one in every prominent city in the world. If anything unusual takes place of a news nature, Mr. Stone telegraphs to his correspondent, no matter where it may be, to see So-and-so. It may be a banker, a politician, a haberdasher, or a shoemaker. To know people is one of the essentials in the collection of facts as news matter. Mr. Stone is a sharp, shrewd, keen man. He is small in stature. He is not much of a talker, except when talk is a necessity. He is as likely to wear a green necktie as anything else, and if there is any color he should not wear, it is green. He has a bland smile, which may mean several things. Mr. Stone became the patient of a dentist when the science of dentistry was not as advanced as it is to-day. The gold in his teeth is conspicuous—really the only conspicuous thing about him. He may not look as if he possessed the master news-gathering mind that he does, but sometimes appearances are deceiving. He can come about as near doing three things at one time as any man in the country. His quickness in grasping situations is marvelous, denoting a clear head and active brain. When seen in public, he usually wears a long frock-coat and sometimes a soft black hat. If there is ever any change in fashions, he does not seem to have found it out, though he knows about everything else going on in the world. He likes to wear fancy-colored socks. He usually affects low shoes. Some men are proud of their feet. His are small.

WILLIAM J. STONE



ENATOR in Congress from the State of Missouri. Mr. Stone first saw the light of day in old Kentucky. He does not object to the whole world knowing where he was born; but, while proud of this fact, he does not wish it understood that he is not filled with pride at the greatness and grandeur of his adopted State, Missouri. Senator Stone is not one of those Missourians who find it necessary to "be shown." In the political life of the State, he has been the kind of man who has been "showing" others. To the credit of Missouri, Senator Stone went to that State when he was a young man, and has grown up with it, so to speak. He has a long list of official honors to his credit. After serving as prosecuting attorney for one term, he was elected a Representative to Congress at Washington. Later he became Governor of Missouri. Some time following his retirement from this office, he was elected to the United States Senate. He has become a prominent figure in national politics—in truth, one of the leading members of the Democratic party. He has frequently been identified with the national committee in an advisory capacity, thereby being one of the managers of the party. Senator Stone can look back upon his official past with a degree of satisfaction that in all of the public trusts he has filled, his record has been honorable. As a political speaker, Senator Stone is not endowed with the graces of oratory, but his speeches are convincing. He has the faculty of saying a great deal in a few words. He can put as much political commendation or venom in a brief paragraph as any other man in public life.

The manner in which he can "ring the changes" on his political opponents makes him one of the delights of the Democratic side of the Senate. It can be said of Senator Stone that he is never idle. He keeps a special scrap book of what he regards as the "misdeeds" of his political adversaries.

Senator Stone has in some way acquired the reputation of being a bit mysterious, at times, in advancing the fortunes of his own and the Democratic party. This would indicate that he has never found it advisable to make any great amount of noise. He believes that it is the better part of wisdom to keep one's counsel, until plans are matured, and that has been his policy. He is not the man to wake up a whole community by swooping down upon it as one would in promoting chariot races. He requires neither music, flags, nor banners. During the debate on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, Senator Stone was always forceful in combating such men as Senator Aldrich and his followers, who believe in an extremely high tariff, while Senator Stone stands for a more modified method of levying imports. There was a time when Senator Stone wore a beard, especially when he was a Representative in Congress. When he returned to the Senate a few years later, he was without one, and none of his old friends knew him. He is not a many-sided man. He is what Shakespeare would have described as plain and blunt. What he has to say, he says shortly, quickly, and to the point. He keeps close account of the doings of Congress, and is a careful reader of the *Congressional Record*. He possesses that fertility of mind that remembers to-day what a rival Senator may have said on the same subject several years ago, and if by chance the rival "changes front," which some of them often do, Senator Stone is on hand to "start something." He is seldom absent at roll-call, which is a good sign that he is ever attentive to his duty. The Senator who votes right on every roll-call is usually one of the most valuable members of that body. As a public servant, he measures up well. He has an

WILLIAM J. STONE

abiding faith in the integrity of the people. He is ever willing to let the people settle all political questions, knowing that they will look at things usually in about the right way.

In private life, Senator Stone is a man who has few, if any enemies. Politically, he is different. Many of his more intimate associates are frequently of the opposite party. This would clearly establish the fact that he does not permit politics to interfere with his personal relations with his fellow-man. Senator Stone is tall, probably an inch or more over six feet, and will weigh in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty pounds. He is what might be termed in the West as "wiry." No matter how long he may be engaged with a difficult task, no one has ever heard him complain of being tired. It is not his custom to go at things with a rush. He is methodical and always deliberate. When he determines to act, he does it with a force that carries with it results. Sartorial artists—that is, tailors—would not pick Senator Stone out as a fashion model. If they did, they would get the worst of it in the end. He usually dresses in dark colors, though sometimes it might seem he has a fondness for a waistcoat of a few colors. It would not appear that he has ever attended a university where the correct method of tying a necktie is taught. Upon this subject Senator Stone is a bit indifferent. He usually has at command a goodly supply of interesting stories. It is in the cloak room that Senator Stone shows his fund of humor, and he has his share of it. Out in the open arena of debate, he is dignified to a degree, symbolizing the traditions which have been handed down from the time of the formation of the Government—the representative statesman. He is sometimes apparently diffident, which is next door to bashfulness. He is so retiring in disposition that he has oftentimes to be persuaded to appear in public. If Senator Stone has ever worn a silk hat, no one is living to tell the tale. He prefers the black derby, the straw, or the so-called "slouch" hat.

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With him a "slouch" hat and a Prince Albert coat are not incongruous.

Senator Stone is particularly fond of poetry. He is much given to reciting lines from such authors as Shakespeare, Shelley, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and hosts of others. It is with great ease that he quotes from memory many of their choicest gems. He loves the company of those who, like himself, are fond of poetry. He can entertain his friends by the hour in this way, and especially so when it comes to repeating lines from the choicest poems of the Masters. Senator Stone is full of sentiment. His heart is always young. He is gifted in being able to illustrate almost every incident of life by repeating a few lines of poetry to fit the occasion as well as the thought.

WILLIAM SULZER



EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the city of New York. Mr. Sulzer has ever been the champion of the people. No one can accuse him of representing, in the halls of legislation, "interests" other than those of all the people. It has been his one ambition, during his political career, to render such assistance as lies within his power to the class of people who stand in need of such help. He is the friend of the poor. His record in public life is approved by this element, and those who are his constituents cease not to sing his praises for the labors he has performed in their behalf. He represents a district in what is known as the East Side, where there is a large element of foreign population, and where the people, as a class, are not rich. Many are well to do, while others are poor. His work in Congress has been upon broad lines, showing favoritism to none, unless it be to the poor and needy. It is believed by those who are most familiar with Mr. Sulzer's private and public life that there is no one in his district so humble that he would not be willing to make a personal sacrifice for their good. This is a proud record, and no one appreciates the good opinion held by his constituents more than does Mr. Sulzer. He has shown his friendship for those who risked their lives in defense of their country's honor. He has been the steadfast friend of the soldier boys—the boys in the trenches—those who did the real fighting. He has lifted his voice on numerous occasions in their behalf. So long as he remains in public life, it is safe to say that Mr. Sulzer's conduct will be as consistent in behalf of humanity as it has been.

It was through the indomitable energy and persistency of Mr. Sulzer that Congress was prevailed upon to pass an act authorizing the raising of the hulk of the battleship *Maine*, which was blown up in Havana Harbor on the 15th of February, 1898, so inflaming the country that nothing short of war with Spain would satisfy the people's demand for retribution, it being the popular belief that the ship was destroyed by friends of that nation, which seemed all the more horrible as the vessel was in the Havana waters not upon a hostile mission, but as a messenger of a friendly power. For more than ten years, Mr. Sulzer devoted much of his time to securing the passage of this act, but not until the session of Congress which closed June 25, 1910, did he succeed in having it done. For some unexplainable reason, some of the "high powers" in the affairs of the Government were opposed to raising the *Maine*, fearing, it was stated in some quarters, that it might prove that the vessel was blown up from within instead of from without, and if this proved to be the case, the excuse of the United States for going to war with Spain would be worthless.

Mr. Sulzer has, by his course in Congress, won lasting political friends, and personal as well. But in a political sense, it would seem that he is destined, at some time, to occupy a still higher place in the councils of the Democratic party, with which he has been so long identified. Mr. Sulzer is a modest gentleman, not much inclined to the brass-band idea of gaining public notice. He has reached the point in politics where he is measured by his acts, and judging from his popularity with his constituents, his record speaks louder than would words coming from himself. Mr. Sulzer has developed into one of the very useful members of Congress. When entering that body, he was young and naturally not familiar with Governmental affairs. He has studied every question of legislation, thereby familiarizing himself with all measures, pending and prospective, that might be of interest

WILLIAM SULZER

to all the people. Mr. Sulzer has taken for his patron saint in politics Samuel J. Tilden, whom he regards as the greatest Democrat since Thomas Jefferson. He was a boy when Mr. Tilden was a power in the affairs of men, but as time passes he has not lost interest in the principles of Democracy as upheld by the great Sage of Gramercy Park. It was through Mr. Sulzer's force and influence that Congress, in 1910, was prevailed upon to pass a resolution providing for the erection of a handsome statue to Mr. Tilden in Washington.

Mr. Sulzer was born in New Jersey. He was young when he went to live in New York. As a boy he was popular with his playmates. At school he was industrious and studious, yet always had time for play when play was permitted. In manners he is simplicity itself. He is honest and wants to be fair with everybody. When once a friend, he is a friend indeed. He is an enthusiast in behalf of those things which require immediate attention. He believes in doing the greatest good to the greatest number. He contends that the man who earns his bread by daily toil is as much a sovereign as the one who makes his millions in a month by juggling with the stock markets in Wall Street. He is a respecter of property, and of those who have it, provided they have acquired it honestly. When Mr. Sulzer first appeared in Congress, it was frequently remarked that in facial appearance he bore a strong resemblance to the paintings of Henry Clay. Those who have studied Mr. Sulzer closely and are familiar with the likeness of the great "Harry of the West"—"The Mill Boy of the Slashes"—are impressed with the strong resemblance. Mr. Sulzer, for one of his means, is extremely liberal. The hand of need was never extended in his direction that he did not place something in it. He is always well-appearing, dresses with becoming taste and with ordinary consideration for prevailing custom.

CLAUDE A. SWANSON

FORMER Governor of Virginia. On the re-assembling of Congress, in December, Mr. Swanson will take his seat in the United States Senate, succeeding the late John W. Daniel by appointment from the present Governor. Mr. Swanson has had a hard row to hoe in reaching his present political eminence. He was a country boy, having been brought up among farmers. He was bright and active in his early school days, which brought him to the favorable notice of his neighbors. In good time, young Swanson quit the farm and went to the nearest town, which chanced to be Chatham, and there he took service as a clerk in a grocery store. By nature polite and affable, it was soon observed that Clerk Swanson was the most popular young man in the town. It was a common saying among the customers at the trading place, that for courteous treatment no neighborhood could be more fittingly served than by him. His personality was so pleasing to all classes that it was a delight for them to make their purchases at the store where young Swanson was employed. Thus it will be seen that by his labors he advanced the fortunes of his employer. In good time, his personal popularity became pretty generally noised about through the country. He was destined for a political career, and mostly because of his courtesy and affability. A man who is personally unpopular seldom makes a success in politics. Young Swanson knew better than any one else on which side his bread was buttered. As a clerk in the store his hours were long. He was up early in the morning, and it was late at night before he got to sleep. Life about a country store is

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not one constant joy. After a while, people began talking about running Swanson for Congress. Some were not inclined to take it seriously. He did not say much himself, but kept up a good bit of thinking. He had become a lawyer in the meantime. He was young, as a member of the bar, and for a beginner was a successful practitioner. Clients soon were coming his way. His office became a popular rendezvous for the manipulators of rural politics. Mr. Swanson was quickly classified among the rising young men of the county, and why not make him the county candidate for Congressional honors? The idea was no sooner formulated than it was put into execution. Mr. Swanson was named as the Congressional candidate of his district, and was triumphantly elected. In fact, he was re-elected quite a number of times. His service in the House of Representatives was valuable, not alone to his immediate constituents and the interests of his State, but to the country in general. During the major portion of his time in Congress, he was one of the representative men on the Committee on the Post-office and Post Roads. He was the author of no little valuable legislation relating to the improved postal service of the country. He took a strong position in favor of the installation of the rural free delivery service, which has been of untold benefit to those living in the rural sections.

Before retiring from the House of Representatives he was casting his eagle eye in the direction of the Governorship of Virginia. In his first attempt to secure the nomination he was unsuccessful, the victor being Andrew J. Montague. Mr. Swanson, however, bided his time, and when Governor Montague's term was about to expire he announced his candidacy for the second time. He came to the front smiling, and shaking hands with almost every voter in the State. He had good backing from many of the other influential men of the Democratic party. He carried off the honors with but little, if any, opposition. He was elected by an immense majority. His

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administration as Governor stands as one of the best in the State's history. It was a great leap for this once barefooted boy to become the successor of such men as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, James Madison, Henry A. Wise, Fitzhugh Lee, and hosts of others distinguished in Virginia history. When Senator Daniel died, there seemed but one name mentioned as his rightful successor. Governor Mann bestowed Senatorial honors upon Mr. Swanson, and his act met with the prompt approval of the people. There is no reason to believe that when the legislature convenes Mr. Swanson will not be chosen by that body as his own successor. Mr. Swanson is in line to become one of the real powers in the political affairs of the country.

Mr. Swanson is quite a young man to have achieved so much in the political world. He will be among the youngest in the Senate. He is a fine-looking young man, not, however, very large in stature, probably five feet nine or ten inches in height, and will tip the beam of the scales in the grocery store at about one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He is usually faultlessly attired. In the matter of hats, he clings to the Alpine style, although sometimes he is seen in a derby; but his preference is for the soft wool hat. Upon state occasions, he gets out the stove-pipe. It is good to gaze upon him when so attired. He is fond of social life. When Governor, the executive mansion was the social center of Richmond. He has not forgotten those who were barefoot boys with him in the country district. To them, he is the same to-day that he was when weighing coffee, sugar, bacon, and salt in the grocery store. He is distinctively a man of the people. That he will make one of the best Senators Virginia has ever had is not doubted. If any constituent in the State should want anything from Washington, all they will have to do will be to write to Senator Swanson. He will get it, if anybody can. With him, it is always a pleasure to serve his friends. There is no gainsaying that Senator Swanson is the architect of his

CLAUDE A. SWANSON

own fortunes. He deserves more credit than he may receive. Mr. Swanson, a short time after becoming a member of Congress, married the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Lyons, a daughter of one of the most prominent families in Virginia. Mrs. Swanson is particularly conspicuous, socially, in Washington, and in Richmond, especially so when her husband was Governor, bringing to the executive mansion a social distinction that was never excelled in Virginia's capital.

WILLIAM H. TAFT

PRESIDENT of the United States. Mr. Taft is a good representative head of a republic. He was thrust into public life and public office a short time after his graduation from college. The first money earned by Mr. Taft was as reporter on a Cincinnati daily paper. He had been but a few months from a five years' scholastic course at Yale, therefore it was not out of the ordinary to expect that he had ideas upon the subject of reforming the world. He, no doubt, believed that he could best do this by entering the journalistic field, that he could give to the world once every day his advanced ideas upon all public and private questions. The future President was not unlike a large number of young men on emerging from college, who are imbued with the idea that it is their duty to pay quickly the debt they owe to struggling humanity by teaching it wisdom. Mr. Taft, as a youngster, was much the same as other men of similar age. He did not adorn the charmed circle of journalism in any striking way. He possessed no special journalistic instincts. He did reach the point, though, where he knew a piece of news when he saw it. His mind ran in other channels, however. His next desire was to become a lawyer. It was proper that this should be the case. His father, Alphonso Taft, was for many years one of the foremost attorneys in Cincinnati. The young man's home life was in a kind of legal atmosphere, so to speak. He put aside, and for all time, newspaper reporting, taking up the study of law, and patiently waiting for the coming of clients after admission to practice. Some came.

WILLIAM H. TAFT

William H. Taft, lawyer, the son of his father, was in line to render service for many of the prominent business firms of his home city, and so he did, but for a brief period only.

The elder Taft was not without power in political circles, having been a member of President Hayes' Cabinet, and minister from the United States to Austria. He was a man of affairs. He had influence with President Chester A. Arthur. He persuaded the President to appoint the son collector of internal revenue at Cincinnati, much to the dismay and chagrin of the old-time political workers, who believed, in those days, as was the custom, that "to the victor belong the spoils." Next he was appointed by Governor Foraker to a judgeship on the State bench. President Harrison selected him for the office of Solicitor General of the United States. Previous to the termination of President Harrison's administration, he advanced Mr. Taft to a place on the Federal bench. President McKinley appointed him first at the head of the Philippine Commission, then Governor General of the Islands. President Roosevelt invited him to become his Secretary of War. The people elected him President of the United States. Mr. Taft can regard himself as unusually fortunate in having a brother, Charles P. Taft, who ranks among the richest men in Ohio, and who spent his money freely in advancing the political fortunes of the President; or, rather, in aiding him to become the executive head of the nation. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Taft has held office and drawn salary from the nation and from the State of Ohio almost continuously for about thirty years. It would be unfair not to state that in all the offices he has held he has measured up to the full requirements of a faithful public official.

It is the personal side of Mr. Taft that may, in this connection, be the most interesting. His simplicity of manner is one of his many commendable qualities. While a consistent party man, he is seldom offensively partisan. He believes in the principles of the Republican party, though some of his

most intimate friends, and sometimes political advisers, are of the opposite political faith. In the matter of physical activity, President Taft is, in many respects, the reverse of his immediate predecessor. President Taft is mentally and physically deliberate. The word "strenuous" does not fit him as it does Mr. Roosevelt. This may be more commendable than otherwise. Because President Taft is usually represented wearing a broad smile, it must not be taken as an indication that he is always in a good humor, and incapable of showing anger. The smile, which some say "will not come off," is, in the opinion of many others, a kind of mask. In politics, he is cold-blooded. Sometimes he shows his mettle as a fighter, though at no time wielding the big stick. He gets mad, and oftentimes remains so for a long while. His anger is slow in rising, but when once up, he does things and says things. He is not the man who goes hunting for trouble, but if it is in his vicinity, he will meet it face to face, if necessary. He is somewhat given to putting off until the day after tomorrow what should have been done the day before yesterday. He has apparently never been impressed with the truth of the proverb: "Procrastination is the thief of time." Small things annoy him, and the taking up of larger things he is inclined to put off as long as possible. He loves riding on the cars, not for the mere fact of riding, but to get away from the constant turmoil, where he can have rest and quiet. At times President Taft shows a superb strength of character. At other times he exhibits a weakness that is not only surprising, but often mortifying to his friends. No one doubts, or has cause to impeach, his integrity. He aspires to do the right thing, but he does not always know just how to do it.

In many of his public utterances, whether in speech or letter, he has made use of phrases that have later involved him in trouble. It is incidents of this character which have given rise to the somewhat jocular remark that "President Taft needs a manager." He is a man who sees only the con-

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crete facts in a case, and reads only the political papers and semi-political magazines. He is sensitive to criticism. He winces and generally gets much wrought up when reading what his offensive opponents say of him. He has quite a number of intimate friends, however, to whom he likes to relate the glories of his achievements and sometimes the story of his disappointments. Sometimes he is easily persuaded, while upon other occasions he is the reverse. He makes friends easily. The man who repeats a coarse story in his presence need never expect recognition from him. The offender thus digs his own grave. There are times when he is pleased at being President. Then again, he would like to quit it, and return to private life. Sometimes he lacks decision. He wants to be re-elected, and he does not want to be. He has a well-developed faculty for seeing the humorous side of life, and has been known to make some unusually funny speeches. His faculty for remembering faces and names is not well developed. He is not overstocked with dignity. He is more likely to address his acquaintances as "Brother" So-and-so, rather than to use the conventional prefix of "Mister." He does not mean to be impolite, nor is he, as a general thing, though at times a bit abrupt. He likes to have men about him who are loyal, yet he has not always in the past shown an unfriendliness to the insurgents in Congress, and they are not classified as among those who are loyal to the party. In many respects, President Taft seems a medley of contradictions.

THOMAS TAGGART

FORMER Mayor of Indianapolis. Mr. Taggart, it would seem, has a natural tendency for engaging in politics. He was born in Ireland. This may serve as a good explanation for his political ambition. Mr. Taggart has carved his own way in the world. He entered upon a business career without the aid of any influential relatives or friends.

When he came to the United States he was a bit of a lad, his family making their first home in this country at Xenia, Ohio. It was here that young Taggart got his first insight into American affairs, which to him represented hard work. After a few years in Xenia, a better position was offered him at Indianapolis. In the Indiana capital he pushed forward with unusual rapidity. It has always been a common saying, in and about Indianapolis, that "Tom Taggart made anywhere from one to one hundred new friends every day." This is probably an exaggeration, so far as the hundred is concerned, but when he went home at night there was never any doubt that he had more friends and acquaintances than when he started out in the morning. For several years Mr. Taggart, when entering man's estate, was a conspicuous figure about the large restaurant in the Union Station at Indianapolis. Here he met hundreds of persons every day. His affability and politeness never failed to leave behind a good impression. Those who met him for the first time remembered him when they saw him the second time. Affability, in Mr. Taggart's case, proved a most valuable asset. This was particularly emphasized when he entered the political

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arena. As a hand-shaker he has had few equals in Indiana, and that State can be said to be the greatest commonwealth for political hand-shakers that can be found in any part of the country. From the Union Station restaurant to the proprietorship of the Grand Hotel, one of the city's largest hosteries, was a natural advancement. Almost every man is especially fitted for some particular vocation. To be at the head of a large hotel company, Mr. Taggart found, was to be in his natural element.

Mr. Taggart enlarged his holdings as a hotel proprietor, becoming the head of the French Lick Springs Hotel Company. He entered politics when quite young, his first office being that of auditor of Marion County, in which Indianapolis is situated. It is safe to make the assertion that he was a good official, as he was re-elected. All this happened in the four years from 1886 to 1890. In 1892 and 1894 he was chairman of the Democratic State Committee. In 1895, he was elected Mayor of Indianapolis, and held that office for six years, which means that he was elected for three terms, giving further evidence of the high confidence placed in him by the electors of the city. During his three successive terms as Mayor, Mr. Taggart's fame as a politician began spreading throughout the country. His political opponents, the Republicans, pitted against him the best and strongest men of the party, but each time they went down to defeat. Mr. Taggart in some circles was regarded as invincible as a candidate for the mayoralty. He no doubt could have been re-elected again and again, had he not declined further honors as the head of the municipal government.

While Mayor of Indianapolis, Mr. Taggart became a prominent factor, particularly in the politics of the State of Indiana, and likewise one of the managers of the party in a national sense. In 1904 he was made chairman of the Democratic National Committee, directing the campaign of Alton B. Parker, then the Democratic candidate for President.

That Mr. Parker failed of election was no reflection on Mr. Taggart's management. He did as well as any one else could have done at that time, and under the same circumstances. In the political affairs of Indiana, at the present time, Mr. Taggart is a force and a power, though holding no public office. In his capacity as a private citizen he has a liking for "mixing in," thus keeping his hold well upon the party discipline of the State. As a public official he met every requirement, retiring from all the offices he has held with the respect and confidence, not only of his own party, but of the fair-minded of his political opponents.

Mr. Taggart is now in about the middle fifties. He has accomplished much for one who began life in a humble capacity. Mention has been made of his being a great hand-shaker. When acquiring this habit he schooled himself to the advantage of remembering faces and names. When starting out on a campaign it was soon discovered that he was so strongly equipped on these lines that it was difficult for his opponents to make any particular headway. He had them beaten almost at the start. In temperament he is quick, possessing an activity that is admired by everybody. He is not only quick in action, but in thought. He has his native Irish wit always about him. He believes that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." He is a fighter, too, when a fight is a necessity, although he will walk a long distance to avoid one; yet when it comes to the "scratch" he is there "with the goods." One of his many striking characteristics is his habit of wearing his hat set well back on his head, showing a large expanse of intellectual forehead. He is always "Tom Taggart" to his political allies and opponents, but to his most intimate friends he is willing to be called simply "Tom." He does not assume to be other than what he really is. He has always been a good money-maker, which indicates a business ability of the kind that makes the "wheels go around." He is not quite six in feet height. He will weigh, probably, 190 pounds.

THOMAS TAGGART

His only facial adornment is a mustache where the silver threads have crept in among the gold. He has often been referred to by his political admirers as "the bounding-blue-eyed-boy-of-destiny." Of course, he knows he can never be elected President, nor has he thought of such a thing, having been born in a foreign country; but he is not without an ambition to gain higher political honors. He does not impress people as giving any particular thought to the subject of dress, or prevailing fashions in man's attire, but he is usually seen clad in raiment bearing evidence of having been made from the best texture, and by the leading tailor in the community. He has proved a valuable citizen to Indianapolis. He is interested in many of its industrial enterprises. He is never too busy in managing political affairs or making money from his business to neglect what he regards as his duty toward the church, and the needs of the poor. There are few men in his home city who give more willingly or more generously to charity than Thomas Taggart.

JOSHUA FREDERICK C. TALBOTT

REPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the Second District in Maryland. Mr. Talbott was born in Maryland, and is proud of it. He has reason to indicate with pride that he comes from a long line of distinguished ancestors. He reached man's estate at about the time of the firing of the big guns at Charleston which raised the great disturbance from water's edge to water's edge. He took up the study of law in the midst of the great conflict, and two years afterward, in 1864, he felt that the matter could not be satisfactorily settled until he got out and took a hand in it himself. The family gun was hanging on the peg, and as viewed by young Talbott, there were places where this death-dealing instrument could be put to good use. Throwing the powder horn over one shoulder and the gun over the other, he struck out for the army of General Lee, and was soon in line with the muzzle of the fowling-piece pointing due north. The extent of the damage done by this youthful Marylander is not recorded, but it is presumed that if he had been permitted to do things as he wanted them done, at that time he might have turned the battlefield into a place of slaughter. Young Talbott did not crave for military office. He went in as a private and came out as one. After the historic meeting at Appomattox, he returned to Maryland and took up the study of law where he had left off two years before. This was in 1866. From that time to the present, Mr. Talbott has been more or less identified with Democratic politics in Maryland. He did not persist in fighting the war over after peace had been declared. He regarded the agreement made by Generals Lee and Grant as permanent, and was willing to abide by the results. Mr. Talbott is a friend of peace. He has ever

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refrained from becoming a disturbing element, except when it is necessary to "do things" to the Republican party in his State, and he has often done so. He is as happy in defeat as he is in victory. He views life philosophically. His first public office was that of prosecuting attorney for Baltimore County. This office he held for four years. He was re-nominated and defeated, which shows that there may be times even in a man's young career when he cannot "come back." He was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress in 1876. He was re-elected to the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth. After six years of service in the National Legislature, he was appointed insurance commissioner of the State of Maryland. This office he resigned to be elected to the Fifty-third Congress. Here again he dropped from Congressional view until the Fifty-eighth Congress, remaining through the Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, and is now sitting in the Sixty-first. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Talbott's Congressional life has been in, out, and in again. There were times when he refused to be a candidate, which may explain some of the times he was out.

Mr. Talbott is as keen a politician as Maryland has produced. He fought the battles of the party as one of the ablest lieutenants ever put in service by the late Senator Arthur P. Gorman. Senator Gorman was the master mind of Democratic politics in his State. He was the commanding general of the forces, and Mr. Talbott was ever loyal in his fidelity to that leader. When he is in politics, he plays the game scientifically. No one in Maryland knows the intricacies of State politics better than he. His activity has for years been one of his many commanding characteristics. He is not a large man in stature, but above the average size in capability. As a campaigner, he is a kind of whirlwind. He goes in to win, and if he is unsuccessful, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he performed the job as well as it could have been done by any one else. He is a bit pugnacious and "wiry." He is willing to yield to his political opponents all they are entitled

to, but not an iota more. He has on the tip of his tongue the official vote of every county in Maryland of both parties for the last quarter of a century. He knows the name of every political worker in the State, particularly in his own party, and at the same time keeps pretty close account of the results of the Republican workers. He is not a man to fuss and fume, and become unnecessarily excited. He prefers to get into the back room at political headquarters, where the real business is done, and from there carry on his campaign in a businesslike manner. Mr. Talbott has been so long in politics in Maryland that his name is almost a household word. It is believed there have been more babies named for him than for any other man who ever lived in the State, which is a pretty good sign that he is of a high class. No mother wants to name her offspring for a man who is not just what he should be.

Mr. Talbott, as indicated above, is not particularly commanding in his height and girth, but one does not notice this in consequence of his affability. He is always agreeable and polite to every one. No one has ever accused him of doing an ungentlemanly act. He believes in universal courtesy, even in the heat of political battle. He knows there are good men, honest and true, in both political parties; therefore his combats are political and not personal. He has a high regard for his political opponents, because he concedes to them the same right to their views that he insists on exercising for himself. Mr. Talbott's hair and mustache are now quite gray. He is seldom seen without glasses, sometimes the old-fashioned spectacles. He believes Baltimore to be the best city in the world. He swears by it, and also thinks its people are the salt of the earth. He doesn't travel about the country much, but is contented to reside at his modest home in the comparatively unknown town of Towson, which is practically a suburb of Baltimore. He is not believed to have any striking hobbies; if so, he conceals them from public view. There are few finer men in the country than Fred Talbott.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR



DITOR and proprietor of the Boston *Globe*. Colonel Taylor is not a man who talks for himself, but prefers that his deeds should speak for him. Colonel Taylor is a product of Boston. It was in that city that he began his career. He has been the captain of his own fate. His first employment was that of a typesetter on a newspaper. Sticking type in those days was not, in his opinion, a continuous round of joy. He did not believe there was much of a future for him as a member of the craft. He was ambitious to be something, intellectually. He had observed that some newspaper reporters had become editors and proprietors of papers. He knew that to become a good reporter, it was not essential to have a classical education. He was as well educated as many other reporters whom he knew; therefore, why not become a reporter? This he did, and in the course of time he developed into a good one. As he progressed in efficiency in his profession, he broadened his scope of action. He took kindly to politics. In time he held the position of private secretary to one of Massachusetts' governors. Some time after, he became a member of the State legislature, and to his credit let it be said, this was never held against him. He worked for the good of the State. In some respects, he was not averse to showing his fighting qualities. That was how he acquired the title of "Colonel." He did his part, as young as he was, in settling the controversy between the North and the South. After having filled many public positions, and always to the credit and satisfaction of those who had so honored him, he

concluded to start a newspaper, of which he would be the directing genius. And so he did. He established the Boston *Globe*, which was so conducted that thousands of readers became its steadfast friends. Year after year, the number of readers increased, and in proportion thereto so did Colonel Taylor progress in wealth and his paper in power and influence.

The history of *The Globe* in Boston journalism furnishes one of the most striking evidences of the influence of the press throughout the country, but more particularly in New England. There are thousands upon thousands of newspaper readers in the New England States who are emphatic in declaring that they swear by *The Globe*, and not at it. It would seem that Colonel Taylor has kept faith with his public to such an extent that the majority of his readers believe every word they see in his paper, even to the sometimes exaggerated statements of progressive advertisers. From a news point of view, they believe that if it is not seen in the columns of *The Globe*, it is not worth printing. It has never been Colonel Taylor's policy, as an editor and proprietor, to thrust sensationalism in the faces of his readers, unless it be by the use of startling headlines, which has always been one of the characteristic features of *The Globe*. Otherwise, it may be stated that he is universally conservative. Colonel Taylor prints a paper for Boston and the surrounding country. He knows his clientele. He has studied the situation, from both the business and the philosophical point of view. He knows what his readers want and the way they want it. Every community has its own likes and dislikes as to what kind of newspaper is preferred. What might suit Chicago would hardly be acceptable in Boston, and what is pleasing to the Boston public would be scorned, probably, in San Francisco or New Orleans. Colonel Taylor knows the business of publishing a newspaper as well as any other man in the United States. In politics, he has always been a Democrat, and *The Globe*

CHARLES H. TAYLOR

has, with some two or three exceptions, consistently supported the Democratic national ticket, though in 1896 there was a general "kicking over the traces." The Colonel could not subscribe to the doctrine of the Nebraska leader, but in later years he was again one of the recognized Democratic wheel horses of New England.

Colonel Taylor is a man who is not much given to occupying either the center or the approaches to the stage of publicity, so far as concerns himself. He is a conspicuous figure about Boston, and whenever, or wherever, he is seen walking in the streets of his native city, it is a common thing to hear persons remark: "There is Colonel Taylor, editor of the *Boston Globe*." Nearly everybody knows him because of his prominence. He can be found on almost every work-day in his suite of offices in the *Globe* building, though for the past ten years he has, by gradual degrees, heaped the burden of directing the future of *The Globe* on the shoulders of his son, Charles H. Taylor, Jr., a capable and deserving young man. Colonel Taylor is of commanding personality, is probably a little over six feet tall, wears a full beard, now a bit tinged with gray and parted in the middle, and he is ordinarily well groomed. He wears heavy eye-glasses in gutta percha frames, with cord attached. He seldom is seen without a heavy walking-stick. His clothes show the handiwork of an artistic tailoring establishment. He is one of Boston's first citizens. He possesses the necessary amount of dignity, but is usually democratic in his manners. He likes having about him at his midday meal, at Young's Hotel, a gathering of from six to ten gentlemen who are conversant with the up-to-date topics of the times. He is a close observer of men and affairs, but he feels more secure in forming his judgment if he has first had conferences with others.

EDMUND H. TAYLOR, JR.

DISTILLER, of Frankfort, Kentucky. The name of Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., in the commercial world, especially in the manufacture and distillation of high brands of whiskies, means a great deal more than can be set forth here. Kentucky has, for almost three-quarters of a century, been famed for its whisky products. Some will claim, especially Kentuckians, that good Kentucky whisky harmonizes with the beauties of the bluegrass. Present-day historians of Kentucky are agreed that to the constructive genius of one man the commonwealth owes its chief debt, not as the home of whisky, but the home of fine whisky, and that man is Colonel Taylor. Colonel Taylor is a man of striking individuality. He is a scholar, orator, writer, legislator, banker, distiller, country gentleman, and it may be said of him that he is a modern Beau Brummel. Colonel Taylor is a man of rare ability. He has done large things in the Kentucky whisky business, and has amassed a fortune. He has concentrated his life-work as a distiller to the single purpose of uplifting the whisky standard of Kentucky. Colonel Taylor's reputation as a distiller is symbolic of pure whisky. The Kentucky Court of Appeals, in its decisions, has written this reputation for Colonel Taylor into history. It will be remembered that after the passage of the so-called pure-food law, which provides for pure drinks also, there was a great hullabaloo raised as to "What is whisky?" Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief Chemist of the Government, and the most potential influence favoring the measure, rendered his opinion on

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the subject of "What is Whisky?" Attorney-General Bonaparte also gave his decision. President Roosevelt also took a hand in it. Last, but not least, President Taft wrote an opinion on "What is whisky?" practically reversing the opinions of President Roosevelt, the Attorney-General, and the Chief Chemist. Colonel Taylor is credited with having furnished President Roosevelt with data from which he rendered his decision. Colonel Taylor stands by the original opinion rendered by Chemist Wiley and indorsed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Colonel Taylor has placed upon the market many famous brands of whisky. A number of them are named after eminent men, intimate friends of Colonel Taylor. Wherever the sign of "Old Taylor" is seen throughout the world, it means one of the famous brands of Colonel Taylor's product. There are others, but they are too numerous to mention; suffice it to say, that all of the brands of his make are sold in almost every country of the world.

Colonel Taylor is as well known in Europe as a great distiller as he is in his own country. In Scotland, he is favorably regarded as the most progressive of American distillers. His distilleries in Kentucky are regarded abroad as the most complete in any country where the purpose is to distill only the genuine article. The architecture of his distilling plant is not unlike the old baronial castles of the historic Rhine. If there be anything in lineage, Colonel Taylor was predestined to make his mark. Coming of a family that produced John Taylor, of Carolina; Edmund Pendleton, the jurist; President James Madison, and President Zachary Taylor, his own great-grandfather and nine great-granduncles, all officers in the Revolution, it is not surprising that he "made good" from the beginning of his business career. Colonel Taylor spent much of his boyhood in Louisiana, with the Zachary Taylor branch of the family, where he was thrown with his cousin, General Richard Taylor, the President's son, one of the most accom-

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plished and typical gentlemen of the old South. Colonel Taylor has been honored by public office in his State, having been a member of both branches of the legislature, and at one time Mayor of the city of Frankfort. He could have held more and higher offices, had he so desired, but his large business interests would not permit of his neglecting them even for the highest office in the country. Colonel Taylor comes of fighting stock. He possesses a suave and gentle exterior, but beneath it there is a nervous energy that works at high tension and truckles to no obstacle. This was forcibly illustrated at a time when he was Mayor of Frankfort. Adam Forepaugh visited Frankfort with his great aggregation of circus and menagerie, which he proposed exhibiting to the citizens without complying with the city ordinance which required the payment into the city's treasury of a certain sum for the privilege. The showman positively refused to pay, and gave orders to his men to unload the paraphernalia. Colonel Taylor was informed of the conditions, whereupon he arrived on the scene prepared to have it out with the showman. He announced that if any of Mr. Forepaugh's men attempted to unload a car until the license money was paid, there would be trouble. His manner was positive, conveying the impression that should a man attempt to unload a chattel, whether it be a lion, tiger, or a hundred-thousand-dollar prize beauty, something would happen. The situation became so strained that the Governor was compelled to call out the militia before peace was restored. Colonel Taylor won the day, and from that time on had the highest respect of the old showman, as well as everybody else.

Colonel Taylor was a potent factor in the building of the new State house. When this question came up a few years ago, the entire State was engrossed in the subject. Larger cities, like Lexington and Louisville, were clamoring that they should be made the seat of State government, thus taking it away from Frankfort. Colonel Taylor was then a member of the

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State legislature, and his valiant work saved the day for Frankfort. Colonel Taylor has been the friend and intimate associate of all of Kentucky's eminent men for the past forty years or more. Colonel Taylor, before he had reached his twenty-fifth year, was one of the master minds in the distilling business in Kentucky. At that time he used the title "Junior," which became so identified with his business enterprises that it is still retained. In manners, Colonel Taylor is often referred to as a Chesterfield, combining, as he does, with his virile commercial activity, the most treasured traditions of antebellum days. He is an ideal host at his beautiful home, "Thistleton," in the suburbs of Frankfort, regarded as one of the most palatial mansions in the United States. He is known in Kentucky as the best-dressed man in that State. In truth, his reputation as such extends far beyond the confines of the State. Colonel Taylor's dominating hobby, outside of his business, is his love of dress. It is believed there is really not a high-class tailor in either New York or Chicago who has not at some time been honored with Colonel Taylor's patronage, and they are all pleased to have his name on their books. Colonel Taylor is a rich man, and can therefore indulge his taste in this direction. He has had, at times, as many as one hundred suits of clothes. A new suit comes at least once every one or two weeks. The small fortune he thus spends on clothes each year may seem an incredible vagary to those who do not know the man. He is always a well-dressed man. According to the highest sartorial authorities, Colonel Taylor knows how to wear his clothes. With all this wonderful variety of clothes, Colonel Taylor leans to quiet elegance in dress, and it is this quality of elegance and distinction in appearance which makes him a conspicuous and noted personage wherever he may be seen. His generosity is equal to his splendid ability. His charity and public beneficence are as notable as is his career. Colonel Taylor is a man of high qualities, great courage, and

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of invincible will power. His ample fortune enables him to dispense in munificent style the old-fashioned Kentucky hospitality in which he has always felt a delight and pride.

He has traveled much in Europe, particularly in the United Kingdom. He is as familiar with economic conditions of some European countries as he is with those of his own State. His name has appeared much in the public prints in this country, chiefly in consequence of his high position in the commercial world. Like most Kentuckians, Colonel Taylor has a fondness for highly bred horses. It is seldom that he is not a conspicuous personage at Churchill Downs, Kentucky's great race-course, on the day the Derby is run. Derby Day in Kentucky is much like it is in England, it being the great racing event of the season. It is not only this; it is a place of assemblage for the fashionable people as well. It is a social event of marked distinction among Kentuckians, as their Derby Day is among the English. During the sessions of the legislature, Colonel Taylor's home is the scene of frequent social entertainments that are seldom surpassed in any city in the United States. Nothing seems to give him more pleasure than to entertain his hundreds of friends. No distinguished traveler comes to Kentucky who does not make a pilgrimage to the beautiful estate of Colonel Taylor. His journey to the Blue Grass State would be incomplete without having been a guest of Colonel Taylor.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS



MERICA'S foremost playwright. Mr. Thomas was born in Missouri, but he has been away from that State so long that it is no longer a necessity to "show him." In a few respects, Mr. Thomas and the Emperor of Germany are somewhat alike. They do not look alike, however—Mr. Thomas bears a resemblance to a cherub, which the Kaiser does not. Emperor William is reputed to be a handy man at many things; so is Mr. Thomas. In addition to being a playwright of national and international fame, Mr. Thomas is one of the really great orators of the United States. He can paint pictures, and paint them well. At one time, he was a well-known cartoonist. He was likewise a newspaper reporter once. He could navigate a ship across the Atlantic Ocean, if necessary, and in event the craft should become disabled through the breaking of any woodwork, Mr. Thomas would be on the job as the ship's carpenter. He can not only build a house, but he has built more than one. At one time he was a singer in a church choir in St. Louis. Mr. Thomas was born in the Mound City, in about 1860. His father was a physician, which it seems never met with the approval of the son, but it is not believed the latter was consulted. The first money young Thomas earned was as a page in the Missouri legislature. This was the starting-point of his successful career. Having got mixed up with politicians and newspaper correspondents, young Thomas began taking on intellectual weight. He was about the liveliest page that Jefferson City had ever known. It is a part of Missouri history that he was the most intelligent page that ever scurried about the desks

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of statesmen—would-be or hoped-to-be statesmen. He was observing, and after two sessions of the legislature, his family arrived at the conclusion that his capabilities were entitled to a broader field of action.

He believed that in the National House of Representatives at Washington he would further shine, or, rather, his family and friends thought as much, whereupon he was appointed to the position of a page, which necessitated his associating with a higher strata of statesmanship than he had found assembled within the classic precincts of Jefferson City. There were great doings in Congress when young Thomas was a page. In those days, James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Randall, Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia; A. H. Buckner, of Missouri; Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana; James B. Beck, of Kentucky; Sunset Cox, of New York; Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and hosts of others were among the foremost political leaders of the time. It was in the later sixties and early seventies, before the reconstruction period had passed. Thomas was then in his element. He worshiped at the shrine of these great men. He loved to listen to their speeches. For a youngster, he was something of an orator himself; in fact, had gained the sobriquet of the "Boy Orator." He, with other pages, used to play "Congress." Thomas was the floor leader. His first great speech, as a member of the Pages' "Congress," was upon the subject of "Unity between the North and South," in which he filled to the top the "bloody chasm," and forever hid from view the "bloody shirt." It was an effort said to be worthy of one of mature age. It would seem that all this time young Thomas was fitting himself for the work of a dramatist, although he might not, at the time, have known it. When the Republicans took possession of the House of Representatives, with none but that party on watch, he went back to St. Louis. He then concluded that he would like to become identified with the management of railways.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

He was willing to work from the ground up. He started in as a brakeman. He became prominent in the labor union, and at eighteen years of age was the youngest master workman in the country. His knowledge of parliamentary law, which he had acquired while a page, stood him well in hand in the labor union meetings. He soon tired of twisting the brakes on freight cars. He then turned his attention to newspaper reporting and glided gently into the field of art. Hence, Mr. Thomas is an artist. In his younger days, he was also an actor.

He had a fondness for the stage, and eventually set about writing plays. The first he wrote, which attracted universal attention and brought him the nucleus for a fortune, was "Alabama." After this came other plays, "Colorado," "Arizona," "The Embassy Ball," "The Harvest Moon," "The Witching Hour," and many others, which elevated the name of Mr. Thomas in stage literature to the highest point attained by any dramatist in the United States. Nearly all of his plays have been unusually successful. They have brought him a handsome fortune. Mr. Thomas is about the only playwright in the United States who knows something more than play-writing. He is one of the leading members of the Democratic party in New York City and State, and could have been in Congress years ago had he so desired. As a public speaker, he ranks among the best in the country. No man in America is more in demand as an after-dinner speaker than he. His wit is keen, and his satire delightful. Mr. Thomas is good to look upon. He is a man of pleasing countenance, with a highly intellectual face that denotes an even and jovial temper. He is always entertaining, yet as plain as an old shoe. He takes great interest in the political affairs of the country, and is ever in touch with the best progressive thought of the times. In every respect, Augustus Thomas is a remarkable man. His home life is as ideal as any ever depicted by him in his best plays. He lives as he writes, hoping to make his tribe better for his example

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and work. In dress he is a bit indifferent. He affects the broad-brimmed hat, and might be mistaken, when in the city, for one of the foremost agriculturists of the country. He is not alone a student of politics and of the stage, but he delves deeply into all, or nearly all, of the economic and scientific subjects. Most people who know him well call him "Gus," which does not offend him.

ROBERT J. TRACEWELL



OMPTRROLLER of the Treasury. Mr. Tracewell can properly be termed one of the real "Watchdogs of the Treasury." It is his duty to interpret the law properly, so that no person can get a dollar out of the Treasury unless it has been so authorized. He is a busy man, protecting the hard-earned cash of the United States Government, and no one knows better than he of the thousands upon thousands of people who are trying to get money from Uncle Sam, many of whom are not entitled to the same. Mr. Tracewell is a native of Indiana. He served one term as Representative in Congress from the New Albany district. It was never his intention to adopt a political career, but in his case political honors were thrust upon him, much against his will. If he ever had any ambition looking toward a seat in Congress, he had no reason to believe that he would be able to reach the goal of this ambition, as the district in which he lived was overwhelmingly Democratic when political conditions were normal; and he is a rock-ribbed, old-fashioned Republican. There came a split in the Democratic organization, resulting in two Democratic candidates for Congress being named. The Republicans thought there might be a chance to elect one of their faith, if wisdom were exercised in presenting the right kind of a man to the electorate. For a time, the Republicans were a bit at sea as to whom they should select as their standard-bearer. The name of young "Bob" Tracewell was suggested, and met with immediate approval. He was waited upon to know if he would accept the nomination if tendered. At first, he declined. Later, he yielded to

party pressure; shying his castor into the political ring, he went forth upon the hustings. He had never before known what a good political speech he could make. His most intimate friends seemed unaware of this necessary qualification until he had demonstrated what he could do on the stump. For about eight weeks he practically closed up his law office, and "beat the bushes" in every county of the district. He whooped things up in general. He made the Republican party realize that it was alive in the Congressional race, and so it was. When the votes were counted, it was shown that the young New Albany lawyer had triumphed with a good-sized plurality.

He served but one term, and his record as a faithful representative of the people was not questioned. At the following election, there were no longer dissensions in the Democratic party, therefore there was no use of young Tracewell again entering the race, as he knew that a re-election would be out of the question. Among the early appointments made by President McKinley was that of Mr. Tracewell, Comptroller of the Treasury. If Mr. McKinley had lived to the present time, he would never have had any cause to regret his selection. Mr. Tracewell has since served under two Presidents, and to their entire satisfaction. He has likewise served under four Secretaries of the Treasury. This speaks volumes for the efficiency and integrity of Mr. Tracewell. He has served almost fifteen years in this position, longer, it is believed, than any other man from the formation of the Government. It is not infrequently that some men appeal to the courts from the decision of the Comptroller, hoping to have more favorable action; but the Comptroller's rulings are usually sustained. Mr. Tracewell is not a man who advertises himself. In truth, he is just the kind of man who does not advertise himself at all. In the first place, he requires no advertising, and in the second, such proceeding would be repulsive to him. If there be anywhere a modest, unassuming man associated with the Government

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service, it is believed Mr. Tracewell is that individual. If a prize were offered for modesty, the chances are he would be the winner.

Mr. Tracewell is probably a bit past fifty years of age. He is tall and straight. He is well-proportioned, and probably weighs between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred pounds.

He likes to wear large hats: In the first place, because he has a large head; but his hats, in their general dimensions, are usually large, wide-brimmed, and high-crowned. Some people might mistake him for a modern agriculturist, if not a genuine farmer. He has never impressed his associates with the belief that he is given to devoting any particular part of his time to the latest styles in man's attire. He is inclined to look more to quality of the goods than to the pattern or the cut. He is not the man to pour out his confidences to those he does not know. He hews close to the lines laid down by Mr. Shakespeare, that a still tongue denotes a wise head. Mr. Tracewell is loyal to his friends and he has many of them. He is a bit old-fashioned in everything he does, except performing the duties of his office, and in that he is up to date in every respect. While Mr. Tracewell has a number of assistants in his bureau, there are not many minutes of the working day when he is not at his post of duty. This would indicate that he is as willing to earn his salary as the Government is to pay it. He may occasionally knock off a bit early in the afternoon to attend a ball game, but this is seldom. It is not necessary to tell him that a public office is a public trust; he knows it. He has made so good a Comptroller that there is no desire on the part of any one to have him removed. If he ever is, it will be because the Democrats have come into power. He will not then be removed; he will resign. He inclines to the belief that to the victor belong the spoils, although he respects the civil-service law, which, however, does not extend to his office.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD



EPRESENTATIVE in Congress from the Ninth District of Alabama. Mr. Underwood is one of the representative younger men in politics from the South. He is a native of Kentucky, and was born the second year of the Civil War. Therefore he has not the opportunity to point with pride to what he did in bringing the great struggle to a termination.

The truth is, it was all over a long time before he knew anything about it. When he went from Louisville, Ky., to Birmingham, Ala., it was with the avowed purpose of settling down to the practice of law in the hope of having a list of clients that would every day bring him a lot of money. He knew he could not expect them to come more than once unless they had confidence in his legal attainments. He quickly satisfied them on this point, the result being that every morning, when he reached his offices, there were the welcome clients waiting his arrival. Possessing an agreeable personality, Mr. Underwood found it comparatively easy to make friends and to keep them. There is a kind of foolish sentiment in Alabama which has for its theory that if you were not born in the State, you have no right to be there; yet Alabamans are given to doing a little boasting when any of their former citizens achieve distinction in other States. Mr. Underwood, however, was soon able to live down this prejudice, and in good time he was received as though he had been born on that sacred soil. He soon became one of them, and they were glad that he had come among them. He had been in the State but a few years when some good friend passed out the word that in Mr. Underwood there was good material for a Congressman. He blushed to the back of his neck when this was announced to

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him, and it was a long time before he would permit his modesty to be overcome. He had never thought of going to Congress, and was a bit timid about permitting his name to be used in connection with the office. He quickly realized that many of his friends and neighbors were the possessors of persuasive eloquence that was enticing. He asked to be given a few days to think the matter over, which was conceded him.

He had little money with which to make a political campaign, but this did not deter him from yielding to the entreaties of his friends. He was informed that he would have no opposition for the nomination, and that as a nomination was equivalent to an election, it would require no money. He was first elected in 1894, and has been sent back every two years with great regularity. He has become an important factor on the Democratic side of the House. He was designated as the party whip of the minority. He is the second Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, and should the Democrats control the next House of Representatives, with Mr. Clark of Missouri as Speaker, Mr. Underwood would be the natural heir to the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Underwood is not the man to push himself to the front unless he is needed. He doesn't make much noise, but he is a good worker. He is as well posted on the economic affairs of the country as any man in Congress. He is a believer in reducing the tariff schedules on almost every product, including iron, steel, and coal, though he does live in Birmingham, the iron and steel center of the South. Mr. Underwood is usually up early in the morning when he has reason to believe that an attempt is going to be made by some designing person to open the Treasury gates for an outflow of coin into the pockets of those who are not entitled to it. Mr. Underwood is an industrious gentleman, and lets very little grass grow under his feet. It is not intended to convey the idea, by making the above remark, that it is because he always rides in an automobile. He may occasion-

ally ride in one, but it belongs to some one else. His salary as a Representative in Congress might permit his owning one, but it does not justify the expense of chauffeur and up-keep, therefore Mr. Underwood usually walks, or rides in the street cars.

In appearance Mr. Underwood is quite boyish. He has never in his life worn a beard. He has a heavy head of dark hair which he brushes close to his head, parting the same very close to the middle. When he first appeared in Congress, he was so youthful in looks that many thought him too young to comply with the constitutional limitation of twenty-one years of age. The fact is, he was ten years older. He is close to six feet tall, and will move the beam at about one hundred and eighty pounds. He has grown a bit stocky, however, in the last five or six years. He has a pleasing smile for all acquaintances, and a generous handshake for all his friends. Mr. Underwood is conservative in all things. He never makes a statement that is not in accordance with facts. He doesn't care how rich a man may become, but he does object, after a man becomes rich, that he should assume that he can ride rough-shod over poor people simply because he is rich. He certainly has no use for the so-called vulgar rich. His methods of life are simple and plain. He has some few idiosyncrasies, but they are of a harmless nature. He doesn't believe a man is a bad citizen because some other man says he is. He must have corroborative proof. Mr. Underwood is another member of Congress who has a fondness for bulldogs. The uglier they are in the face, the more they are admired by the Alabaman Representative. Mr. Underwood has his clothes made in Birmingham, going upon the theory that he wants to patronize home industries, although, as he looks at it, the tailors of Birmingham are better than those in New York, and there is a difference in the price. When he is your friend, he is your sure-enough friend. There are higher honors in store for Mr. Underwood.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP



RESIDENT of the National City Bank in New York. The business career of Mr. Vanderlip is probably one of the best illustrations that may be cited of what a man can do if given opportunity. His rise in the affairs of the country has been really brilliant. There are few men in the United States, to-day, whose ability to grasp situations and conditions shows more keen intelligence than that of Mr. Vanderlip. He was born at Aurora, Ill., about the time of the close of the Civil War. Twenty years following, he was a reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*. It can be said to his credit that he was a good reporter. He was always observing things. He showed a decided taste for writing on financial subjects. This characteristic seemed to have been well developed in his early years of newspaper work. He had not been long on *The Tribune* until his fine intellect came under the observation of Mr. Joseph Medill, who was at that time owner and editor of the paper. Chicago was fast becoming the second financial center of the country. *The Tribune* was one of the leading papers of the West. Mr. Medill saw the necessity of having as good a financial department in his paper as was printed in any other. He assigned Mr. Vanderlip to the position of financial editor. In this capacity he made his mark at the very beginning. He exhibited a knowledge of finance that seemed astonishing in one of his years. He soon became the friend of every prominent banker in Chicago, as well as of bankers in the various cities where *The Tribune* circulated. His financial department came to be regarded by financiers as authoritative. He was always conservative,

yet never hesitated to print the truth, though it might be displeasing to some speculators whose chief business was to disturb financial conditions and bring about an unsettled state of affairs. He did all that was in his power to drive this class of men out of the banking business whenever they put their heads above the surface. He knew that no community could be prosperous unless the banks were honestly managed. Mr. Vanderlip's newspaper career in Chicago was a credit to journalism in that city.

When Lyman J. Gage was selected by President McKinley to become his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, who had long known Mr. Vanderlip, offered him the position of private secretary. Mr. Gage had for a number of years been president of the First National Bank of Chicago, during most of which time Mr. Vanderlip was the financial writer on *The Tribune*. Mr. Vanderlip, after serving only a few months as Secretary Gage's private secretary, was promoted to the position of an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. It did not take him long so to familiarize himself with the Treasury Department that he was practically able to direct the financial policy of the Government. This was high distinction for him—a distinction which came through merit and not through favoritism, as subsequent events have shown. Upon the retirement of Mr. Vanderlip as an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, he was designated by Secretary Gage and President McKinley to make a trip abroad for the purpose of studying to what extent American goods were being sold in foreign countries. He wrote valuable reports of his travels, detailing conditions as they had come under his observation. His reference to the fact of the bad packing and shipping of American goods, together with their cheapness in quality, had much to do with American manufacturers giving more attention to remedying this condition, if they hoped to increase their foreign trade. Mr. Vanderlip was among the first to sound the tocsin of alarm on these lines. That he did a good service

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for American commerce, there is no doubt, though he was at the time criticised for giving utterance to these truths. Dishonest manufacturers did not like what he said, but was for the betterment of commerce in general, though it might not have pleased some manufacturers who were guilty of the identical things that he charged.

Mr. Vanderlip's next important position was that of vice-president of the National City Bank, which he held for some years. When James Stillman resigned from the Presidency, Mr. Vanderlip was unanimously chosen as his successor. This placed Mr. Vanderlip among the youngest of bank presidents in the United States, and the head of the largest financial institution in New York, or in the country. Mr. Vanderlip began getting gray when quite a young man. His hair is now quite white, but his mustache is almost black. The blending of these colors makes him a conspicuous-looking man. He has developed into one of the best speakers on financial affairs in the country. There have been few meetings of the Bankers' Association of the United States in recent years at which he was not one of the principal speakers, so assigned by the general committee. He is probably about six feet in height, and will tip the beam at from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and ten pounds. He is always neatly, though modestly, attired. He doesn't dress any better to-day than he did when he was a financial writer in Chicago, yet his salary is probably twenty-five times as large as it was then. In hospitality he is distinctively a man of the West. His success has not changed him. He is always full of business, therefore he is never idle. He is easy to approach and considerate of those who are less fortunate than himself. He has won his spurs by good, hard work, and deserves them.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY



CHIEF of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, practically the nation's chemist. Dr. Wiley has come much into the limelight, though not purposely occupying the center of the stage during the past few years. It would be unfair to say that Dr. Wiley sought to make himself conspicuous. The reverse is the truth. Dr. Wiley's labors have been directed along lines for the betterment of humanity, particularly the citizens of the United States. His ideas were not new. Germany and England had been the pioneers. He has gone upon the theory that if the United States is to be a strong Government, it must accord fair and generous treatment to its people. He believes that if the people are given unwholesome food, the country, as a nation, is going to be the sufferer. Dr. Wiley, it would seem, is more kinds of a man than the ordinary citizen. This would make him an extraordinary citizen. After all, it is the point of view that is taken. The man who was on the road to fortune as a manufacturer of impure food, and was caught in the act by Dr. Wiley, is not inclined to the belief that the chief chemist of the country is a desirable citizen. Upon the other hand, those who believe in the manufacture and dissemination of only the simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle unadulterated foods, acclaim his sincerity, giving him full credit and high praise for doing all that he has done, all that he wants to do, and all that he may be able to do, wholly and impartially for the benefit of every man, woman, and child in the republic.

That he has made many enemies must be admitted;

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that he has hosts of loyal friends and followers, no one can deny. He has withstood the attacks made upon him with fortitude and good humor. From observing his beaming countenance, it would be difficult to imagine that thoughts other than the most pacific had entered into his fertile mind. He is the acme of amiability. If he was ever annoyed while being the target for the arrows and big sticks of the manufacturers of spurious food, drugs, and drinkables, he has been able to conceal it in so complete a manner that he must be recognized as possessing more than average ability on these lines. The Doctor holds to the belief that "he who controls himself is greater than the one who controls victorious armies." In this respect the Doctor won his first battle by keeping his temper. President Roosevelt, President Taft, and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson have received thousands of communications demanding that he be not only dismissed from the Government service, but that he be ignominiously "fired." The Doctor was made aware of the great volume of complaints, but to all these he turned a deaf ear, ever wearing his perennial smile. It would seem to be the consensus of opinion that Dr. Wiley has accomplished a greater good for a greater number of people than any other man in his time. Proceeding upon this theory, it can readily be seen the Doctor has followed a well-established rule of political economy, therefore it seems a bit strange that anybody should dislike him, for he is an upbuilder of humanity and not one who tears down, though the "interests" have been powerful enough with those "higher up" to undo much of the good he has accomplished.

Some years ago, the Doctor came into additional notoriety by establishing what was jocularly termed by the irreverent press as "the poison squad." In other words, he was charged with feeding a class of young men on certain foodstuffs which had been "doctored" by the manufacturers—what was alleged to be impure products. Some people are unkind

enough to say of Dr. Wiley that he does not always practice what he preaches—to be more explicit, he refuses to eat a certain mixture of food products which he recommends to others. Whether this is really the truth may never become known, but, if one may judge from the Doctor's fine, healthful, vigorous appearance, there is but one conclusion to be reached, and that is, he is no more careful of what he eats himself than of what he recommends to others. That branch of commercial life conducted by gentlemen who provide liquids for the quenching of the public's thirst—particularly the whisky manufacturers—it is not believed will be willing to lay flowers at the grave of the Doctor when the final summons may come. The consumer, however, will be willing to perform this sad service in recognition of his great labors in behalf of the "real thing." Dr. Wiley despises shams as much as he does adulterated foods. He is a good, hard, manly fighter. He took up the people's cause and won it for them.

Dr. Wiley was born in Indiana, but on the outside of the literary circle, that State having achieved fame as the habitat of a large contingent of the real, up-to-date literary lights of the West. The Doctor's birthplace was on the banks of the Ohio, near Hanover, where is located the oldest and one of the formidable institutions of learning in that commonwealth, and where he was educated. For a time he was professor of chemistry in the De Pauw University, at Greencastle. He was some time in the service of the Government before his peculiar talents were discovered. If Dr. Wiley has political convictions, that is, partisan affiliations, he has never projected them into his official duties. He has served under Democrats and Republicans alike, but as chemistry is a science, he has been acceptable to all, regardless of political pull. Dr. Wiley was born some time previous to the abolition of slavery, but, being a bachelor, it is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that he should be the sole custodian of

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the knowledge of his exact age. In a social way he may be classified along with the lion, his presence being much in demand at social functions. He is an entertaining conversationalist, has a high sense of humor, and is not without a generous store of witticisms, which might lead one to believe that some of his forebears were among those who came to America from the Emerald Isle. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking three languages fluently. As a chemist of high ability, Dr. Wiley's reputation extends throughout Europe.

Dr. Wiley would never be mistaken for a Beau Brummel. He cares little, if anything, for the prevailing rules of fashion. He dresses well, but not fashionably. He may sometimes commit the offense of wearing a tall hat with a short coat, like the business men of London in and near Threadneedle Street; and that may be one of the reasons why he is disliked by the American manufacturers of adulterated foods. The Doctor makes a good speech, no matter what may be the subject. Those who attend banquets where the Doctor is a guest are not without confidence in the quality of all that is served. The man who would set table impurities before Dr. Wiley would make the one fatal error of his life. Dr. Wiley's chief diversion is automobiling. He has owned three cars since their use became fashionable, and the last car is always larger, more expensive, and more complete than the one cast aside.

JAMES WILSON



URING the winter of 1908, William Howard Taft was busy Cabinet making. The months between the time he was elected and the time he was inaugurated President he spent selecting nine men to advise him in matters pertaining to the running of the Government. Also, he was to go to Panama to look over the canal. Political gossips were busy guessing at the personnel of the Cabinet. Several men had been chosen. Rumor had it that Taft would make a clean sweep, and that no member of the Roosevelt Cabinet would be retained.

But there was one man concerning whom there was doubt. Opinion was evenly divided as to whether James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, would stay. Many thought he would, because he had but a few months to serve in order to break the record of continuous service in the Cabinet. Others thought he would go. A few predicted Taft would keep him in long enough to enable him to establish a record and then let him go.

In midwinter, Taft was to sail from Charleston, S. C., for Panama on a United States cruiser. It was then that Wilson's friends got to work. A Western agricultural journal took up the cudgels. Across its first page, in large type, it printed one sentence, addressed to the farmers of the country. This sentence read:

"If you want Jim Wilson to remain as Secretary of Agriculture, write to President-elect Taft at Charleston, S. C., and tell him so."

Appended was the date of Taft's sailing from the famous South Carolina city.

JAMES WILSON

Those who were with Taft on that trip say that the letters indorsing Secretary Wilson for reappointment had to be carried aboard the cruiser in hampers. There were bales of them.

Up to that time Taft had not been quite certain in his own mind about Wilson. The letters settled all doubt. Wilson was reappointed.

Wilson is the only foreign-born member of the Cabinet. He first saw the light of day in Ayreshire, Scotland, August 16, 1835. A few years later his parents brought him to America. In 1855, he went to Iowa and settled in Tama County. This earned for him the sobriquet, "Tama Jim," by which he is known in Iowa to-day.

First, last, and always, James Wilson is a farmer. He was once a member of the Iowa legislature. In 1872, they sent him to Congress. But for all that, he remained a farmer. He is a farmer to-day, in spite of his thirteen years' service in the Cabinet. That is one reason for his success.

The principal causes are, however, his directness and his conservatism. The one he gets by nature. The other he has because he is a Scotchman. Above all, he is canny, very, very canny.

When Wilson entered the Cabinet on March 6, 1897, with the rest of the official Cabinet of President McKinley, the Department of Agriculture was operated at a cost of less than \$3,000,000 a year. For the fiscal year 1910-11, nearly \$18,000,000 was appropriated by Congress for its maintenance. And at that, Senator Money, of Mississippi, a Democrat, arose on the floor of the Senate and said Congress was not giving that department enough money!

Congressional appropriations furnish a fair estimate of the value of a department's work. Therefore it may be said that as a builder-up of the Department of Agriculture, James Wilson is no slouch.

But that is nothing as compared with the actual work he

is doing. Most public men around Washington are more or less short-sighted. Better say they are biased. In this respect they resemble New Yorkers. They are too close against the wall to see over it. Wilson is not one of these. He works for the farmer all the time. Other phases of the work of his department excite the newspaper editors, the politicians, and the members of Congress. Wilson pays little or no attention to them. Day in and day out he is working to help the farmer. And, to start with, he never misleads the farmer. He is an intensely practical man. The scientists of the Department of Agriculture will tell you this. Sometimes the results of an experiment on certain farm products will look fine to the scientists. But Wilson fails to get excited. He tells them to try it over and over again. And when he passes on it it is more than apt to be right.

Not long since Wilson addressed a farmers' convention at St. Louis. The whole convention was throbbing with the "back to the farm" idea. At last the train bearing Wilson arrived. He was met by a delegation and escorted to the convention hall. There he made a speech.

He told his auditors that the city man who thought he could buy a few acres and successfully farm them was a fool. Farming was a business, he said, not a pastime. If a man were a trained farmer, farming would net him a good living. If he were not, the money he spent in buying and stocking a farm was thrown away. That was not what more than half of the convention wanted to hear. But it was what Wilson knew to be the truth. So he told it.

A high official of the Department of Agriculture travels a good deal. On the trains he meets many men. In the smoking-cars a drummer starts the conversation by telling the Department of Agriculture man his line of business. Then this man says:

"I am one of Secretary Wilson's hired men."

Invariably, this Department man says, the travelers want to

JAMES WILSON

know what has become of such and such a one of Secretary Wilson's experiments. All of which shows how close Wilson is to the rank and file of America. The whole country is watching the Department of Agriculture. One man may be interested in meat inspection, another in the cotton crop, another in the pure-food crusade. But sooner or later, the long arm of the Department of Agriculture reaches every man.

The man may be living in a two-by-four flat in a big city, spending half his time on the road. But, lurking in his breast is the desire to get back to the country. He wants to invest his savings in a five-acre bit of ground one of these days, and, in the meantime, he likes to think about improved methods of cultivation. It is part of his dream.

Of the things Wilson has brought about since he became Secretary of Agriculture, the pure-food law and the meat-inspection law are best known in the general public mind. In the former he had the able assistance of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry. But it was Wilson that pushed it through.

Yet the farmers care nothing about that. Some of them know about the cattle quarantine laws, but not all of them. Yet they do know about the improved methods in farming that Wilson's men and Wilson's experiment stations have been and are teaching in every section of the United States. They know there is a practical farmer at the head of the Department of Agriculture, a man who makes a lot of money out of his own farms in Iowa, and they respect and value his opinions.

Until a few years ago the farmers were the only ones who knew about Wilson. But of late, the manufacturers of food products have got an inkling as to what manner of man he is. They formed his acquaintance through the pure-food law.

At first it was thought Wilson would run mad on this question. It was so popular and the powers vested in him by Congress were so great that the manufacturers trembled.

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Then they found that Wilson was not going to hurry. They saw he realized what a wholesale disruption of business would mean, and that he was going slow. Then they made another mistake. They thought he would be "easy."

In appearance, Wilson is one of the most grandfatherly of persons. He wears a gray beard and a slouch hat, except upon such occasions as good form requires him to wear a high silk hat. He speaks very slowly and very deliberately. He looks like a farmer.

In the administration of the pure-food law Wilson has had hard work. No end of political and business influence has been brought to bear on him. Yet he has never been swerved from his duty. Delegations of manufacturers and their attorneys have called upon him. Many of them were "smart" men, accustomed to having their way and to handling diplomatic situations.

Wilson sits back and lets them have their say. Then he tells them what the Department intends to do. And he always tells them the truth.

Talleyrand said once that the acme of diplomacy was fooling the other man by telling him the truth. This is Wilson's method. Time and again, apparently in the face of his own interests, he has told powerful manufacturing concerns that in certain circumstances the Department would do certain things. Until recently they have never believed him. Now they always take his word.

Not long since the bleached flour question was of moment. Wilson issued an ultimatum to the effect that the practice had to be stopped. The millers threatened a resultant increase in the price of wheat and flour. Wilson told them that if, at the expiration of six months from the date of the hearing at which they were present, the practice was not a thing of the past, he would proceed against them in the courts.

Powerful political influence was brought to bear. Wilson went off on a vacation. The day before the expiration of the

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six months George P. McCabe, solicitor for the Department of Agriculture, went to the Secretary. He had a wad of protests from manufacturers in his hands. He told the Secretary that the next day marked the expiration of the six months, and asked for instructions.

"Go ahead," was all Wilson said.

Secretary Wilson lives a quiet life in Washington. With him are his son, who is his secretary, and his daughter. He goes in society comparatively little. Beyond the requirements of the official social routine he rarely ventures. Most of his evenings are spent with personal friends. Various phases of farming usually form the opic of conversation.

Wilson's cautious nature saves his subordinates many humiliations. In their enthusiasm they often want to give publication to the results of many experiments. They lay the matter before Wilson, and he takes it under advisement. Invariably the combination of the canny Scot and the experienced farmer is in operation. Wilson always wants to know if it is practical. If it is not, it is useless, so far as his department is concerned.

The chances are that Wilson will remain in the Cabinet as long as he pleases, provided a Republican President is in the White House. In the language of the streets, he has a "cinch on his job." He is the best Secretary of Agriculture the country ever knew, and if his resignation were called for every farmer in the country would lend his voice to a protest.

WOODROW WILSON



RESIDENT Princeton University. Mr. Wilson is recognized, not alone as one of the foremost educators of the country, but as a gentleman who is abreast of the times on all public topics he has few rivals. Mr. Wilson was born in Staunton, Va., in the middle fifties. For a while he practiced law in Atlanta. Many of the most prominent institutions of learning in the United States have conferred degrees upon him. These include Harvard, Yale, Brown, Johns Hopkins, Rutgers, Lake Forest, and other like colleges. For a while he was professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr. Later, he was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Wesleyan University. He is the author of quite a number of books. His writings on Congressional government—a study of American politics—advanced Mr. Wilson's reputation to an enlarged degree. He has also contributed much to the literature of the Division and Reunion of the States, all incident to the conflict of 1861-65. His history of the American people takes rank among the best that have been written. Mr. Wilson is entitled to the high position he occupies in consequence of his strong mental equipment. He has been a worker from his boyhood days. It is said of him, that when a student he took the lead in almost everything. This, however, was not confined exclusively to affairs inside the college, but on the outside as well. He was one of the early advocates of more and better outdoor sports for students, although he has always drawn the line, indicating a high sense of the happy medium between the cultivation of the mind and the body. Mr. Wilson's trend of thought runs strongly toward politics of the highest quality. He is not a dreamer, but a man of practical ideas, seeing the world in its various phases. He is a man of large

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influence in the educational world, because he has been prominent in it for the past twenty years or more. It has never been charged that he is an extreme partisan. He was brought up in the old school of Southern Democracy; therefore, has never been particularly identified with any of the new ideas of government that have become somewhat prevalent since Grover Cleveland was President. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Wilson were close personal friends, living for several years at the same time in the town of Princeton.

Mr. Wilson, while well informed on the fundamental principles of law, did not find the practice of it as agreeable as he may have believed he would when entering upon its practice in Atlanta. Probably he did not have sufficient patience to await the coming of clients in remunerative numbers. He is not only a wise thinker, but has always been a man of action. He loves politics, because he hopes it may be within his power some time to lend a helping hand to the people. He is not hostile to corporations because they are corporations, but he goes upon the high principle that as corporations are created by the State they should be held in check by this creative power. Mr. Wilson is not an alarmist in any sense of the word. He is cool-headed, considerate, and brings into play, upon every political subject, as well as educational ones, a mature judgment, indicative of soundness. His name has frequently been mentioned in connection with the Presidency of the United States—as a candidate of the Democratic party. Col. George B. Harvey, the directing genius of *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Monthly*, and *The North American Review*, picked Mr. Wilson as the proper man to lead the Democratic party in 1908. These publications had much to do with bringing the name of Mr. Wilson prominently before the country. In September, 1910, he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey. Should he be elected, he will undoubtedly loom up as a most formidable candidate of the Democratic party for

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President in 1912. New Jersey is said to be the State of trusts. It is not understood that Mr. Wilson proposes attempting to drive these vast combinations of wealth out of the State, but if it comes within his power, he will see that the people will be in full possession of their rights and privileges, as well as the corporations.

The personal side of Mr. Wilson is not less interesting than that which is seen by the public. He is not a man to make a show. He is always dignified, yet easy of approach when necessity requires. He has accomplished much for one of his years, and, be it said to his credit, all that he has done has been brought about in a quiet and unostentatious manner. Everybody in Princeton knows him, and everybody likes him. He has the Southern method of daily greetings to his friends, often calling those he knows best by their first names. He lives a quiet life, free from anything that savors of self-exploitation. Mr. Wilson is, perhaps, seen at his best in his own home. The manner in which he dispenses hospitality is of the old-fashioned kind. He is a man whom the public would pick out as one far above the average in intellect, though he might not be personally known. His face is smoothly shaven, and he wears heavy gold-rimmed spectacles, which give him the appearance of being older than he is. He is quick in his movements, and has a hearty handshake for all old-time friends. He is nearly always on the side of the under man in his fight against obstacles. If he were asked to name any special hobby he might have, he would be at a loss to give an answer. If he has any, he doesn't know it. He is not unlike the average man who is honest; is fearless, and has the courage to do the right thing, and the wisdom to do it at the right time. He is always well dressed, but would never attract attention because of his dress. It is not believed he ever read a fashion journal in his life. Woodrow Wilson typifies the best that is in the progressive and honest American citizen.

BENJAMIN F. YOAKUM



HAIRMAN of the executive committee, St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. Mr. Yoakum has, within the past decade, risen to a conspicuous position as one of the leading railroad managers of the United States. Mr. Yoakum was born in Texas, and is proud of it. He has never regarded favorably the opinion expressed by General Sheridan concerning Texas. He not only knows that it is the largest State in the Union, but, as he views it, it is one of the best. Mr. Yoakum began his railroad career in a humble capacity. It is more than probable that Mr. Yoakum, when a bit of a lad, trudged about over the plains of Texas just the same as any other barefoot boy. He had an inquisitive turn of mind. When older persons said in his presence that such and such is the case, young Yoakum was not necessarily convinced. He wanted to know why it was so and so. He has a knack of studying things for himself. In time, he got up a bit in the world, and after looking over the field of industrial endeavor, he concluded to take up railroading. The only thing he knew about railroading in his younger days was gained from seeing the trains go by. He thought they were fast in those days, when, in truth, as compared with the speed of the average train of to-day, those he saw in his youth were running very slowly. The first particular authentic information made public regarding Mr. Yoakum as a spoke in the railway wheel was along in the middle eighties, when he was made general manager of a small railroad in his native State. Following this, he became associated with roads of greater importance. He was young, and naturally was proud of his first position as

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general manager. Notwithstanding the road was not many miles in length, he maintained the dignity of his position in mingling with general managers of greater systems by contending that though his road was not as long as theirs, it was every bit as wide. Mr. Yoakum worked his way to the top by his individual efforts. He became connected with the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad, of which Oscar G. Murray, for many years president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was general freight and passenger agent. In truth, Mr. Murray began his railroad career in Texas on this road as a local station agent. Mr. Yoakum was another of the bright young men of this growing system, and it was not long until he was at its head.

It was about ten years ago that Mr. Yoakum began attracting attention as a ruling factor in the reorganization of the St. Louis and San Francisco system. He was likewise identified with the reorganization of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. For a time, these two systems were operated as a "Community of Interests," but later were separated. It was through the influence of Mr. Yoakum that these two properties were advanced in importance throughout the Southwest. After the separation of the systems, Mr. Yoakum, who was president of the St. Louis and San Francisco road, became chairman of the executive committee, which means that he is practically the head man of the system. Mr. Yoakum grew rich as he climbed the railway ladder. It is not said of him that he acquired his wealth by means other than honorable. He is not classified among the "criminal rich," nor is he held up as a "malefactor of great wealth." There is no man in the United States more simple in his ways and democratic in his manners than Ben Yoakum. He sprang from the people. He is not one of those railroad dignitaries who believe the railroads own the Government. He knows that railroads owe their existence to the people, and they could not be maintained were it not for the patronage given

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them by the people. He takes the position that it is the duty of managers of railroads to come more in contact with the producing millions. It is true Mr. Yoakum journeys over the lines of his road in a private car, and in doing so he finds it convenient to stop his car at many stations and drive by carriage or automobile into the farming districts, coming directly in contact with those who produce the raw materials which are to be transported to market over his road. He has made a study of the relationship that should exist between the railways and the farmers, especially. He has written much upon this subject, a great deal of which has been printed in some of the leading magazines.

Mr. Yoakum is a pleasant man to meet. It will be a long time before he will arrive at the age where it will be necessary to retire from active business. He is a red-blooded youngster, who has done things and will continue doing things that are of worth. Like all others, he has made some mistakes, but he has never been known to make two mistakes of the same nature. He has a natural propensity for making money. He is a splendid organizer, and it is said of him that no man ever served under him who was not loyal to him. He is not a man who talks much, but when he does, he talks straight to the point. He has a fondness for rural life, and lives most of his time in the country. He is the owner of two or three fine farms, one not far from New York, and the others in the Southwest. He takes much delight in the breeding of fine horses; this, in fact, is one of his hobbies. He is as fine a type of man as is to be found in the United States. He has a full, round face, which usually wears a beaming smile, and which is further adorned by a dark mustache. Women would call Mr. Yoakum a handsome man, and so he is. He is destined to become one of the really great railroad managers of the country.

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